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THE FARMER AND THE FACTORY HAND

BY ARTHUR POUND

I

SHORTLY after the first paper on the Iron Man had appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly* for October, 1921, the University of Illinois invited me to address the State Teachers' Conference at Champaign. After the talk, Mr. Carl Colvin, one of Dean Davenport's disciples and a member of the staff that is modernizing the rural education of Illinois, said something like this: —

The industrial problem appeals to you as the fundamental problem of American life. It is n't. Agriculture comes first. Why don't you give some thought to farming? The farmers are restless and dissatisfied. Deflation has emphasized the fact that they take great risks without compensating rewards. Industrial labor is resisting deflation more successfully because of superior organizations; so it seems to the farmers that they work longer hours than city folk, without getting in return equal purchasing power. In much of Europe, economic distress has revealed a basic struggle between the peasant-producers of foodstuffs and the consumers of those foodstuffs, who are chiefly townspeople industrially employed. That is coming to be our economic and political alignment also. Another agrarian movement is at hand. What you have to say about the social and industrial problems of urban communities will not have much weight with farmers until you give evidence

of understanding rural problems; and to dispose city folk sympathetically toward the aspirations of the countryside ought to be considered as much a part of your task as the reverse operation.

That seemed sound advice. It impressed me even more after I had run through the bibliography and dipped into the bale of pamphlets which Mr. Colvin sent later. To say that I understood these documents would be stretching the truth; but at least they proved that the rural point of view demanded consideration.

As a first step in my rural education, I bought a farm, with all its appurtenances — beasts of burden and of sustenance, crops, trees (fruit and shade), implements (mostly rusty and weather-beaten), and stacks of lumber cut and sawed some ten years before to provide covering for the aforesaid implements or their predecessors. It is not a large farm, but its advantages include electric light, excellent water-supply, and choice views of two mountain ranges. Among the many disadvantages may be listed the absence of a single hog-tight, or even 'hoss'-tight, fence on the entire seventy-five acres. Our farm, in short, is not one to justify its proprietor

in putting on any airs. By no mischance, however, can it be damned as a country estate: all summer our front yard has been full of waving corn.

To do some of the more obvious things that the former proprietor had fully intended to do during forty years of occupancy, we found it necessary to hire local labor. We felt constrained, for instance, to erect that long-projected shed, because the lumber cut for that purpose ten years ago showed signs of dry rot along the edges, due to improper stacking. Then we assembled the implements that were parked all over the place. The wood lot disgorged a huge land-roller; also a top buggy, ousted from its former shelter five years ago by a Ford. It is surprising how much punishment the honest works of man will stand; both vehicles will serve after light repairs. From all corners of the steading we brought in harrows, cultivators, seeders, ploughs, and other articles too numerous to mention (as they say in the auction bills).

There seems to be nothing we need that is n't here, if we have enough time to hunt it out. But these and other activities chargeable to 'redding up' and adjusting the dwelling of a childless couple to the domestic needs of my large family, required so much outside help, that up to date we have raised nothing on our farm except the wages of the neighborhood. However, we are all set for a clean start with a running jump next spring. We know, at last, what we have and where to find it.

The men we hire are mostly neighbors. They come from farms of their own, when work is slack and they can be absent without loss. They stay at home when they please, and come when they please. On this free-and-easy basis they averaged more than thirty hours a week through September and October, and forty in November. They are active, responsible fellows,

who can be trusted to keep their own time without cheating; the sort of men who appreciate not being watched, and don't figure in the extra minutes short of a full half-hour. Their common sense and all-round handiness at work are a joy to behold. They make what tools they have serve, if possible; and if the lack is hopeless they walk down the road and borrow. One of them brought along a stump-puller and with it moved the outbuildings. They dig ditches, lay concrete foundations, and carpenter, with equal skill and persistent good-humor. The painter must take an occasional half-day off to thresh, or to cut his winter's wood. All-round men, they are ready to tackle anything. They plan, improvise, and pull together. I never see them loafing, on the one hand, or speeded up to a fury of production, on the other. But when they plan to finish a job on a certain day, somehow, before they trudge away home in the dusk, the job is done. Observing them, I am not at all afraid of the American farmer 'going peasant,' as Dr. Butterfield suggests.

How can such men, with farms of their own to handle, have so many hours of free time to sell each week? I pondered the question silently for some time. Their places were not unduly neglected; each seemed to be doing his duty toward his acres, stock, and buildings. Never did they seem to be dog-tired from driving themselves too hard. The evidence in the case did not fit in with my preconceived notion of the overworked farmer. For some years I had been reading complaints about the farmer's sixteen-hour day as contrasted with the shopworker's eight-hour or nine-hour day. Russian peasants, so the papers said, forced the Soviet Government to permit free trade because they refused to raise foodstuffs for eight-hour workers while they themselves labored from dawn to

dusk. The two Illinois Carls — Colvin and Vrooman — both believed that farmers worked harder and received less, in buying power, than townspeople. All this testimony convinced me that the life of a working farmer was one long labor-pull. But here were working farmers with many hours of free time to sell in the intervals between their independent farming operations.

Driving over the hills to an auction sale one rainy afternoon, with Hank, I put the case to him. Hank is thirty-three years old, and the worthy descendant of one of the oldest and most respected families in these parts. He married early, has two sturdy boys coming along, and a wife who makes the best butter in the neighborhood. Born and raised on a farm on Helderberg Mountain, he worked out for several years for wages, went in debt to get eighty acres of his own, and has since reduced his debt to the point where he could sell out for \$4500 clear. Obviously a man worth listening to on the subject of farmers' hours.

'Hank,' I asked, 'how many hours do farmers work in the course of a year? Of course, I know that in busy times you put in long days, taking advantage of practically all the daylight. But, winter and summer, rush season and quiet, how many hours do you work on your own place?'

Hank grew thoughtful. He is slow of speech, methodical in all things.

'Depends on how much land a man has, and what kind of a wife, and how much stock, and so forth. You can't lay down a rule that holds for all alike. But mine's about an average lay-out, and I put in — just figure it up for yourself — say two weeks at fourteen hours a day, and two more at twelve. Then two months at ten hours a day. That accounts for the three busy seasons — planting, haying, and harvest, and some over. Allow two months at

eight hours, and two more at six. That's more than seven months gone, and winter left. Gosh! a fellow don't really put in more than four hours a day in winter, chorin' round, not if he really works at it. Course, with nothing much to do and plenty of time to do it in, we laze around and linger on the job a good deal. Sundays the year round would rate about the same — four hours each. Then, to play safe, better 'low a hundred hours for bucking winter firewood, and a hundred for repairing tools and buildings and odds and ends. What do you make it?'

I made the calculation. 'Not much over 2500 hours a year. That averages just a little over seven hours a day the year round. The city man, who works eight hours a day the year round, all but Sundays, comes close to matching you; and the fellow who does nine hours a day for five and a half days gets in about one hundred hours more per year. You're just about even with the eight-hour man, and a little better off than the nine-hour man.'

'That's about it,' agreed Hank. 'Leastways, that's what I've always said, whenever anyone mentioned going to town to work.'

'Then tell me, what is there to all this talk of overworked farmers?'

'There's this,' said Hank. 'Farmers don't figure the way you do. A farmer reckons he's working all the time he's on the place, except when he's eating and sleeping. When he talks about working fourteen hours a day, he means he's up and around sixteen. Sometimes he actually works that long; but mostly he means that he's started a long, dull day with chores, and finished it the same. He never allows for the time between jobs, when he just sets around waiting for the time to pass. As a boy, I've seen my father and a neighbor spend all day swapping horses, and go home grunting like they

was tired — that's habit. After a man's been tied to a place for years, just having to stay there seems like work. Of course, plenty of farm work is hard and back-breaking; and just when a man needs help, chances are he can't get it, because everyone else is bidding for anyone that's foot-loose. But as far as actual working time goes, you ain't far off.

'Us fellows working for you, for instance. Right now, if we was n't doing that, we'd be round home puttering over this, that, and the other thing, taking plenty time to it. And it would seem like even harder work than we're doing now, because we'd be working alone, with no one to talk to. So, instead of loafing over those jobs now, we bull 'em through and hit off toward your place. It's ready money, and tax-time coming on; that's one reason we're so willing. But none of us are so bad off we'd skimp our home work just for ready money; fact is, we've got the time to spare. Any farmer in these parts who is n't loaded up with too much poor land and too much debt, and who takes trouble to plan his work, can have time to sell, certain seasons.'

Hereabouts, the employing farmers are not overworked. I am not so sure about their hired men. Wherever employing farmers gather together, one hears tall tales of what hired men used to do, and of how little the present generation of hired men accomplishes. I take little stock in such contrasts. Most of the hired men I see move faster than their employers. Some farmers, who take plenty of time off for themselves, drive their landless helpers without conscience. So, to get the hired man's view of town and country work, I spoke to Tyler about it. Tyler has been working for one of the Whitben boys five years. He is a fixture in the village, and the worst thing that can be said about him is said by his wife.

'Tyler,' Mrs. T. says frankly, 'is the kind of man what needs a boss.'

'Well,' said Tyler, 'I've worked in both places, city and country. Comes to about the same in the end. Here, maybe, you're on the job more hours; but there you waste an hour getting to the job and back home again. I call trolley-riding just as hard work as chorin' round. I'm sure I worked just as hard in town as here, and I ain't got no easy boss neither. There's long days and short days, and there's more to this job than you think there is; but I tell you, a man that knows his business on a farm ain't being hustled out of his mind by nobody. I'd rather do ten or twelve hours here than eight or nine hours in one of them factories, for the same money. It stands to reason.'

These observations apply to but one small section of a vast country; but I suspect that rigid analysis of the habits of work and the labor-time of the American farmer would bring in enough similar evidence to discredit, once for all, the current notion that farmers work longer and harder than city folk. At any rate, there is not enough discrepancy to justify rural resentment against current efforts to ameliorate the social and industrial conditions in the towns — a resentment sedulously fed by those persons and interests who care as little to ameliorate industrial conditions as they care, at bottom, to better the farmer's lot.

II

There are sound reasons for rural discontent, no doubt; but in this matter of working time I think the investigator has taken a false lead, and is running to earth, not the fox, but the anise-seed bag. On the whole, the rural grudge against industry will not stand the test by time. Neither will it stand the test by wages.

This is a grave question, not readily solvable by appeal to statistics; but at least we can use common sense. Few farmers keep accounts accurately enough to measure total income in terms of dollars. They rarely credit production with a sum equal to house-rent, produce consumed on the place, or that traded for other goods to be consumed. They are in the habit of balancing cash receipts for the year against the industrial employee's wage for the year, and then of pitying themselves because the figures run against them. But if to the cash were added house-rent, home-grown food, and all additions to inventory, the result would be quite otherwise, in many cases. It is astonishing how much gear accumulates around a farm in a year, by small additions which never get into the records. Then there are the bit-by-bit improvements that add to the value of the farm, either for sale or for future production. Our Hank found, on making an inventory of his place for a projected sale, that he had a clear thousand dollars' worth more of crops and tools than he had casually assumed.

Actually, in real wages, the farmer probably fares better than he fancies he does; and if he does not do as well as top-notch railway employees putting in steady hours, he certainly earns more in real wages in a year than workers in trades subject to frequent lay-offs, such as coal-mining. Of course there is always the possibility of complete crop-failure — a spectre that can never be laid by the specializing, one-crop farmer. Up our way few specialize, thereby reducing the danger.

Nevertheless, even if the farmer's position is as good as or better than the industrial employee's, it is not good enough. In all justice, it ought to be a good deal better, for the farmer takes the risk and the directing responsibility of his enterprise, while the town-

worker does not. When, as is usually the case, the farmer is capitalist and manager as well as worker, he certainly deserves to receive something more than wages in return for his initiative, investment, and risk-taking. In addition to wages, he deserves interest and reasonable profits. But he does not always get them. Even in ordinary times he has difficulty in collecting those rewards; through the past two years they have been clear out of reach.

Western farmers, by all accounts, are hard hit; no wonder, considering the size of their farms, the volume of their operations, and their concentration upon one or two money crops. This sort of farming increases economic vulnerability in hard times and seasons, though it brings in profits during good times and seasons. Be it noted, however, that farming on that grand scale entails antisocial consequences. First, there is a constant temptation to 'mine' land. Second, it makes for a larger percentage of hired hands and renters in the community, whereas the ideal farming community, from the social standpoint, consists of active owners and their families. Third, the migratory laborer becomes at once an economic necessity and a social problem — thousands of landless men following the harvest under conditions encouraging to discontent and crime. Fourth, the big farm is necessarily isolated, a fact which works particular hardship on women and children. Neighbors are remote, schools far apart; it is difficult to set up and keep going those cultural and neighborly activities that ought to be a large part of country living.

For these reasons the huge farm ought to pass, and will pass under economic pressure as population becomes more dense. Thus the economic pressure now weighing down owners and operators of large acreages west of the

Mississippi is, from one point of view, socially desirable in that it encourages the splitting of large farms into smaller ones, and eases the way for more men to become proprietors of small holdings which they can work themselves. Extending extraordinary financial aid to farmers, over and above their reasonable proportion of free capital and on a basis of personal and business credit less exacting than that required of other entrepreneurs, simply subsidizes a system of agriculture economically and socially weak, in so far as it perpetuates the results of acute land-hunger of a bygone day of sparse population and virgin areas. But of course the breaking-up of overgrown agricultural holdings should be a slow process, proceeding in tempo with the growth of population. It will do so, never fear; legislation at most delays, never eliminates, the effects of economic law in the primary relation of men to land. What we now see in the West is an extreme case, naturally creating a demand for a prompt cure-all. There is no cure-all. The utmost that the farmers have the right to ask, with a view to the ultimate welfare of society, is that credit be available to them as freely as credit is offered to other business men of equal responsibility. The farmers are right in declaring that the strongest feature of their assets is that very stability which is considered a weakness by bankers who prefer more liquid assets as security. Farming is not a touch-and-go business; neither is banking nor government; the three ought to be able to get together. But financial aid ought never to be extended to farmers simply because they are farmers; that is not only uneconomic but also antisocial.

In this connection, the farmer's quarrel is not with the industrial employee, but with the trader, and to some extent with the banker who finances the trad-

er — key representatives of the established economic-juridical system. Discounting the present 'sound and fury' about money, banking, and the Federal Reserve system, which will pass in due time, the fundamental reason why middlemen cut so deep into the rewards of farm toil, investment, and management is not that the middlemen possess superior intelligence or resources, but rather that the farmers are sluggish in coöperating for common economic defense. By reason of this sluggishness the greater interest, in point of numbers, wealth, and social importance, yields to its lesser but more mobile and expert adversary. When and where farmers can be brought to work together for their common interests as effectively as the middleman, or the trading organization, works for his or its individual interest, traders will not be overpaid as at present.

It is folly to deny, as so many radical farmers are denying, that competition offers absolutely indispensable facilities; but it is possible that the charges for the services of the middleman can be greatly reduced without breaking down those services. That is the true function of the coöperative enterprise in the near future: not to oust private initiative, but to restrain it by putting it to the test of a new sort of competition — business for common service.

Not only is the farmer's just quarrel not with the industrial employee, but actually the needs of the two great bodies of producers are practically the same. Both need organization for mutual protection, and both need counsel and aid in utilizing leisure time to find delight in life. The reason why the farmer, as I see him, thinks he is being overworked is largely that he has so little incentive to get through his work briskly. The automobile has helped him as much in that respect as in its more practical aspects; to 'get out

and around' for social purposes means as much to rural civilization as does the rushing of foodstuffs to market. Radio service is bound to be another boon, sure soon or late to be appreciated by most of the country folk. But these mechanisms, while potent in breaking down isolation, will not suffice in themselves. What the country needs most of all is a revival of the social spirit, a smashing of individualist hard shells, more neighborliness.

In our village, which the learned Dr. Gras would call a perfect type of the nonnucleated village, — its mile-long street contains the homes and most of the barns of our one hundred and sixty souls, — there is a general store. The men hang round the store, evenings, and talk. Back of the store is a dance-hall, which used to resound to the fiddle and the bow at least once a week; now it is opened scarcely twice a year. Our people still gossip, you see, but they have lost the knack of making merry. The women of the village, observing the comfort their men find in conversation at the store, — the tinder of their feminism fired perhaps by the flint of loneliness, — talk of renting the dance-hall for a clubroom, installing books, magazines, and a phonograph, and turning the now barren room into a social centre for the village and the surrounding country. They have been talking, these splendid, hardworking women, for two years. Sometime they will do the deed. We don't do things in a hurry, out our way.

When the social centre is born, our social will and our community consciousness will have made one modest step forward. Other rural communities have gone far on the way to the new neighborliness. Let this revival of the social spirit sweep the nation, and more will be done to promote rural satisfaction than Congress can offer with all manner of legal tinkering

and financial thimble-rigging. For the first requirement of the countryside is coöperation; and those who come to play may remain to do business with one another.

After all, the worst answer that events could make to these angry queries from the countryside would be some sort of 'economic justice,' which would make the American farmer more independent than he is at present. He has ever been too independent for his own good, and the nation's good. His present weakness lies in that insularity of temper and opinion which makes it so difficult for him to function well in groups. The farmer needs to recognize that interdependence is the hall mark of democracy. It would be equally sad if 'economic justice for the farmer' should come to mean, as it easily might, ease in a vacuum of security for the landowner, while hired hands or tenants raised the crops.

Since the keystone of the national arch is agriculture, none can question the propriety of making rural life reasonably secure, interesting, and happy. To make themselves economically secure, the farmers must combine to contest vigorously with the middlemen for the control of the market; or, if that is too much to expect immediately, at least they must work for a veto over the market's most extravagant and expensive whimsies. To make country life more interesting, they must cultivate their minds as well as their acres, and must use the new aids to pleasure as thought-provokers rather than time-killers.

These are stiff tasks; but the third is easier: to break down rural loneliness, all the farm-folk need do is give neighborliness — once so potent and always a latent force of immense vigor — another and a better chance. At none of these points are the interests of town-worker and countryman opposed.

THE BOY WHO BEGAN WITH THREE CENTS

CHAPTERS FROM THE BIOGRAPHY OF AN AMERICAN PUBLISHER

BY EDWARD W. BOK

I.

It was a thrilling time in the eighteen-sixties for an American boy. The country was at war; life was punctuated with the news of battles; newspapers were filled with the decisions of Lincoln, the whereabouts of Lee, and the doings of Grant. Soldiers were being drilled in the armories, and marched to the railroad stations to go to the front. Groups of men stood on the street-corners talking over the latest war-news. Women were sewing for the soldiers. War-meetings were crowded to the doors. Sea-raiders were busy.

It was a very important question for the people of a harbor city, such as Portland, Maine, whether its mercantile shipping could venture out with a reasonable degree of safety. And when a sea-raider became active on its coast, and exchanged his craft for a better one directly at the mouth of Portland harbor, is it any wonder that the minds of Portland boys were set on fire with the doings of the 'rebel pirates'? It was thrilling enough to read about pirates, but to have them at one's own door, so to speak — what could be more thrilling to an alert-minded boy! Fancy, then, the completeness of the picture, when a pirate, who had done a thriving business along the New England coast, exchanged his vessel for a better one almost at the very docks of Portland, was actually intercepted trying to steal out

of the harbor with no wind, and, rather than risk capture, blew up his ship! And then, having the piratical crew actually picked out of the water, brought to shore, and marched in a solid phalanx through the streets to the city jail! Could anything be more satisfying to a boy than to run along beside the band of pirates, — securely shackled of course, — shaking his fists at them and shouting, 'Pirates! Rebels!'

It was in this thrilling atmosphere, full of romantic adventure, that an eager-faced, alert-minded boy of twelve played and scampered through the streets of the chief port-city of Maine. He was all over its streets: his little legs carried him into every nook and corner; and in summer, when of the city itself there was not enough to satisfy him, he lived on its water-front, and principally in the water. He swam like the dog that was always with him; he paddled on logs when no rowboat was available; he splashed the water over more timid boys. He could swim every stroke that a boy could know; he could float on his back; he could dive; he could tread water like the dog at his side. He knew and loved the water, and the water was kindly to him, in that it never gave him a 'cramp' or tainted his affection for it with an accident. And so the water and he began a friendship which was to grow with the

years, and last through a lifetime: such a wonderful friendship for a boy to have, and a life-saver for the man in after years!

Naturally, the Fourths of July were very busy days in those war-times; and to be busy in a boy's way on the Fourth means that he must have pennies, which, in turn, can buy the explosives which Americans still feel, in certain parts of our country, belong to a fitting celebration of American Independence.

Now, the Fourth of July is a very long day in a boy's calendar, for it begins early, and ends as late as he can make it last. And it follows logically that a few pennies are not likely to last any too long over such a day. It was in this predicament that this twelve-year-old Portland boy found himself on the Fourth of 1862, when, at five o'clock, he banged into his mother's home, his mind full of evening plans, and asked for 'a little change.' He had evidently forgotten that his mother had already given him some change in the morning; but mothers are very likely not to have lapses of memory on such a point, and she reminded her son of the fact.

'If you want money to spend,' she suggested, 'why not go and earn it?'

The boy's topaz eyes looked fixedly at his mother's face, reflected to him as she brushed her hair before the mirror. 'Earn money?' That was a new idea.

And then and there, at the age of twelve, the first dawning consciousness of the business career of Cyrus Hermann Kotzschmar Curtis broke upon him. The mother went on brushing her hair, and the boy went on thinking. Finally, he reached expression.

'If I earn some money, can I keep it all for myself, and spend it on what I want?' he asked.

'You may,' replied the mother.

The boy sauntered out, his little mind full of thoughts; and on his way to the front door he jingled in his

pocket the three cents remaining of his morning's allowance.

As he reached the street, he met a boy-friend who looked glum.

'What's up?' asked Cyrus.

'Stuck,' replied the boy as he looked at the three copies of the *Courier* that he had under his arm.

Whereupon the idea of the first newspaper purchase came to the future publisher.

'Give you three cents for 'em,' he offered.

The papers were handed over, the bargain complete, and young Curtis went out to 'cash in.' But it took him four hours to sell his three papers.

Nine o'clock at night is somewhat late to begin celebrating the Fourth; his boy friends had all gone home; and so Cyrus went to his home, with his nine cents capital in his pocket.

Next day he spent these nine cents for that evening's *Courier*, sold his stock, and on the second day found his capital increased to eighteen cents. But he did not find it easy going. The other newsboys on the streets had their fixed routes, or individual 'blocks,' and when the new recruit started to sell he found himself hooted and chased at every turn; in fact, he was sometimes beaten up. And, being undersized, the little boy was no match for the other boys, and he found it necessary, at every point, to give way. The new merchant could find no place on the streets to sell his wares. He had trouble even in buying them. When he went to the *Courier's* newsboys' room, where they bought their papers every afternoon, the boys treated the new invader into their territory roughly.

He endured this for a few days, and then, one afternoon, as he was playing at the water-front looking across to Fort Preble, an idea occurred to him. He went to see the manager of the newspaper, and laid his plan before him.

The soldiers at Fort Preble were naturally keen to get the latest war-news; no newspaper service went out to the Fort; he would go, if the manager would let him have all the newspapers he could carry to the Fort, and would give him credit until he could go out and sell them. He explained that it would be a new market for the *Courier*, and extend its circulation by just so many copies. The manager hesitated, then agreed to trust the boy for one day's papers.

'That's all I want,' was the reply.

The newsboys, in those days, would go into a room and assemble before a large wire-screen; and as their names were called they would receive their papers. The boy who gave the largest order was called first. Little Cyrus explained to the manager that, if he took the usual course, on account of his size and the opposition of the boys to him as a newcomer, they would beat him up and take his papers away from him. He asked permission to receive his papers behind the screen, so that he could run out the back way. Owing to his large order, his name was called first; and as he was given his papers behind the screen, a howl of protest went up from the boys, and a crowd rushed out to catch him as he came out of the door, and appropriate his papers.

But going out the back way, and racing toward the water-front, instead of to the heart of the city, were unexpected moves. Cyrus got away, and running as fast as his little legs would carry him, and the huge bundle of papers would let him, he made for the sailboat ferry, and went over to Fort Preble with his stock in trade. Of course, the soldiers eagerly bought the papers. Not only that, but they gladly and voluntarily paid five cents instead of three cents per copy for the special service rendered, and within a few moments the little newsboy's stock was completely sold out.

He went home happy. His first step of initiative had succeeded. He naturally could not know at that age that he had revealed in this act the principle underlying the success of his entire future career. What the newsboy at twelve had done — the perfectly simple and obvious thing, though no other boy had thought of it — the future publisher was to do in all his subsequent undertakings.

To-day, there are, conservatively speaking, forty to fifty thousand newsboys on the streets of the United States and all over the world, selling the publications of the little boy who scampered over to Fort Preble.

And yet there are folks who say there is no romance in business.

II

It was not long before the Fort Preble exploit of the young street merchant became known, and one of the persons to hear of it was the business manager of the *Portland Press*. Such a boy, he argued, was too good to remain on a rival paper; and so he offered Cyrus Curtis his first weekly wage of two dollars, if he would serve two established routes, selling as many papers on his own hook as he chose.

The boy liked the idea of a steady income, and he accepted the offer. But the *Press* was a morning paper, and this meant that the boy would have to get up each morning, summer and winter, at a quarter before four o'clock, serve his routes, sell his own papers, get back to his breakfast at seven o'clock, and go to school at nine.

'That's why I never grew,' he now says: 'I never had enough sleep, and I was always on my feet. Fancy getting home from a party at eleven or twelve o'clock, and then getting up at a quarter to four! And it was cold in Portland in winter.'

But the boy did it, and did it for four summers and four longer winters!

After he had been with the *Press* a while, the business manager of the other paper, the *Portland Argus*, soon sought him, and Cyrus once more changed employers — ‘because he offered me more,’ was his reason. He was selling the *Argus* when he ran into the office on that fateful day in American history, and a boy yelled out to him: ‘Your President has been shot!’

The little boy had been known among his boy-friends as a most ardent little Republican; but, in spite of his grief at the thought of Lincoln’s assassination, he realized that there would be an extra demand for newspapers. And, in fact, an extra stock sold out almost as quickly as he could hand out the papers.

Selling the papers made by another was, of course, a very necessary and convenient stepping-stone to the news-boy, and for a time he argued that he could do nothing else. He never looked at the papers under his arm, however, but the thought would come to him of the exhilaration of actually owning the paper that one sold. This idea was always with him, and one day he confided his daring plan of starting a paper of his own to his chum, Walter Goold. Walter, somehow, fitted into the idea in Cyrus’s head, because, even in those days, he reasoned that there must be two persons to get out a paper: one to make it, and the other to sell it.

So it came about that the two boys agreed to go into partnership. They were to start a boy’s paper, to be called *Young America*. It was to be a weekly, to sell for two cents a copy. A printer was found who made a contract to print four hundred copies for five dollars.

And so it came to pass that on April 5, 1865, the first issue of Cyrus Curtis’s first paper broke upon the public. Unfortunately, however, it was not an expectant public. And as the public

did n’t expect it, it had not been looking for it; and when it looked at the first issue it did not seem anxious to buy it. This was somewhat of a surprise to the boys. In fact, it was more than a surprise to Walter who, seeing that their first issue did not sell, began to wonder where the five dollars were to come from to pay the printer.

His partner did not spend so much time in wondering about the first issue as he did in planning for the second issue. But wonder with Walter grew into worry, and as the boy was going to school and had his lessons to learn his intense worry about the huge debt which hung over his head and that of his partner soon showed in his failure to know his lessons. This failure was soon noticed by his parents, who very promptly notified Cyrus that the partnership, so far as Walter was concerned, would have to be instantly dissolved. So, before he could get out his second number, Cyrus found himself ‘left cold’ as sole proprietor of a paper, with five dollars of debt on his shoulders.

Now, Cyrus did not like the idea of the five-dollar debt any more than Walter did. And he liked even less the idea of this same five-dollar debt recurring weekly. But, unlike Walter, he did not run away from the problem. He decided to think it out. He had faith enough in his venture; but how to get the paper out without having to pay the printer that five-dollar bill every week certainly was a question. With true Yankee thrift, he had saved most of his profits from his newspaper-selling, and he decided that, with this capital, the propitious moment had come to go into business for himself and set up his own printing plant.

With the boy, as with the man, a plan once decided upon must be carried out at once. So he drew on his savings, paid the printer his five dollars, and took the first train the next morning

for Boston, 'to inspect presses.' He has often taken press-inspection journeys since, but none that could equal this trip. It was a momentous occasion for the embryo publisher.

To a maker of hand-presses went Cyrus when he arrived in Boston, only to find that presses cost more than he had reckoned. Finally, he saw a small hand-press under the counter.

'What is that?' he asked.

'Oh, that's an old model we don't make or sell any more,' was the answer.

'Let me see it,' said the boy. And after looking it over he asked, 'How much?'

'Well, I'll let you have that for two dollars and a half,' said the merchant.

'Here's the money,' replied Cyrus; and he bought his first press. He would be able to print only one page of his paper at a time, he figured out; but that in a way, he reckoned, would be an advantage, in that he would not have to buy so much type. He could buy just enough to set up one page, print that, distribute the type, set the second page, print that, and so print the four pages of which his paper consisted. The type he also bought. This cost him about fifteen dollars. And so, with type and press, he went home, to begin business as a publisher on his own account. He had now some twenty dollars invested in his equipment, and he realized that he would have to work hard to cover his capital and get some profit.

He did.

I cannot write of this little boy's venture with the purchase of his first press for two dollars and a half, without turning over the leaves of this same boy's life a few years ahead, and considering his last purchase of a press for his newspaper plant: a single press measuring one hundred and thirty-five feet long and costing over three hundred thousand dollars, with the additional picture of the combined printing plants now owned by this boy, with

a value of over eight million dollars!

One day a man asked Cyrus how much he charged for advertisements. The boy had not reached that problem in his business; but he was not going to disclose this fact to a prospective advertiser! 'Ten cents a square,' was his reply, showing what he meant by a square — about eight to ten lines.

'I'll take a column,' replied the advertiser; and never has Cyrus Curtis received a column advertisement for any of his publications which seemed larger or longer or more profitable than that first column for *Young America*.

Gradually, the boy publisher sold his little paper to his friends, or to anyone who would buy a copy; but even then he saw that his printing plant was not busy all the time. So he decided to add a job-printing business, and printed some cards announcing this important fact; and after that, no friend was missed in a solicitation to print his or her visiting card for ten cents a pack of a hundred cards.

This departure brought him the very important job of printing some dancing orders for a dancing master, which order eventually grew so large as to involve a debt of six dollars to the young printer. Much to his surprise, he could not collect it. He sent bill after bill, with no response. He spoke to his father about the heavy indebtedness of this customer. His father laughed, and ventured the information that the man was known all over Portland as a 'dead beat,' who never paid his bills.

Nothing daunted, the boy was determined to wipe off this large indebtedness from his books, and he called at the house of the dancing master.

'I would like to collect my printing bill for six dollars,' the boy told the man when he came to the door.

In answer, the man kicked the boy down the steps, and slammed the door behind him.

The next day, the young printer was again at the dancing master's house, this time at five o'clock in the morning. Wild-eyed, the man came down half-dressed, and, seeing the boy before him, roundly cursed him for his untimely visit. But something in the look in the boy's eyes told the man that the following morning would probably find him there again; and, with a mental picture of his early sleep disturbed on successive mornings, he pulled out a roll of bills, gave the boy six dollars, and once more kicked him down the front steps.

'But I got my money,' he told his father.

III

One day, when little Cyrus went to the water-front for the playtime which he always allowed himself, his busy eyes nearly popped out of his head when he saw a United States monitor at anchor in the bay. John Ericsson's great invention was then thrilling the country, and this was the first monitor the boy had ever seen. He raced to the dock, to which he saw that a boatload of people from the monitor was coming, only to find that visitors to the monitor were not permitted except upon payment of twenty-five cents.

The boy walked along the shore, eagerly looking at the monitor and wondering how he could get on board and see it. His inevitable companion, a neighbor's dog, — 'which was almost mine,' he would say, 'because he was always with me,' — followed at his heels.

Even in his youngest boyhood — he was twelve at this time — the resourcefulness of his active little mind never failed him, and it came to his rescue at this moment. He *must* see the monitor: he *must* go on board: it was an opportunity that perhaps never again would present itself. And with the strong desire in the boy's soul the mind gave him the idea and the solution.

He raced along the water-front to a near-by shipyard, where a number of logs to be used for spars were 'seasoning' in the water. Appropriating one of the longest and widest, a log some thirty feet long and wide enough to stand up on, Cyrus helped himself also to a stick, and, straddling the log, with his dog behind him, the boy began to paddle toward the monitor. 'Of course, I did n't know how I would get on the monitor,' he acknowledged, 'even if I got to it; but I would get closer to it anyhow than if I stayed on shore.'

With this thought, he paddled. All went well, until the dog, full of life and interest in the escapade, and scampering up and down the log, attempted at one point to rush past the boy, and pushed so hard that he pushed him into the water, the dog slipping in after him. The boy was, of course, as perfectly at home in the water as on the shore, and quickly clambered up on the log. 'But I was so darned mad at the dog,' was the young adventurer's comment, 'that I let him make attempt after attempt to get on the log. Then I finally took compassion on him, and pulled him up.'

The incident had happened near the monitor and, all unconscious of the fact, the boy and his dog became the centre of attraction, while Ericsson's great invention took a secondary place in the scene. The captain of the monitor ordered a boat to the rescue; and the boy and the dog, both drenching wet but perfectly happy, were taken aboard the boat to the monitor, exactly where the boy wanted to be. He was taken down to the engine-room, where his clothes were dried; then he was treated to an inspection tour all over the monitor, and sent back to shore with a boatload of visitors!

Thus Cyrus H. K. Curtis paddled on the face of Portland harbor on his first yacht, only to return, not so many years later, as time goes, and enter the

same harbor on his own private yacht — one of the largest and perhaps the finest equipped of all pleasure-boats in the United States!

But this time it was built for him in a shipyard, and not appropriated!

IV

For three years the young publisher-printer kept at his business, giving as much of his time to it as he could; for he retained his early-morning newspaper route, and, except in summer-time, went to school every day. He finally worked up the circulation of his little paper to four hundred copies a week, which, at two cents a copy, gave him a weekly income of eight dollars, besides what he derived from his few advertisements, the profits from his job-printing work, and his newspaper routes. In all, he so prospered that in 1866 he had the large sum of two hundred dollars invested in his little plant. A proud publisher!

But truly 'pride goeth before destruction.' For, just as the Fourth of July of 1862 played an important part in the life of young Cyrus by awakening him to his earning capacity, so the Fourth of July, four years later, was to bring him to another turning-point.

In the late afternoon of that day, the fire-bells of Portland rang, and, with other boys, Cyrus ran to the fire. It was fully two miles away from his home, and when he got to the fire it had gained headway. He heard people say that the entire block where the fire started was doomed. The boy stayed as long as he could and still get home for supper, and returned to find his mother packing up. He told her that there was no possibility of the fire's reaching their home. The mother argued, with Yankee shrewdness, that foresight was always better than hindsight; and after a light supper she

started again to pack. The father was away for the night, in a neighboring city, and so the boy was told by his mother that he would be her sole reliance in saving what they could. He had a sister, five years younger; and what an eleven-year-old girl could do she did.

The fire had been steadily devouring block after block, and the boy began to see that his mother was perhaps right in at least taking precautions. Every truck and moving vehicle in the neighborhood was already commissioned by the neighbors, and the only moving facilities that the family could command were the boy's little express wagon. This he filled to the top with the articles that it was most desirable to save; and, unaccustomed to such a load, the wagon broke down. So the three could only carry to a place of safety all that their arms would hold.

It is a deplorable fact that there are always people ready to take advantage of the helpless in time of stress. It proved so with the Curtis family. The mother had put all the most valuable belongings of the family in a sideboard, hoping to find some means of moving this one piece of furniture. While she was exploring the neighborhood for such means, she saw two men steal into the house and come out carrying the sideboard, the contents of which they had overheard the mother describe. The source of the initiative invariably present in the career of the son is found here in the mother. She saw instantly that the most valuable of the family's possessions were in danger; but even amid all the nervous excitement of the moment, in the absence of anyone to counsel her, she quietly made up her mind to turn what looked like a family loss to her advantage. The sideboard was an old-fashioned heavy one, and the men had difficulty in carrying it. The mother walked slowly behind them at a safe distance; and when they

had carried it over two miles from her house, to a point of assured safety, exactly where she had tried in vain to get someone to truck it, she accosted the men, claimed the property, and sent them running for their lives!

At midnight the fire had reached the Curtis home and laid it in ashes, and within a few hours had traveled another mile and a half, more than fulfilling the mother's instinct and reducing the best part of the city of Portland to ruins.

The mother with her son and daughter had found a temporary home beyond the fire-zone; but there was no sleep for the active boy at such a time, and he remained up all night. In the early morning hours he ventured near his one-time home to see if anything was left of it, only to find his father standing at the foot of the street, disconsolately gazing in the direction of the spot where a few hours before he had left his family and home.

Not only was the home burned down, but the boy's precious printing plant was entirely wiped out, with no insurance. He now faced life in all its grim actuality. He was sixteen, and had just finished his first year in high school. He decided that he must now leave school and devote all his time to earning a livelihood. The days of his boyhood were over!

This was all the education that the boy Cyrus was to get, and on his acquired knowledge, be it what it was, he was destined to make his career.

V

Young Curtis, at sixteen, now faced a full-time business career. He gave up his newspaper route in the early morning, because the newspaper offices were burned out and papers were few. He accepted a position as errand-boy in the dry-goods store of Leach, Bartlett and Parker, at three dollars per week, his

first job being to carry a huge bundle almost as large as himself, on a blistering July day, clear to the other end of the city. His newspaper work had accustomed him to heavy bundles, his legs were sturdy, his spirit was strong, and he persevered, until his faithfulness in his errand-work promoted him to a place as salesman behind the counter, measuring out piece cotton goods by the yard. His popularity among the young people of the city helped him here — it was not an uncommon sight to see a flock of girls at the 'cotton-counter,' as it was called, being waited upon by the energetic and popular young salesman. He was an attractive-looking boy, overflowing with a sense of humor. His quick brown eyes always sparkled. He was rapid in his movements, and filled his position behind the counter so acceptably that his salary was increased until he reached the high point of eight dollars per week.

His tastes in reading led along business lines, and he devoured any business stories that came his way. A weekly paper fell into his hands, containing a story by Richard B. Kimball, then in the heyday of his writing career. Young Curtis was particularly impressed with this story. Without having an exact knowledge of business methods, of course, he felt somehow that Kimball reflected business as it might actually be in the world of affairs. He looked him up, and found that he had written several books, nearly all stories of a business nature. He bought them all, and read them over and over. The reading of Kimball's books made an impression on the mind of the young lad that was to remain, and to influence him all through his life. It proved later to be the foundation-stone upon which he was to build the most successful weekly magazine for men ever published in the United States. 'I want business stories like

Kimball's,' he said when he bought the *Saturday Evening Post*. 'I know business men will read them.' And thus a boy's reading of one man's honest work brought forth a result little dreamed of by the author.

One evening young Curtis strolled into the reading-room of the United States Hotel — then one of Portland's leading hotels — and saw, lying on one of the tables, a copy of one of the many colored lithographed pictures which George W. Childs was then having circulated broadcast throughout the country, showing the new *Public Ledger* building in Philadelphia. It was the first building ever erected in the United States entirely devoted to a newspaper plant and its offices, and the young Portland boy looked at it with undisguised admiration. It seemed to picture to him the greatness that a newspaper might achieve.

Subsequently he read articles descriptive of the building, and one day, being in New York City on business, he said to himself: 'Now is my chance to run over to Philadelphia and see the *Ledger* building.' He did so, and boarded a horse-car that would take him down Chestnut Street. He remained on the back platform of the car, talking to the conductor. It was his first visit to Philadelphia, and he wanted to find out all he could about what he saw. The conductor was obliging, and the young stranger was much impressed with his courtesy. He left the car a block before his destination, and walked down Chestnut Street; and although he looked sharply where the conductor told him he would find the *Ledger* building, he failed to find it. He reached Third Street, and then asked a policeman who told him, 'Why,

you passed it. It is three blocks back. Here, however, is the old *Ledger* building, where the paper used to be.' And the officer pointed to the building on the corner where was then published the *Public Record*. 'Would you like to go in and see that?' he asked; and, much to young Curtis's surprise, the policeman left his beat, took him into the building, and showed him the plant. 'No Boston policeman would do that,' thought the visitor; and his impression of Philadelphia was most favorable.

He now walked back to Sixth Street, and as he approached the corner he saw a realization of the picture he had seen: the lithograph having shown the broadside view of the building on Sixth Street. He stood on the opposite corner, viewing the building with the fullest satisfaction, feeling that his trip from New York was amply repaid.

This was in 1873.

Exactly forty years thereafter, the twenty-three-year-old young man who stood, with such rapt admiration, looking at the achievement attributed to George W. Childs, was destined to become the owner of the building, the newspaper which it housed, and all the machinery in it!

'Had you any dream or aspiration, that day when you saw the building for the first time, of ever owning it or the *Ledger*?' I asked Mr. Curtis once.

'Not in the remotest degree. I never thought of such a thing.'

And yet, on the site of that very building and of the entire square which compasses it, he has begun the erection of what will be once again the finest and greatest newspaper plant in the United States, involving an expenditure of over ten millions of dollars!

No romance in business?

(In March, Mr. Bok's second informal sketch of Mr. Curtis will reveal how a woman's laugh resulted in the Ladies' Home Journal, and how a 'singed cat' became the *Saturday Evening Post*.)

A LEAGUE OF NATIONS OR A LEAGUE OF GOVERNMENTS?

BY L. P. JACKS

I

If a survey be taken of the various schemes for a league of nations, including the scheme actually embodied in the existing Covenant, three assumptions will be found uniformly present. By most propagandists they are treated as self-evident.

The first assumption is that the necessary instruments through which the nations must establish their League are their existing political governments. It is as *politically* organized units that the nations enter the League, whose joint action then becomes *political* action, analogous to that of each of the units. In other words the governments, or their representatives, are the efficient agents to establish the League in the first instance, and to work it in the second. The possibility of acting through any other medium, for example the Church, is not contemplated, and in these days would probably be dismissed as absurd, though it would have seemed wholly reasonable in the fourteenth century. On what other terms, indeed, is the League possible? Can we conceive of our own, or of any nation, entering the League, and operating within it, except by the act of its political government, signed, sealed, and delivered by the political chiefs for the time being? Should we not feel a shock of surprise if the proposal were made to entrust the business to the Archbishop of Canterbury rather than to the Prime Minister? There would

have been no surprise at this in the fourteenth century, when the Church was an acknowledged bond of union among mankind.

The second assumption is that the various contracting governments are all equally competent to carry out the obligations to which, under the terms of the League, they bind themselves or their subjects. When, for example, the stipulation is laid down that the governments (or the 'States') shall agree to restrain their subjects from taking such or such internationally offensive action, it is invariably taken for granted that the governments in question have sufficient control over their subjects to ensure their submission to the stipulated restraint. No account is taken of the wide differences that exist among governments in this respect, some of them clearly having no power, or very little, to guarantee the compliance of their subjects with any conditions that happen to prove unpopular. All the schemes for a league of nations so far put forward resemble one another at this point — that is to say, they charge the contracting states with obligations in respect of their own subjects which only a powerful and firmly established government could carry out, and which would obviously be worthless if undertaken by a weak one. Ignoring the fact that certain governments can hardly be said to 'govern' at all, being mere temporary committees for the transac-

tion of national business, existing on sufferance, and holding their position by a highly precarious tenure — ignoring all this, the assumption is made that all governments are competent, and equally competent, to compel their own subjects to keep promises made on their behalf.

One cannot refrain from astonishment at the uncritical assurance of otherwise careful publicists in regard to this matter, and at the light-hearted manner in which weak and subservient forms of government, half their power expended in clinging to power, with the fear of the polls constantly before them, and the knowledge that a single unpopular measure would involve them in downfall, are pictured in these paper schemes as fully able to pledge their nationals to the surrender of their special privileges in the way of trade, and of their promising ambitions in the way of conquest. After reading a catalogue of the responsibilities each 'State' is required to assume for the control of its own subjects, — of the ports they are to keep open, of the facilities they are to afford, of the free transit they are to give to persons and goods, of the debts they are to discharge, of the information they are to make public, of the general good-will they are to display to their foreign competitors, — after reading all this, and much more to the same purport, one is tempted to ask where in the modern world are the 'States' to be found, which can lay these commands on their citizens with the faintest prospect that they will be obeyed? The answer is that they exist only in the imagination of the writer. They are mere abstractions — phantasms whose last embodiment on earth was in the days of Xerxes and Nebuchadnezzar.

The third assumption, which is implied in the other two, goes wider and deeper. Assuming that all nations

enter the League in the person, so to speak, of their governments, and that all these are equally competent to carry out their contracts under the League, it naturally follows that the business or function of the League is, itself, government. It is a political machine made out of political material and with a political object — that, namely, of *governing* the world, or the largest possible portion of it, in a different and presumably better manner than that in which it has been governed heretofore. Were the question raised, 'What benefits will the world enjoy under a League of Nations?' would it not be enough to answer, 'It will be better *governed*,' all other benefits, which would doubtless be many, being dependent upon and derivative from this? In place of the discordant relationships between nations now existing, the League will substitute harmonious government under international law. What other object, we are tempted to ask, could the League conceivably have? Let the suggestion be made, for example, that the nations might league themselves for the promotion of knowledge, or for the service of God, and our surprise would be hardly less than if it were proposed to substitute the Archbishop of Canterbury for the Prime Minister as our plenipotentiary at the next Conference. Yet the idea of a league of nations for the promotion of knowledge would have commended itself very forcibly to the mind of Plato, and a league for the international service of God was actually outlined by Dante in the *De Monarchia*. Even Mr. Woodrow Wilson, prior to his fateful journey to Paris, thought that the nations might be leagued for the service of *humanity*, much to the comfort of the defeated Germans, who did not then know that they were to be excluded. All such conceptions, however, have a very slender hold on the modern mind,

If we think of the League at all, we can hardly help thinking of it as *of* government, *by* government, and *for* government. The idea of government is dominant throughout.

Such are the three assumptions, each obviously implying the other two. That none of them should be accepted without criticism has already been suggested. In what follows attention will be mainly confined to the first, but with this safeguard — that nothing here said be construed as spoken against the essential idea of the League of Nations, which shines as a lodestar in the dark night of our present troubles, and will shine all the clearer when certain mists have fallen from our eyes.

II

When we turn in thought from the self-renunciations and heroic endeavors of the war to the cupidities and political intrigues which followed it, we are instantly aware of a painful discrepancy. On the first level we are in contact with nations' souls; on the second, with their vulgar minds. It is as if the moral dimensions of nations had suddenly shrunk. Horrible as the war was in many of its aspects, the memory of it leaves a less 'unpleasant taste in the mouth' than the memory of the 'peace.' There was something glorious in the one; there was nothing glorious in the other. If the first was full of dead men's bones, the second overflowed with them.

Is it too much to say that, if a league of nations is ever to come into being, the foundations of it must be laid on the high level of self-renunciation and heroic endeavor which characterized the war, and not on the low level of cupidity and political intrigue which characterized the 'peace'? Is it not obvious that a league of nations which was nothing more than a league of gov-

ernments such as those that made the 'peace' would inevitably crumble, like a wall built with untempered mortar?

For the last four centuries the combative nationalism of Western civilization has been leading the world deeper and deeper into a sea of troubles, where the great ships of state now manœuvre precariously, amid cross-currents, hidden shoals, sudden tempests, and impenetrable fogs. To extricate the fortunes of mankind from conditions so unstable will prove no easy task, for they are interwoven with the structure of the modern world — part, almost, of its substance. In trusting the arts of diplomacy, we are trusting a broken reed. To them, indeed, we are debtors for many a wonderful escape from the peril of the moment; but in their total action through the years their arts increase the tension of the world, and tie the very knots which the sword has subsequently to cut. On that level there is little to be hoped for, and much to be feared. Short of united action on the higher level of self-renunciation and heroic endeavor, of which the nations showed themselves capable in making the war, and their governments incapable in making the peace, nothing will be found adequate to the deliverance of civilization from the present entanglements. Means must be devised to bring the nations together on that ground. The forces exist; the problem is to unite them. Its solution will prove immensely difficult. *Talked* into existence the League of Nations will never be; it must be *wrought* into existence by invincible courage and long-enduring travail. In underestimating the difficulty, we postpone the fulfillment.

A league of nations is one thing. A league of governments is another. Until we have learned to distinguish them, there will be no league of nations.

We may have the name, but not the reality.

A league of nations, to be worth the name, must be a league of national *souls*. A mere combination of political machinery, effected by joining up the official governments of all nations, would obviously be a useless contrivance. Unless a unitary soul inspired its workings, it would not work at all.

The assumption is commonly made that a representative government is a kind of quintessence of the nation it represents. Whence it follows, of course, that a league of these quintessences would be a league of nations. To form a league of nations, you begin, so to speak, by boiling them down into so many elected parliaments — making each of them, in turn, ‘safe for democracy.’ Then, by a further process of distillation, you extract the essence of these parliaments into cabinets; and the last refinement yields responsible prime ministers and foreign secretaries. You have now obtained the very spirit or soul of each nation, and all that remains is to assemble these quintessences in the persons of the prime ministers and foreign secretaries aforesaid, and set them working together under compact. The result is a league of nations.

All which seems self-evident enough. But the word ‘representation’ is full of traps for the unwary; and most unquestionably we fall into one of them when we argue in this way. Souls, and national souls most of all, are extremely difficult things to ‘represent.’ Official machinery can never represent them, not even when the official machinery employed for the purpose bears the august name of government: the reason being that the nature of the soul and the nature of the machine are antithetic. There is a notion abroad that, if a people puts in enough votes at one end of the democratic machine, its soul will come out at the other. That system

has its uses, no doubt; but as a process for the extraction of national souls it should never be thought of. Many national souls have been lost in that way. None have been found.

That a freely elected government represents *something* significant cannot be disputed. But of what government now ‘in power’ can we confidently say that it represents the *soul* of the people behind it? Would anyone dare to affirm that the signatures that stand at the foot of the Treaty of Versailles are signatures of nations’ souls? Or even of their minds? Or even of their wills? Or even of their hearts? Or even of their common sense? Again, when the British Prime Minister and the French Prime Minister negotiate in Paris, Genoa, or where else, does anybody believe that the soul of Britain is negotiating with the soul of France? And yet what compact between these nations is likely to *stand*, unless it is a compact of their souls?

I am speaking of the present. But what of the past? Here, too, history affords not many examples of nations whose governments expressed their souls. We seem to come near it in Athens under Pericles, in England under Elizabeth and Cromwell, in the Northern States under Abraham Lincoln — though even here some allowance must be made for the transfiguring influence of time. On the whole the evidence seems to justify the conclusion that the breach between the souls of the nations and their governments was no wider under a narrow franchise than it is now under a broad one.

In this respect democracy has worked to opposite results. On the one hand, it has made government more representative of those superficial interests which can be statistically computed, and so brought into the arena of debate. On the other hand, it has made govern-

ment less representative of that deeper national life, that soul of nations, which does not lend itself to parliamentary eloquence, but needs a poet like Dante, a musician like Bach, a painter like Turner, a prophet like Carlyle, to interpret and express it. That governments ever 'represented' much of these things, except at rare moments of history, is more than I would venture to say. But when did they represent less of them than now? Raising the question in that way, we can hardly fail to be conscious of a widening, and not of a narrowing, in the breach between the souls of nations and their governments.

That astonishing document, the Treaty of Versailles, becomes intelligible enough when we think of it as achieved by a group of governments which had lost touch with the souls of the nations on whose behalf they professed to act — lost touch, that is, with the deeper qualities of national character revealed in art, in literature, in domestic life, in moral idealism, in religion, and even in sport.

What absurd errors a student of human nature would fall into, who should profess to read the souls of the nations implicated from the contribution made by the government of each to that vindictive instrument! How unjust he would be to every one of them! That *something* was there represented, which truly belongs to each of them, no man can doubt. But, as God lives, it was not the soul! In which respect the Treaty of Versailles compares unfavorably with earlier performances of the same class — the Treaty of Vienna, for example. When the Duke of Wellington and Lord Castlereagh showed themselves averse to crippling France, and proclaimed the wisdom of making friends with the conquered foe, these two hard fighters, the one a full-blooded autocrat and the other no convert to democracy, were expressing

more of the soul of England, as it then was and still is, than found its way into the Treaty of Versailles. Or again, what would a Bostonian say if some traveling Englishman were to assert that the soul of Boston is adequately 'represented' by its municipal government?

Is not the breach widening? Is it not becoming increasingly difficult to establish any kind of correlation between the human characteristics of a people and its political characteristics, as represented by the acts of its official rulers? And if that is so, must we not pause before accepting the common view that a league of governments is necessarily a league of nations? May it not be that the ground of unity between nation and nation, and the growing point of any league between them, is not *government* at all, but something else?

III

These doubts are not to be removed by invoking the name of democracy. Leagues of democracies are no easier to maintain than Holy Alliances of kings and emperors. If the truth may be told, they are far more difficult, partly because the voting masses are more wayward and capricious even than kings and emperors, more subject to violent revulsions from love to hate and from hate to love; but also for another reason, which has not received the attention it deserves.

It is true that the soul of a democracy will always respond more readily to the appeal of the highest principles than to any other. But the exigencies of party politics, as interpreted by the leaders of that industry in all countries, and by the newspaper press they control, seldom permit the appeal to be made. And, indeed, from their own point of view the leaders and the newspapers are right. The machinery they

are responsible for working is ill adapted to the high pressure of great principles, and would inevitably be wrecked if the steam were turned on from that quarter. Had the pent-up idealism of England been suddenly released at the election of 1918, by the rash appeal of some statesman reckless of his own political life and indifferent to the fate of his colleagues, there would have been a debacle at party headquarters, and our whole parliamentary system would have reeled to its foundation. So the business must be conducted in terms, not of 'what is ideally desirable,' but of 'what is practically possible,' which means, in plainer language, that appeal is made, not to the nation's soul, but to its vulgar mind. Such are the conditions in which the arts of electioneering — those sinister by-products of democracy — achieve their triumphs. Their constituency is the vulgar mind, which has virtues of its own — mostly of the middling order — but is a poor substitute for the soul.

What more need be said to explain why governments so created are notoriously quarrelsome in their mutual relations, and why the leagues they set up among themselves show a tendency to dissolve? Never are nations more exasperating to one another than when they deal and bargain and negotiate on the level of their vulgar minds. Never do they show up to less advantage in each other's eyes. Never do they mistrust each other so profoundly. Never are repulsions so active and affinities so hard to find. Never are the conditions further off out of which a league of nations could arise.

Is it to be supposed that a group of governments, each knowing what it does of the electioneering habits of its neighbors, as well as of its own, — of their precarious tenure of office, of their dependence on the suffrage of the vulgar mind, of the national megalomanias that support them, of the

national cupidities they dare not defy, — is it to be supposed that these governments, meeting face to face round a table, at Genoa or elsewhere, will at once form a brotherly coalition, evolve a common purpose, and proceed to work for the common good? Can we expect them, from the nature of the case, to have a high opinion of each other's single-mindedness? And without *that*, how can they get to work? How can they do other than break up with nothing done?

And what of the unofficial public at home? Does the plain Englishman, who has taken a little trouble to acquaint himself with the course of French politics, or of American politics, really desire (member of the League of Nations though he be) to see the fortunes of his country tied up in one bundle with those of other countries controlled by forces such as these? Or, per contra, would the plain Frenchman and the plain American, contemplating the spectacle of the British General Election in 1918, forthwith say to themselves, or to one another, 'Here is a government elected under Heaven to coöperate with my own government in achieving the unity of mankind'? Thus we begin to see that a league of nations is one thing, a league of governments another.

A league of governments might be adequate for the purpose, were it possible so to arrange things that the combining units should always represent the best qualities in the nations behind them — their generosity, their chivalry, their unselfishness, their willingness to serve mankind; for it is obviously on the side of these qualities only that nations will ever unite in work for the common good. But even in countries where democracy has most firmly established itself, the representation attained is an amorphous mixture of

good and bad, of selfish and unselfish, in which, when governments deal with one another on the ground of foreign policy, the selfish shows a marked tendency to predominate, thereby exasperating their mutual relationships.

Cases also occur where the *worst* qualities of nations are precisely those which their governments represent and display to one another on this field, their diplomacy becoming a continual provocation and offense. A notable instance was that of the German Government before the war—a government not purely democratic, but having a strong representative element. All the qualities of the German soul to which the world stands most deeply indebted were unrepresented by the German Government of the moment, while those which made Germany obnoxious to mankind were represented with prodigious efficiency. It was an extreme instance of what may be called ‘disproportional representation.’ Instances less extreme can be found elsewhere.

IV

Under the political civilization that has been evolved in the Western world, a type of government has come into being which may be said to have two faces, the one combative and warlike, the other noncombative and pacific.

As trustee for the nation’s power, possessions, territory, and former conquests, as guardian of its military traditions, as protector of its sovereign rights against infringement by other nations similarly organized, each of these Western governments, whether democratic or otherwise, stands for combative nationalism. In this capacity it walks abroad among its foreign neighbors, with armies and navies at its back, sometimes hiding them as much as possible, sometimes displaying them with considerable truculence.

To its own subjects it turns the other face, or, shall we say, the inner side. They see it, not as a fighting institution, but as a repressor of domestic strife, substituting civil procedure for the lawless and violent clash of conflicting aims. They see it occupied with interests that are not combative, promoting education, fostering the arts and sciences, legislating for the public health, mediating in conflicts between labor and capital, and attending, as best it can, to economic prosperity. Normally, the citizens are unaware of any connection between this side of the government and the other, though they know, of course, that the other exists. Now and then, however, they discover the unpleasant fact that all these pacific goods are liable to sudden conscription for the combative purpose.

It may be noted in passing that this phenomenon of the double face is to be found only where civilization has taken a distinctly political or nationalistic turn. When civilization rests on a cultural basis, as it does, or once did, in certain Eastern countries, the double face does not exist. The civilization of China, for example, based on a system of education, had no combative side until contact with Western nations taught it to acquire one. Now, may we not say that America’s aversion to ‘entangling alliances’ betokens her desire for a *noncombative* nationalism—a desire imperfectly fulfilled?

If a league of nations—a true *league*, and not a mere cockpit of narrower dimensions—is ever to arise, how else can it come about than through contact of the peoples on their pacific or noncombative sides? Were it possible for the various governments to meet and confer together, not as representing combative nationalism, but as representing creative humanism, with their inner sides turned outward, so to speak, would not the antinomy

between a league of nations and a league of governments at once begin to disappear? Or, phrasing the matter somewhat differently, if these governments would only dismiss the idea, to which they are now wedded, that what they have to do is to make a league *among themselves*, and take it to heart, instead, that what they have to do is to make a league of *the peoples behind them*, should we not at least come in sight of the goal? Unfortunately, the habits of governments, in dealing with one another on the field of foreign policy, have fallen into ruts so deep, and acquired a momentum so prodigious, that they are not in the least likely to be turned aside by suggestions of this kind. It was easy enough for Mr. Woodrow Wilson to speak the language of humanism — so long as he stood outside the machine. But he found a difference after he came to Paris.

It is the profound misfortune of our political civilization, that nations have developed no organ through which they can address each other, as nations, in terms of the human interests they have in common. They speak with one another through the Foreign Office — which has the War Office next door. They negotiate on the field where their interests have least in common, and their relationships have become most dangerous. Of no nation can it be said that its soul is to be found in its own particular brand of combative nationalism, or that statesmen who address each other with armed hosts behind them are the true representatives of that soul. Is it not a fact that the good-will of each nation toward the others somehow gets spoiled, sterilized, or even poisoned, by having to pass through that medium before it can reach its object? One cannot help wishing it were otherwise. It is an abominable limitation.

V

The best fruits of political civilization are to be found in the systems of law and order which each government has established in its own territory. In this respect the records of some, notably the Roman and the British, stand exceptionally high, though not uniformly so — witness the history of Ireland for the last three hundred years. But, while remembering what governments have done in keeping the peace at home, we must not forget what they have done in breaking the peace abroad — a department of their activities in which the achievements of some of them have been quite remarkable. The wars of the past, with their terrible sequels of lawlessness and disorder, have been mainly their doing. Against their good record for keeping order in the parts of mankind must be set off their bad record for creating disorder in the whole of mankind.

That the balance comes out in their favor is by no means clear. Looking at the facts in this comprehensive manner, may we not say that governments have been, and still continue to be, the chief authors of confusion in the world at large? How much of the disorder now prevalent in Europe, the economic and the moral disorder as well as the political, can be traced directly to the action of governments in their relationships with one another, and to their hostile interferences with each other's business! With such a record standing to their account, a wise man will demand the production of better proof than is forthcoming up to now, before accepting the credentials of existing governments as the appointed peacemakers of the world.

It is said that ex-burglars make good policemen, and ex-poachers good preservers of game. We can well believe it. In the same way, one may suppose, ex-

brewers would make good prohibitionists, ex-slave-owners good antislavery men, ex-bookmakers good suppressors of gambling, ex-pagans good promoters of Christianity, ex-sinners good champions of the moral law. Reasoning from analogy, the conclusion would be that ex-governments represented by ex-prime ministers make good preservers of the peace. All turns on the 'ex.' The burglars, the poachers, the brewers, the slave-owners, the bookmakers, the pagans, the sinners, the governments, and the prime ministers, must all prove their conversion, before we can safely dispatch them on their respective errands. Short of that, what do you propose? *League* them, do you say? But to what purpose? Will the poachers preserve your pheasants by poaching in a band? Will the brewers turn their beer into a nonintoxicant by pouring it into a single vat? Will the sinners establish virtue by pooling their sins? Will the pagans promote Christianity by appointing a common dance round the Golden Calf? Will the bitter fountains of nationalism become the sweet waters of humanism by connecting the taps? A league of ex-prime ministers, if you will; but a league of prime ministers — no!

Were the choice given me, in the present chaos of Europe, between two leagues, or 'conferences,' one composed of ministers in power (prime or otherwise), and the other of ministers who have been dismissed from office during the past seven years, with no prospect of returning to it, my vote would be given, without a moment's hesitation, for the more unconstitutional form of procedure. And this, not because the ministers out of power are better men than those in (though on the whole I am disposed to think they are), but because the former, having no power of their own to be anxious about, would be relieved from one of the gravest dis-

abilities which beset their successors as heralds of peace. If the affairs of the world are to be managed by a league of governments, or of prime ministers, they should be governments which have fallen to rise no more, of prime ministers who have done forever with their prime ministrations. Even the Kaiser, as a *fallen* Kaiser, might have something to contribute to the cause of European peace. But these things, of course, are idle dreams.

None the less, they serve to show us where the analogy fails which has so often been drawn between the suppression of private violence in a single state and the suppression of national wars between a group of states. The history of law and order in the single state is the history of the struggle between two elements — one law-abiding, the other lawless — in which the first has gradually gained control over the second, the good citizens imposing their will on the bad ones, or winning them over to the adoption of their ways. Thus, the suppression of dueling was not achieved by the duelists themselves, but by pacific persons who had never fought a duel and to whom dueling was abhorrent.

But when we turn to the international parallel, we at once observe the significant fact that the counterpart to this law-abiding element, these good citizens, these pacific persons, is not to be found among the states. The states whose joint action is invoked to suppress combative nationalism are themselves the offenders, all tainted with the offense, and some steeped in it — the great European states, which are to play the part of chief policemen, being also the chief criminals, the most hardened and inveterate in the ways of that combative nationalism they are here called upon to suppress.

In this there is no analogy to the process by which the law-abiding elements of society deal with dueling or

with burglary. A truer image would be that of a group of burglars, enriched by the spoils of their former raids, and each still in possession of a formidable equipment for the picking of locks and the blowing-up of safes, forming a compact to retire from the business and prevent newcomers from entering it. Or, more literally, a group of conquerors agreeing among themselves to rest content with their conquests, to leave each other undisturbed in the enjoyment of them, and at the same time to restrain the younger brethren from imitating the bad example of their own record. This is a new thing under the sun, and nothing heretofore accomplished in the way of substituting civil procedure for private feud affords the least ground for anticipating its success.

Combative nationalism, which has filled the world with turmoil for so many ages, will die as the nations outgrow it one by one. To suppress it by a league of combative nationalisms is not possible. What the movement for a league of nations has so far accomplished is, simply, to announce its coming death — a great achievement, for it brings us appreciably nearer to the moment when the evil thing will most assuredly die. But it will die through the working of other causes, and by other means than those which the Covenant of the League lays down for its suppression.

It is easy to construct imaginary entities bearing the names of the Great Powers — 'America,' 'England,' 'France,' and the rest; to picture them as cured of their combative nationalism, and then to draw up schemes on paper (or in fancy) in which these powers are represented as acting together in the renunciation of their former practices, and in preventing their imitation by others. But if we turn to the Covenant of the League, and examine the elaborate machinery

therein set up for restraining the war-making habits of states, the inference is irresistible that somewhere in the world there is a number of possible but highly dangerous offenders for whom these restraints are needed, quarrelsome elements calling for higher power to hold them in check.

But who are these possible offenders, and who are the most dangerous of them? They are precisely those Great Powers, whose joint action, in their imaginary character of repentant nationalisms, we were invoking a moment ago to stamp out the offense. Can we wonder any longer that, since the creation of the League, the Great Powers, which made themselves its dominating members, have shown not the least disposition to submit disputes *among themselves* (which have been serious in the meantime) to its jurisdiction? What else could be expected when the chief offenders are themselves judges of the cause? By leaguizing the nations in this form, we do not create a *higher* power, which will hold their combative nationalism in check. We merely produce a mechanical (and perhaps dangerous) mixture of the powers that already exist. The beer is not turned into water by being poured into a common vat.

The League of Nations, in the form given to it by the Treaty of Versailles, may be defined as a scheme for giving the governments greater collective control over the peoples. But the true aim of the League, as we conceive it here, should be the precise opposite of this, namely, to give the peoples greater collective control over their governments. For the development of combative nationalism has brought the world to this strange and unexpected issue — that the elements or powers in the world at this moment most ungoverned and lawless in their relations with one another, most provocative of disorder

in their mutual reactions, and therefore most in need of government, are the *governments themselves*.

It is true that, if we take the democratic nations, one by one, we find in each of them means through which the government can be kept in order by its own constituents; though it must be confessed that even these are far less effective than the theory of democracy would lead us to suppose. But when these different governments act, or pretend to act, in concert, under the form of a league, there is no collective check to restrain them, the partial check of each nation over its own government being, obviously, ineffective for the purpose.

By some means or other, this order of things must be inverted if a league of

nations is to come into being. Enough for the present, if the point has been made clear that no process of leaguings together such governments as now exist will deliver mankind from their propensity to quarrel with one another, or do more than reduce the dimensions of the cockpit in which they quarrel. Even if we suppose them entering into the most solemn compact 'not to do it again,' no power exists on earth that can keep them faithful to their promise one hour longer than the most treacherous among them is disposed to observe it.

One day it will dawn upon minds politically obsessed that a league of governments is by no means the only form in which the idea of a league of nations can express itself.

THE TIMID SEX

BY ROBERT M. GAY

ONE night, a while ago, I had to address thirty or forty business men. When the hour arrived, three men sat in the front row, and the rest loitered diffidently in a lobby at the back of the room. At last, one of the three in the front row turned round and shouted: 'Come on, you fellers: let's go!' And the twenty-seven or thirty-seven others began to come in, sliding sideways into the first seat they came to. They all wanted to sit in the back row, or, failing that, in the row nearest the back row.

They were intelligent men, and they could hardly all have been bashful. They had no reason to be scared. They could not possibly have been as scared

as I was. For some reason, however, a seat was a haven of refuge for them, into which they slid as soon as they could. I do not think they reasoned it out. I do not think they consciously said to themselves: 'I am of a naturally retiring and timid disposition: I will therefore hide myself so far as I am able from the public eye; here is a seat more or less behind a post or a fat man; I will sit in it.' No. I look upon their peculiar choice of a seat as so instinctive as almost to deserve the name of 'reflex action.' I think I understand it, too; because I also have sat in the last row, or, deprived of that refuge, behind a post or a fat man.

Of course, this curious habit is not wholly to be ascribed to timidity. Timidity is there, almost always; but other subconscious motives play their part. There is, for example, deep-seated in every manly breast a determination not to be, or at least not to appear to be, interested in anything that any teacher, lecturer, or preacher may say; and it is merely masculine to register this obscure impulse in any way short of audible groans. A woman will tell you that men are poor listeners because they want to do all the talking themselves; but such an unjust suspicion must be ascribed to the satirical view that one sex naturally holds of the other. However this may be, it is certainly true that women are courageous church-goers, concert-goers, lecture-goers, without whose encouragement most of the public talkers of the world would have to go out of business.

Now, no woman minds at all walking the length of a room and sitting in the front row, even when the room is full of people. In fact, she rather likes it. If she sees a seat in the front row, she goes for it; and her ears do not get red, either. For her, walking to that seat is a purely practical matter. Why should her ears get red? Watch her as she sails down the aisle at a lecture or in church, cool as a cucumber; and then watch her husband as he slinks after her. He has clearly been trying to slide into the back row, and has made several little bolts in that direction; but she properly ignores him. She never gives in to his manly timidity, for she hopes, sooner or later, to train him to overcome it.

At the theatre, or even at a concert, he is not averse to sitting in the front row, because he has a ticket. This gives him courage. He will even politely precede his wife down the aisle, if he can conspicuously display a seat-check as an advertisement that he is not callously trying to obtrude himself upon the pub-

lic gaze. But at a wedding-breakfast, a reception, or an afternoon tea, if he is so unfortunate as to have to attend one, he shows a quite remarkable expertness in fading into recesses and corners, or, if none offer, in gravitating into the company of his fellows. In a mixed company he behaves like pepper or sawdust sprinkled on water. However much he may circulate for a time, he will eventually drift together and cohere. In board and faculty meetings, where he is under no obligation to be sociable and may therefore be entirely natural, he exhibits this peculiar molecular attraction most clearly of all. He sits on one side, and the ladies all have to sit on the other.

This delicate organization of the male, his instinctive craving for self-effacement, while it makes him a poor self-starter, makes him work well in groups; and at a football game or a political convention, if he is systematically stimulated, he may overcome his inhibitions and untangle his complexes even to the extent of making a great noise. Women have never really understood football games and political conventions, or perceived very clearly why, in order to win a game or nominate a candidate, it is essential to make a great noise. They have not even fully comprehended the esoteric significance of the axiom (discovered, I believe, by a man) that 'if we don't all hang together, we shall all hang separately.' No woman ever really believed that, and most women would rather hang separately than adopt it as a rule of conduct. They attain their ends by more insidious means; and it is, therefore, not surprising if they privately look upon the making of a great noise without any adequate reason as a rather boyish and sentimental performance. Their faces on these occasions suggest, at any rate, that they find the sudden lunacy of their husbands, fathers, brothers, and lovers a

more interesting phenomenon than the game itself, or the order of business. 'Can it be possible,' they seem to be asking themselves, 'that these men, now demanding the instant death of somebody, are the same timid creatures who sit meekly through three hours of after-dinner speaking, or even through a long-winded sermon, lecture, opera, or symphony concert, merely because they are afraid to get up and leave?' Yes, dear ladies, we must reply; they are the same. They would sit through anything rather than make themselves conspicuous by getting up singly and leaving. As for rising in a body and marching out, such an idea never enters their gentle heads. To do this they would have to have a bandmaster or cheer-leader. Lacking one, each waits for the other fellow, and the other fellow waits for him.

As I understand it, women sit on only because they want to. They somehow convince themselves more easily than men can do that they enjoy concerts, sermons, lectures, and operas. Or, it may be, of course, that they really do enjoy them — who shall say? That they would get up and leave, singly or in a body, if they wanted to, seems highly probable. No foolish timidity would deter them.

A friend of mine, who has had some hair-raising adventures on the lecture platform, once agreed to deliver a course of lectures to an audience of school-teachers; and, after his first appearance, was naturally anxious to learn whether his efforts had given satisfaction. Nothing in the manner of his audience seemed to reveal their sentiments on this question; so he ventured to ask a lady, whom he knew sufficiently well, what she thought.

'Oh, yes,' said she; 'you did very well. Nobody left.'

'But,' asked my friend, '*would* they leave?'

'To be sure,' replied she. 'So-and-So began a lecture here last month with six hundred and ended with fifty.'

'And are they likely to do that to me?' he gasped.

'Of course, if they don't get what they want,' she answered, smiling sweetly. 'We're busy women, and can't afford to waste an hour listening to something that does n't profit us.'

My friend tells me that his second lecture dwells vividly in his memory.

A man approached by my friend with the same question would have slapped him on the back and said, 'Fine! Fine!' and this without the slightest reference to the truth. For a man would feel only one timid impulse — to avoid any discussion of the lecture, to which he would probably not have listened. He might privately have decided to stay at home next time, but he would still exclaim heartily, 'Fine! Fine!' It would never enter his mind to warn the lecturer to do his best. His feeling would be that, if anyone is so peculiarly constituted as to agree to deliver one lecture, let alone a course of them, that person's fate is on that person's head.

One afternoon, years ago, by some surprising combination of circumstances, I found myself not only present at a meeting of a woman's club, but seated in the front row of the audience, alongside the president. The platform was occupied by a professional reader, who, the president confided to me in an aside, was 'really rather awful.' But the president, I soon discovered, was responsible for the reader's presence, and was, therefore, determined to make the reading a success. This she proceeded to do by means so far beyond the conception, much more the execution, of a man, that I watched her out of the corner of my eye with humble admiration. No woman ever expressed so much with her back as that president did. Her very shoulder-blades were

eloquent. The plume on her hat was a semaphore signaling applause. She threw over her shoulders right and left glances that said, as plainly as if she had spoken, 'Excellent! Touching! Affecting! Superb!' And at every pause in the programme she lifted her hands high above her head and clapped them enthusiastically, that all the world might see. And all the world, seeing, of course applauded too, convinced that they were witnessing a remarkable performance — as they were, but not on the platform.

Now I am as well convinced that almost any woman having an equal incentive could have done likewise, as I am that no man except a professional actor could have done it under any circumstances. I was looking over a *Teacher's Handbook* to-day, in which I came upon a sentence that ran as follows: 'It may be unwise at first to ask a pupil to come forward and face the class when telling a story; but the instructor should work toward this ideal, beginning with a girl of the braver type.'

But I seem to remember from my own schooldays that almost any girl was of a braver type than almost any boy, if by brave is meant unaffected by the limelight, the glare of publicity. Here and there was a girl who shrank, of course; just as here and there was a boy who did not; but it is at least open to question whether any girl ever shrank as obliteratingly as most boys, or any boy ever willingly stood up and faced a mixed class as composedly as most girls. When, moreover, a boy did shrink, he knew that all his sex sympathized; and when, without any masculine hesitation, he did stand up, he knew that all his sex looked upon him with surprise, derision, or disgust. Standing up before a class and speaking a piece or telling a story was, he knew, the kind of thing girls did well, with a matter-of-fact calm and a perfect con-

trol over arms and legs. For a boy to do it without boring into the floor with his toe, smirking at the window, twirling a button, and rumpling his hair, was for him to proclaim himself to his sex as peculiar, if not downright girlish. If his piece was one that he could roar or bellow, with an occasional sawing of the air with his hand, he might escape the jeers of the unskillful; but anything less robust made him feel foolish.

The little girls, on the other hand, had no such compunctious visitings of nature. They rose brightly, went forward quickly, curtsied, smoothed down their skirts, took a deep breath, opened their mouths wide, and began. We little boys in our seats snickered and winked at one another behind our hands or desk-covers, or, if a favorable opportunity offered, made faces at the little girl reciting; but she went right on till she was through, and then she curtsied again, and tripped happily back to her seat. What the other little girls thought of her, they never told me, but she apparently did not care. She saw no reason why she should care.

In order to be sure that I had not imagined these things, I discussed them recently with a young woman of acute observation. Having herself taught mixed classes of various ages, and even of adults, she agreed with me that the males always sat in the back row if possible, and that they assumed a kind of protective coloration by looking as bored or as illiterate as they could.

'But,' said she, 'if you want a complete vindication of your theories, simply observe the respective manners of a woman addressing five men, and of a man addressing five women.'

'Why five?' I asked.

'Because it is much harder to address five people of the opposite sex than five hundred. Five women are five women, but five hundred women are only a general impression.'

'Yes, there is something in that.'

'You will find that the woman, if only she is becomingly gowned, is enjoying herself; while the man, whatever his appearance, is suffering.'

'Then you think that clothes make a difference?'

'Of course. If the woman is all dressed up, she is all the more at her ease; but if the man is all dressed up, he is all the more miserable. Have n't you ever noticed, also, that a man is never happy if he suspects that his clothes attract attention, while a woman is never really so happy as when she knows hers do?'

'Now that you mention it,' said I, 'I have had some such suspicion. But I have always supposed that the well-dressed woman avoided being conspicuous.'

'To be sure, she does; but not being conspicuous is by no means the same thing as not being looked at. Consider brides — and then consider grooms.'

'I have considered them several times, as well as maids of honor and best men, and bridesmaids and ushers. I seemed to perceive that the brides and maids of honor and bridesmaids wished to be looked at, while the grooms and the best men and the ushers hoped that they would not be looked at.'

'And you were not mistaken. They did. And consider a man with a new hat, and then consider a woman. The man looks as if he wished you to think the hat was last year's; but the woman would be very angry if she thought you thought hers was.'

'Now you are getting near home,' said I. 'I always have a feeling that I look half-witted in a new hat.'

I am glad to be able to shoulder the responsibility for such subversive sentiments upon somebody else, and to remove to less precarious ground.

Something over twenty years ago, Mr. A. B. Walkley published a little

essay on 'Timidity: Its Varieties.' It can be read in the volume, *Frames of Mind*, which is full of good things. In it he mentions as *timides* Shakespeare, Hamlet, Milton, Tennyson, Fitzgerald, Thackeray, Richardson, Cicero, Sarcey, Paillet, Rousseau, Sir Willoughby Patterne, Carlyle, Descartes, Spinoza, Kant, Renan, Taine, Mérimée, Swift, Vergil, Horace, Constant, Michelet, and Amiel. Now it may be only one more of Mr. Walkley's little jokes, but he mentions not a single lady. And he gives the impression of being very serious, even scientific. He classifies the effects of timidity as threefold: an awkwardness of the movements, a bemuddling of the mind, and a stupor or paralysis of the whole being; in short, an inhibition of function; and, apparently, when he pictured to himself a creature in that condition, he saw a man. The symptoms of timidity, he records, are agoraphobia, blue funk, stage fright, yearning for sympathy, telling lies ('not deliberately, but out of sheer mental confusion'), self-analysis, boastfulness, bookworminess, bearishness, coldness, and hardness. Can we for an instant accept this as a description of a woman? We cannot.

Of men who were not timid he names only three — Fielding, Sheridan, and Johnson. ('I have no great timidity in my own disposition,' said Johnson to Wyndham, 'and am no encourager of it in others.') Three bold men against twenty-five *timides*, in one short essay! I am reminded of my three men who sat in the front row, and the twenty-seven or more who did not. Can it be possible that the three were just as timid as the rest, but that their timidity expressed itself as boastfulness or a morbid yearning for sympathy? Who shall say? I noticed, however, that when I addressed the group a second time, a week later, the courageous three had changed their seats.

THREE POEMS

BY ROBERT LOUIS BURGESS

SUNDAY IN THE GARDEN

AN upright man has dug this soil,
Who would not let this eggplant die;
Who pressed on Chaos with his toil —
That upright man, thank God, am I!

He would not let frost nip his beans;
He kept those onions watered well,
Although he said: 'I think Life means
Through me a useless tale to tell.'

And so to-day, in Sunday best,
He counts his peppers in a line,
And gives his toil-lamed back a rest —
And that lame back, thank God, is mine!

MATURITY

How good it is to grow less young
And be not yet one hour too old;
With steadied mind and sobered tongue
To say calm things youth left untold.

Old oak newborn in Chaucer's time,
Add now a year-ring to your bole,
Commemorating my good prime
Made sweeter by your oriole.

And after I have lived my span,
As linnets, singing, leave your boughs,
Say this with rustling leaves: 'One man
Found life sweet after youth's carouse.'

THE REFEREE

It soothes me to perceive that I have come
 To no decisions at all —
 Poor automatic cymbal on a drum!
 I clang as the sticks fall!

And all my grand decisions, I now see,
 Were uncontrolled events,
 Imposed upon me by the Referee
 And registered by sense.

Yet to say this would still be to imply
 That somewhat I had fought,
 That Some One watched me with umpiring eye —
 A thing beyond my thought.

For I perceive with mellowness to-day
 That *I* am that Some One,
 Watching swift little animals that play
 In me a while, then run.

ANCIENT GRIEF

BY H. E. ALLEN

I

WHEN the motor-bus drove into Sea-Burnham, only a solitary stranger emerged from the small group of passengers. The time was past when it carried a jostling load of 'visitors,' gay in sporting attire. It would soon make its last run, and the district would sink into its winter isolation. Already the bus arrived almost in darkness. 'How the days be a-drawin' in!' was the

greeting exchanged by the local passengers as they climbed down. Many of them were bronzed laborers, returning from their 'after-harvest frolic.'

The solitary alien hesitated when he alighted — looked ahead at the sand-dunes from which the sea roared out, and behind, down the little street of brick old and new, which soon ran into the dim marshes. He attracted some

attention, for he was obviously a double alien: he was not only a 'visitor,' but a transatlantic one, such as was rarely seen in this corner of the coast. A few loiterers, when they saw him, in spite of intentions of courtesy, stiffened almost to stopping, but his inquiries were soon answered by the briskly efficient bus-driver, his arrangements made, and the curious were able to stare their fill at his back, as he started alone down the street.

'Two mile down the causewa', as straight as iver yo' kin go,' had been his directions.

John Williams, a young American who had dabbled in literature during the year since he had left college, had followed an impulse and come to spend some weeks in the old home of his grandmother, who had brought him up. It was not from her that the impulse had come: when he left America, he asked if she wished him to visit her old home and look up any friends or relations. She sat in her armchair, with her books and papers about her, handsome and serene, perfectly tended and richly dressed. She did not care to linger over the thought of her birth-place.

'I hardly think it would be worth your while to go there: there's nothing to see. I've no family left that I know of, and, if I did have, you'd hardly know what to make of them, they'd be so different from you. I left so many years ago — nearly fifty years.'

She spoke — for her — a little shortly, as if fretted at being rudely brought to adjust herself to a harsh contrast of life. She took up her newspaper with some decision.

John sat on quietly at her side. He smiled affectionately to himself. 'Dear old granny,' he thought; 'there's never an ounce of sentiment in her, and she never can bear to be switched from one thing to another. She's not a bit of a

snob, but she accepts the moment so thoroughly that she's practically forgotten what she once was. She shrinks from change so much — how did she ever leave England? Grandfather, I suppose. But what a good thing they did pull out! Still, I can't imagine her ever being really different. She must have been what they call "a pearl" of a servant.'

He made a wry face, with a stealthy look at his grandmother's absorbed countenance, and withdrew his thoughts to the more exhilarating prospect of his grandparents' early days in America, when his grandfather's Welsh eloquence as a Methodist preacher, and his grandmother's efficiency and dignity at the head of the household, had continually bettered their circumstances. As a widow, she had been the partner in the success of her son; and her tender care of his own childhood had almost made him forget his mother. In only one respect had she failed of being the perfect grandmother: John had never been able to draw from her sentiment or reminiscence. She had apparently lived each period of her life to itself, and dropped it for the next. 'She's always been so normal and simple,' thought her grandson, regarding her face as she sat reading; 'she's never been touched by sophistication; life has never given her complicated problems; it's given her hard ones, but she's always been strong.'

When he reached England, he found himself, after a time, yielding to what would have been his impulse in her place: he decided to go to see her old home for her, though he might never confess his expedition. That was how, on an autumn night, he found himself on the causeway leading across the marshes to her village.

The sound of the sea came to him from behind, blurred till it might have been the whirr of the looms in his

father's mills. It was a dim night, when the twilight was long; there was no wind, though it was evident that often the wind blew to a gale across these marshes, from the dunes on the horizon, for all the occasional trees slanted significantly away from the coast. To-night the sea signified its nearness in another fashion: low-lying mist, white as foam, traveled swiftly over the levels as the light faded from the sky, and the dim gray tops of the slanting trees on the marshes and the round-topped willows along the road stood strangely out of lakes made of the purest white cloud-stuff of noonday.

'What a distinctive country,' said John to himself, as he walked quickly forward with eager curiosity. 'Primitive as can be!'

When he drew up at the inn of his destination, he seemed at first to have reëntered the England that he had already learned. A rich border of flowers gleamed in the darkness, as the light streamed out from the open door, and a neat street stretched ahead, irregularly built and now cheerfully lighted. But the squat little woman of swarthy skin and jetty hair, who brought him into his sitting-room, did not recall the usual English type; her broad speech delighted him with its faint reminder of his grandmother, who had retained just enough of her native speech for a pleasant flavor. Perhaps one of his grandmother's girlhood friends, he said to himself, with a touch of surprise that it should be so. She could not have shown more kind zeal for his comfort if she had known herself to be such.

'I'll now make haste and ease yo',' she said, hurrying about her arrangements with the quick short movements of age. As she did so, she began the conversation with the weather, after the habit of country people: 'It's a rare lovela night to look at, sah. No fear of

it's jammin' onto us with a tempest. Do yo' hev this kind o' night in America, sah?'

Then John discovered the personal reason for the warmth of his welcome: his landlady had the same reason for interest in him that he had for interest in her. In a few moments she had brought out her pictures of her sons in America, and he found out that every family in the village had its representatives there, who all lived as neighbors.

'There ben't much here for boys but the fishin', and the herrin's be werra onsartin, so they go where they can get on.'

He was puzzled, but glad, that his family had not shown the clannishness in emigration common to their parish, and he saw with delight an instant understanding springing up between himself and his landlady as a result of the American connections which touched her so nearly.

'Onything yo' kin tell me about America I'd gladla hear, sah. My heart be there.' So she spoke, with a pathetic radiance of expression, as she showed him to his bedroom. 'The housen be warm here,' she assured him. 'You'll lie lovela under the thatch, though I've heerd there be none in America.'

John did not wonder that he was comfortable, when he saw next day the immense gray pelt-like marsh-thatching that had covered him. Altogether, he was pleased with his situation. The inn was set where 'the street' began, on the edge of the marsh that ran all the way across to the dunes; and on the horizon the sun sometimes lighted up their pale sand, and steamers made dirty patches on the sky. The dark groups of grazing cattle shifted from hour to hour across the levels. On a day of mild sunlight, a soft bloom seemed to lie over the marshes — green, bronze, rose, and amber; and on the brightest days the whole landscape

looked bleached by the white light, and even the landmarks seemed to dissolve — the striped pillar of the lighthouse, the half-dozen windmills with wings like great Maltese crosses, the equal number of gray tall church-towers. A great sweep of country took substance or lost it together, as the light changed, but more often than not, the whole horizon was a dense blue. There was in particular one very symbol of the changes of the atmosphere that John used to watch from his favorite seat in the garden and saw through a break in the bright cottage gardens opposite the church of the next parish. Its tower was lovelier than all its sisters, tapering with perfect elegance, and its gray flint — glassy enough when seen at close range — seemed at a distance to become saturated with the light: on clear mornings it was angelically white; under rain clouds it became one with them; in the noonday sun it was silvery gray. John wondered if his grandmother, who lived without sentiment but who often loved beauty, ever remembered this exquisite landscape of her youth.

II

He wondered a great deal about that mysterious cavern of her memory as the days went on, and his landlady, hovering about him with the warm attentions of a starved maternity, began to pour forth the history of the parish, since she found that in no other way could she please him so well. A stream of wayfarers went by the door, or came into the taproom, and very often they suggested anecdotes: there were old laborers, bow-legged and leaning on staves, wearing corduroy trousers and, above, cotton 'slops' — blue, brown, yellow, or white; farmers, wearing checked knickerbockers and pale leggings, came in dogcarts; darkly dressed women with perambulators, bronzed

youths on bicycles, brown sailors on foot, with rings in their ears, wearing blue 'guernsals.' He saw many squat brunette types like his landlady — remnants, he was told, of a primitive race cut off by the fens; and he saw also many tall fair ones, descendants of the Norse invaders who had landed on this coast. The rise and fall of the speech of all of them went to the same haunting tune. What strange revulsion would his twice-born grandmother suffer if she should hear it? Did it sometimes come back to her in dreams, or were her dreams and her waking one and indivisible, as her daily life?

Some half-comprehended impulse made him avoid telling his landlady why he was here: he had the uncomfortable sensation of being an eavesdropper; but a half-sentimental though insistent instinct did not let him open the door and disclose himself. After all, it was his grandmother, acting on deep-seated impulses of her own, who had let the barriers rise between her new life and her old. 'The old dear,' he said to himself of his landlady, 'may even be my cousin. How it would embarrass her to find it out!'

The possibility made him shy, but it did not make him ashamed. He watched the life about him, and found it almost heroic to know gardens and fires, hens, cats, and cows, as did the old country-woman. 'Forecast be as good as wark,' she said to him sagely; and he saw that she had it, by aid of the accumulated wisdom of generations living close to the material world. It was a good stock to come from, and such life was rich, provided the personal relations were fortunate.

That year 'harvest' was the latest within living memory, and John was in time to see the last of it on some farms. Several nights he watched the men working aloft, silhouetted against the evening sky; but at last everywhere the

corn was garnered into the shapely, pale-thatched stacks, which gleamed golden in the distance. The memorable night when, the last farmer paid off, John sat down to a stew made of a 'harvest rabbit,' he was sluggish after a day spent in the wind watching the final operations, when the poor rabbits were driven to their death in the centre of the last field. His landlady anxiously knelt before the fire.

'My sweetheart smile at me,' she said, when it broke into flame. 'Now it be a-torchin' up.' She rose, with a poke at the kitten biting her ankle. 'That kitten do make me sawage. Git yo' along and cock about your rabbit's tail. They be gittin' up for fine cats. Spring kittens be the best. Winter ones'll hev a rum time t' year.'

The wind was howling outside, out of all proportion to the season.

'Oh, it be melancholy,' she went on, standing looking at the fire, 'it's a good job the corn be all in at last. The last time there was such a bad harvest was when I was a gel — almost fifta year ago. That time o' day things was livela at the Hall, and the squire said as how they'd drink and dance for all the weeks they'd lost. I've heerd say as how in that one year he lost as much as he'd ben a-losin' in five. And it was that year what was the fallin' of the Raverend.'

The last words seemed almost to slip from her as she stood looking into the fire. Images came to John of the square Hall of dim old brick, now let, and of the tree-embowered vicarage next the plantation, whence he had seen an old man issue forth. He was still heavy with the keen air of the day, and this was the hour to indulge himself in some of the gossip which he was permitting himself on this expedition out of the world.

'Come and sit down by the fire when the table's cleared,' he said to the dark

little woman, 'and tell me a story of the old times.'

How strange, he thought, to listen after all to reminiscences that might have been his grandmother's. Perhaps he would tell her of these evenings when he went home, and she would smile at him — a little absently, as at something she did n't understand, though she was none the less glad that he had had his pleasure.

'Thank yo', sah. Yes, I'll be glad to set a little time.'

She expeditiously carried out the old blue dishes half crackled over with long use. Then she came back and sat down. One kitten came and nestled at her feet, on the soft black yarn of the hearthrug; she lifted the other to her lap, and stroked it from time to time as she talked. 'He take all the nussin' yo' kin give him,' she remarked before she began her tale. The little black kitten looked well placed in the lap of the dark little woman.

III

'T was this way, sah,' she began, in her sonorous tones. 'The Squire and his brothers and his sons was all high-livers, and mana's the shootin parta at the Hall what's ended with not a man fit to hold a gun. The ladas they all left 'em — not a wife ud stick there; but the poor old lada she had to stop, bein' as she had no daughter, and was half bedrid. No dacent gel ud go to sarvice there, with sich rum goin's on, and they got a tottie little gel to wait on the old lada, what had n't no mother nor father, and the cousin what brought her up was like to pinch both her bella and her back. Ah, sah, that time o' day there was sumpin' to pay in this parish, when the gentlemen was a-ridin' free about, and the Hall was all lighted up mana a night so as yo' could see it across the mesh like a great ship at sea.'

There was a lot o' nonsense a-goin' about consarnin' all the doin's; but the warst piece of wark there was n't mana what knew. I tell yo', sah, because yo' live in America.'

Here she rubbed a finger for a moment on the back of the kitten sleeping in her lap, and it wakened enough to begin to purr loudly. 'It don't take much to tune them up,' she said with a smile, somewhat sadly.

'What happened to the vicar?' asked John curiously. 'Did he try to preach to the Squire?'

'That he did, sah,' she answered, to the purring of the cat. 'The old one give it up, but when the new one come, — him that's here now, though the Squire and all his are dead and gone, — he begun to try, too. He regenerated from a good way South: they say he come of gentra extra high. Never was there a nicer young man than he was when he come, or a freer with kindness to a poor parson; and he preached free and easa like, like a chapel man, and he got up the choir fine. But the Lord curses them as try to do too much, and he tried too hard to tarn the Squire, who was set to evil from his barth, so it seemed. They made a laugh o' him over there when he kep' on tryin'; but it wasna a clean laugh — the whiska was too strong in 'em. The Raverend give up at last, but he kep' on comin' to wisit the poor old lada, and then the Squire had a presentiment his chance had come. He soon see the Raverend had a likin' to the little sarvent — she had grown up a rare fine gel, and allus done well by her missus — and she lived close to her almost like a blood relation.

'Would yo' believe it, sah, the Squire begun to encourage the young parson a-wisit' his mother, jes' so's he could make his downfall. The parson was little more than a boy, and he was wonderful fond o' walkin' out in the eve-

nin'; and the Squire noticed this, and he sent out the gel on errands at night-fall, so's the parson ud meet her and bring her home. So it went on, and in the end that summer the gel was in a muddle, and the old lada was well-nigh crazed. In gen'ral' — here she looked up at her listener with a gentle directness — 'in gen'ral the gels in the parish what get in a muddle they marry direct-la. The boys be reada enow; they be a bit quick with their wark, but that's because they've no mind to try a pig in a poke, as the gentra do. But when a girl's got in with a gentleman, what's the savin' of her?'

John said nothing, and she went on.

'They say as this thing well-nigh brought the old lada back to life for a time. She talked to the Raverend, but she'd no need to be sawage: he'd a mind to 'a' married the gel, onla the old lada was a bit too stiff in her idees for that. She got the gel alone and told her the weddin' would ruin the Raverend; and the gel was a rare proud un, and she stiffened and said no to him; and next thing, quick as could be, afore anyone could look round, she married a young man what had axed her afore, and the old lada give 'em some mona, and they went out foreign. My mother went in and took care of the old lada, and heerd the hull stora; but the old lada died in a year. As long as she lived, the parson come to see her regular; he seemed to hanker after comin' — poor young man, he looked peaked them times; but after she died he was warse, for he kep' on goin', and he begun to drink with the Squire and the rest; and after a time he was little better or they. He'd come home drunk of a night, and throw his mona about so's no one dared light the fire in the mornin' till they'd seen whether the paper was mixed up with notes. Oh, I've seen him when he looked greasified and fair disagreeable with whiska, and

he had looked so pretty-like. The girl his sweetheart could n't ha' looked nicer, though she was allus stronger and straighter lookin' — a clear-eyed gel she was.'

She paused, dislodged the kitten, and made up the fire. John sat silent, knowing that she would settle again and continue.

'Things were n't so strictified as now they be,' she went on; 'but still, after a time, sumpin' come to the ears of the bishop, and he sent someun down, and he give strict orders. They say, too, as how the doctor told the young man as how his frame was never of much account, and he'd soon make away with it thataway. He's a queer man, the Raverend: some things he will and some things he won't. 'Pears like he did n't want to leave the parish, and he give up the bottle; and here he's been ever sence. He took to readin' his sarmons, — but then most parsons do that, — and he pays no regard to the choir. The charch be set pleasant agin the mesh and it's a pretta walk out from the street in your Sunda clothes, and that help him out for his congregation. His health's not up to much, and his housekeeper tell me he be sometimes that peevish she's a mind to quit; but he's a rare soft heart for them as be in trouble, and he's of a high fam'la. His visitors be werra few, but now and agin he take up with a stranger for a little time.'

She looked reflectively for a moment at her lodger, who sat looking seriously into the fire. Then she rose. 'The fire be a-gettin' on, and so be the time. I'll say good night, and a good rest.'

She made up the fire, took the kittens, and went out, leaving John to watch the flame burn through the new coals, wish for the vital, purring little cats, and muse over the tragic tale he had just heard.

IV

Perhaps it was the interest of the evening's tale still working that drew him the next morning to the churchyard: ever since he had been here, he had meant some day to read the names on the tombstones as a contribution to his study of the parish. Perhaps — though he was ashamed to admit it — it was subconscious curiosity as to the old parson that led him to make this expedition at an hour when he had often seen the old man come out for a walk.

When he had finished his survey, he sat down where the churchyard wall, once beautifully laid in a pattern of red brick and bluish flint, had broken down, and coarse flints from within had fallen out, and lay like a heap of knucklebones on the ground. He liked to look up at the fresh gloomy hardness of the flint tower, twice as old as the first homes of the Pilgrim Fathers, and at the fur-soft gray marsh-thatching on the roof. The summer was over, the larks had begun to trill again over the marsh, and the autumn wind was setting the windmills in the distance to moving slowly round. He sat marveling at the monotony of surnames found on the gravestones, and at the frequency of his grandmother's name. He felt a strange kinship to the whole village — even to the marsh. He did not find, however, what he believed to be the names of his great-grandparents, and he was pondering whether he should take steps to discover where they were laid. If they were here, in nameless graves, would it be undutiful to his forgetful grandmother to hunt up her parents?

As he was revolving this question, he turned and saw the old clergyman almost upon him. Suddenly ashamed of his curiosity, he rose, and stumbled into speech. 'The church, sir, has a fine situation.'

‘Not so fine as that of the farthest you see in the distance,’ answered the old man gently, as he quietly seated himself beside the young one, and pointed to the straight tall dim blue tower, visible miles distant down the coast, at the exact disappearing point of the gleaming water-dyke that began almost at their feet — as if the old dyke-diggers had aimed at that landmark, already ancient in their time.

‘Over there,’ went on the old man, ‘the church is built on the cliff overlooking the sea, and the great height of the tower seems to indicate that it was used as a lighthouse. I’ve often wished that clear glass could be put in the windows on the sea-side of that church, so that the preacher could reënforce his sermons on the power of the Almighty by using the actual ocean as a symbol.’

He smiled almost genially, directing his blue eyes straight at the listener. The sun fell on his thin hair, and it was hard to tell where the yellow ended and the silver began. His long thin face had a touch of color, but his clothes hung loosely on his lank frame.

‘But I suppose,’ he went on, sadly, ‘that it would have been hard on those in the congregation who had lost their relatives at sea.’

He looked for a moment silently over the sun-swept marsh, where the windmills were all majestically on the move. Thereupon, to John’s intense surprise, he turned and invited him to dinner, and went away more quickly than he had come.

John was left on his heap of stones, feeling that his curiosity had been unduly rewarded, and not for anything would he have told his destination to his landlady when he departed to dinner the following night. Yet, since he owed to her the special interest of the occasion, he felt ungrateful not to satisfy the wistful, affectionate curiosity which her face showed, when she saw him

step out of the gusty open door into the night.

‘It be hardla fit for your pleasure, sah. It be a rum job to-night to sneek the door.’

But she had before now found her lodger’s motives mysterious.

John had speculated as to the garden behind the high vicarage wall; but it was only a dim foreground of souging branches that he saw, as he opened the door and passed up the path to the broad steps and square doorway. The neat wry-faced woman who opened to him quickly closed the door under the influence of the surging wind, and the weather, as usual, made the conversation. In that wild night, at least, the hall looked very cheerful, and so did the sitting-room, with massive furniture and bright fire, though John missed the usual cat of the countryside.

He sat down, and his host at once came in, shy and frail-looking, yet with some pleasure working through his features, as if a new young face, unconscious of all his concerns, was pleasant to him. John’s heart smote him that he was not the unconscious stranger that he seemed. They passed into the dining-room, where the mixture of good old furnishings and tawdry new ones was striking. The meal was a wholesome specimen of the inevitable country fare.

It happened over the wine. John had noticed at once, with a guilty, conscious feeling, that his host drank nothing, though he was attentive to the wants of his guest. To pry into his host’s secrets and then eat his dinner, was too much for sensitive John. He felt shabby, and as if he were an impostor, beside this charming gentleman. His grandmother was not likely to be of any personal interest to the vicar; yet he felt vaguely that it would be more honorable to disclose his family’s connection with the parish. By the end of

the dinner, he was more at his ease with the frail, serious, sympathetically interested old man, and his general sense of underhandedness urged him to expiatory action of some sort.

'I ought to tell you,' he began slowly, when the wrinkled old housekeeper had cleared the table and they sat smoking, 'I ought to tell you that this is a sentimental pilgrimage for me. My grandmother was born here—in a cottage,' he added firmly.

The disclosure seemed not to ruffle the vicar in the least.

'How interesting!' he answered in his clear pleasant voice. 'What was her name?'

'Ivy Nudd,' said John lightly, thinking for the thousandth time how strange was the chance that had given his unromantic grandmother such a romantic name. 'A pretty name, is n't it, but not so uncommon as I thought before I came here.'

But the old man did not answer. Instead, he hastily seized the wine-bottle, poured out a full red draught, and gulped it, his wide blue eyes blinking strangely.

John, in his knowledge of the history and habits of his host, sat uneasy in his chair, fearing he scarcely knew what, and finding himself suddenly hurled into a whirl of feeling as strong as the gale outside on the marsh. Silence fell, and he heard the wind howl loudly.

The old man poured himself a second glass, but to John's relief he merely sipped it, and when it was almost gone he began.

'I knew your grandmother,' he said, in a low voice that he tried to make steady. 'She was a very fine girl. I have never known a braver or a truer.'

Here his voice broke.

'She never let her friends here,' he went on after a little, 'know anything about her after she left. I am glad to see that she must have prospered. Is she living?' The last words came out

as if they were almost too difficult to be spoken.

John, hardly allowing himself to see the drift of the discourse, forced himself to answer. 'Oh, yes, the finest and handsomest old lady you ever saw—and one of the happiest,' he added. 'But she's entirely unsentimental,' he went on. 'She brought me up, but I've never heard her mention her life over here.'

The old man's eyes did not leave his face: never had he seen the gaze of blue eyes so intense. Evidently the voice was as weak as the eyes were bold; but in a moment, by great effort, came another question: 'Did she have more than one child?'

The vicar seemed in his frail old age to bend over the table as if to pluck the young man's answer the instant it left his lips.

'Only one, my father. He was born just after they reached America,' answered John slowly; and felt himself suddenly floundering in deep subjects, not only affecting others but also poignant concerns of his own.

Foundations so deeply set that he had never been conscious of their existence now seemed to be dissolving. The old man fell back in his chair, and a quiver of life seemed to pass over his face as he gazed with disconcerting directness at the young man before him—searching out every feature. His color and expression became heightened, as if he had again made connection with youth.

So he sat, but only for a moment. It was as if he were afraid that the tide of feeling would rise too high and submerge him. He reached out his hand, but this time for the whiskey bottle. Then John, in fear, began to speak. Without explanation, trusting to the emotion of the moment to make the action seem natural, he forced himself to give his family history complete, from

the time his grandparents reached the New World. On and on he recounted it, and the old man listened, fascinated, his interest for the moment controlling his feeling. But his appearance was unearthly; the intensity on his face was out of all proportion to his age and strength.

For the moment John forgot the strange upsetting effects of all this on himself, and remembered only the two principals — now as they had been, now as they were in the present. In a sense he felt himself between two extinct fires; for in the old man emotion seemed to have burned out the body; in the old woman it seemed to have burned out the power of emotion itself. But with this new understanding, how could he read that deep heart? Images came back to him from moments when even he had seen his grandmother's dark eyes sparkling with feeling, or swimming with tears. Was it only long effort that had kept her strong heart steady? If events shook it now, would it break her strength and destroy her? It would be a sad thing to wreck her sound and happy old age; as sad as to wreck the happiness of a child.

The old man listened till it seemed as if he feared that he might become drunk with the tale. He rose abruptly and held out his hand.

'Your grandmother lived many years at the Hall here,' he said, with a special touch of dignity, doubtless attempting to bring back the conversation to the conventions, as he thought. 'She was an angel of mercy there, and I am glad that she has been rewarded in this life. Those were sad days for her, and you would do best not to remind her of any of us here. Don't break into her New-World peace with any talk of our parish. Therefore I send her no message, though I should like to. You will pardon me for turning you out,

but it's past my bedtime. Good night.'

He held long the hand of tumultuous-hearted John, who was hardly held back by the thought of his grandmother's peace of mind from hurling himself on the old man's neck, and confessing to his full enlightenment.

'Good night,' said the old man, giving him a glance in which time itself seemed to have been dissolved. Here was a temperament which the young man could understand, and his intuition told him that here was a heart which cherished memory, and would nourish itself many an hour on the memory of this very moment. Yet the vicar at length turned his bent back, and was quickly gone, leaving the guest stabbed by regret, remorse, indecision, sorrow, shock at the revelations which he had received.

He stood in the shabby dining-room, straightening himself to go out, crystalizing enough spirit for the next step forward. The old housekeeper came in a moment, and he plunged willingly into the wild night, but not without a glance at the light in an upper window before he let himself out of the garden enclosure.

That night he did not sleep at all, and rarely did he hear the wind, so much more insistent was the movement of his own thoughts.

At first, the image of the old man was so affecting that he looked only to the morrow to make some move to declare himself. He did not expect to be summoned to the vicarage, for he felt that the vicar knew himself too weak to endure the emotion of another interview, since he was too strong to wish to allow himself the relief of free speech. But John at first, in the impetuosity of his youth, determined, himself, to storm the door.

Already he knew that he could not force the emotions to the surface all round — as would have been his first

instinct: he knew that he could not thrust his grandmother back into the agonizing emotions of her youth, even for the sake of bringing her what she had once so much desired. What was once her meat, would now be her poison, since time had brought her almost a new birth.

But the vicar? Had he no duty to him? Should he not tell him that he already knew the secret? Or might the shock of full disclosure be too great for him, also? Would he after all prefer his memories to actualities too agitating for his strength?

So John pondered, hour after hour; and he felt perceptibly older when the night was past. He had learned the potency of time, and he had for the first time realized that some issues are too deep and delicate for any touching by a third person, however interested. His tenderness over the whole affair overcame him, but evidently he could seek no immediate comfort in action.

The next morning he announced his immediate departure, and wired for return passage home. He had some relief in thinking that perhaps he could unburden himself to his father. As he made his arrangements, the sadness of his landlady depressed him: he felt

guilty toward her, as the secret possessor of the dramatic dénouement of a tale which she had begun. As he caught her stealthy solicitous looks when he made a poor breakfast, he decided that she was fancying him caught in a sad love-affair.

'So I am,' he said to himself, 'though it's very old, and not my own — at least, not directly. What sentimentalists we all are!' He felt a little scornful of himself, as he thought of the tragic situation into which his irresponsible sentiment had brought him. Yet he was immensely glad that he had come, for, whether they were ever again in communication or not, he felt that the old man at the vicarage would live a fuller life for his coming. Before he went, he left his card there, with his permanent address.

When finally he drove off, he was as affected as his landlady, and his aspect was as heavy as hers. It was a moving occasion to her, since his destination was America, the home of her lost children; and the end of the journey was much in his mind also.

The time could not go quickly enough till he saw his grandmother again, and could satisfy himself anew that old grief could be forgotten, even in this life.

THE DIARY OF JOSEPH FARINGTON. II

A PICTURE OF THE ENGLAND OF GEORGE III

EDITED BY JAMES GREIG

[Joseph Farington (1747-1821) was a landscape-painter of reputation in his own day, and a member of the Royal Academy. Pepys and Evelyn are not more intimately acquainted with the life of their time. Farington's comments on eighteenth-century America have a special flavor for twentieth-century Americans.]

January 1, 1795. — Yenn [R.A.] said that, a few days after West delivered his last discourse, Yenn Happened to be at the Queens Palace. The King asked him if He was at the Academy on Wednesday the 10th. Yenn said He was. The King replied 'I suppose you had a good deal of Hack, Hack, Hack,' alluding to Wests pronunciation of the word Academy, which He pronounces *Hackademy*. — The King further said West had given tickets to several persons abt. the Court. — The whole expressed the smile of the King at Wests pretending to turn Orator.

The Academy Club, I went to, — Hoppner told me that His Father & Mother were Germans: His Father was a Surgeon. Hoppner was recommended to the King as a Lad of Genius, and the King had him placed to board with Mr. Chamberlains family — Mr. Chamberlain who is now in the Kings library, and was one of the pages. — Hoppner was allowed 3 shillings a week pocket money. — He was acquainted with Mrs. Hoppner (the daughter of Mrs. Wright, the modeller in wax ¹) several

years before they married. — Hoppner has been married upwards of 12 years. — On his marriage being known, He recd. a message from the King that his Majestys allowance wd. be withdrawn.

Hoppner was during several years subjected to great difficulties. — He had lodgings, and a two pair of stairs floor, in Cockspur Street. When He took a house in Charles street, St. James's Square, He painted three-quarter portraits for 8 guineas a head. In this time He contracted a heavy debt, & had relatives besides his wife & children to provide for. During some years, while in Charles Street, He did not get near £400 a year. — Lord Hampden has been a continued friend. — He had bad health, owing to a weakness of the bowels. He has been

and three sisters, sought refuge in England at the outbreak of the Civil War. 'His mother was a clever woman, whose sound judgment and talents caused her often to be summoned to his Majesty's presence when desiring her counsel in affairs of moment.'

She was celebrated for modeling human faces in wax, and her house became a rendezvous for eminent men and women. Hoppner, greatly attracted by her ability, family, and friends, went to reside at her house, and married Phcebe, the youngest daughter, in 1781.

¹ Hoppner, the story goes, made the acquaintance of Mr. Wright, a young American of great ability and good family, who, with his mother

cured of this complaint by taking peppercorns, crushing them in his mouth and swallowing them. Doctor [Erasmus] Darwin recommended them originally, and Hoppner was advised to try that which had answered. Mrs. Hoppner assisted all in her power to relieve him in his difficulties. She herself made his clothes as well as those of the children.

January 23. — Boswell called on me. He returned from Auchinleck on Monday last — Auchinleck, near Kilmarnock, in the County of Ayr. — He told me Mr. [Edmund] Malone has been in Cheshire to see Miss Bover and has offered himself to her, but is not accepted. Lord Sunderlin has seen Miss Bover & is much pleased with her. His Lordship is married, but has no children. He is the elder Brother of Malone & has £6000 a year which will come to Malone if He is the survivor. [Malone died first.] Malone has £800 a year to spend. Boswell says, though Malone is obliging in his manners, He has never been a favorite of the Ladies; He is too soft in his manners. [Miss Bover was the daughter of John Bover, a Bourbon émigré, whose name originally was de Beauvoir.]

February 19. — Speaking of gaming, Lady Inchiquin said [that her uncle] Sir Joshua [Reynolds] had a strong passion for it, as He himself allowed; and He was convinced it was inherent in human nature. He said that the principle of it appeared in a variety of instances. — Offer a beggar as much per week to work moderately as He wd. confess He obtained by soliciting Alms, & He wd. refuse it. In one case certainty wd. preclude hope. — Sir Joshua, though He had a passion for gaming, kept it within bounds. — He once won 70 guineas at a sitting, which was the largest sum He ever gained. — If He went into a company where there was a

Pharo table, or any game of chance, He generally left behind him whatever money He had abt. him.

Miss Pelham [probably a daughter of Henry Pelham, brother of Sir Thomas Pelham, fifth Baronet and first Duke of Newcastle] Lord Inchiquin mentioned as an extraordinary instance of suffering from the passion of gaming. She has lost £70,000, yet carries every guinea she can borrow to the gaming table, where she will weep & lose. — When she has lost what money she has abt. her, she will solicit a loan of a few guineas from any person near her, even from a stranger. Sometimes gentlemen will subscribe a few guineas & give to her on such occasions.

Lord Inchiquin told me He won at one sitting from Sir John Bland [of Kippax] £34,000. The last throw at Sir John's desire was for £12,000, £6,000 a side, which Sir John won, leaving Lord Inchiquin winner, on the whole, of £34,000. Sir John gave Bonds &c. for the money, but went to France, where He put an end to his life [in 1755].

April 13. — Boswell this day attended the Literary Club, and went from thence too ill to walk home. — He went out no more. —

[On May 19th Farington wrote]: —

Poor Boswell died this day — at his house in Titchfield Street.

[The *Dictionary of National Biography* says Great Portland Street. In later entries we read]: —

Boswell was not apprehensive of his approaching end and died without pain or effort. . . . Boswell has left his 4 younger children, one Boy and three girls, £100 a year each, an annuity on the family estate, which is abt. £1700 a year. By the will Boswell desires to be interred at Auchinleck, the seat of his ancestors. — It will cost £250 to carry the Body there. Boswells papers are

put into Mr. Malones possession. — No preparations for a regular work appear, — quantities of parts of newspapers are tied up together, probably intended for some purpose He had schemed. . . . Boswell recd. £1550 for his Quarto edition of the *Life of Johnson* from the Booksellers, which sum is to be made up £2000 on acct. of the Octavo edition. —

[On September 28. 1806, Farington made the following entry]: —

Dinner at Lord Thomonds. Poor Boswell was spoken of, and we concurred in opinion that his *Life of Dr. Johnson* affords perpetual source of amusement. Lady Thomond said that were she to be placed in state of confinement and limited to choice of four books, she would name the Bible, Shakespeares Work, and Boswells *Life of Johnson*, and [the fourth is not given]. She might say, 'She could have better spared a better man.' Notwithstanding his irregularity, he had a strong sense of religion.

Metcalf [friend of Sir Joshua Reynolds, and one of his executors] and Boswell did not always go on pleasantly together. Metcalf would call him 'Bozzy,' which the other would only willingly permit from Dr. Johnson, but Boswell in return called Metcalf 'Met-tie,' which was equally disagreeable for him. Sir Joshua Reynolds proposed Metcalf to be a member of the Literary Club, at which Boswell expressed much dislike. One black ball excludes and Metcalf was blackballed, which Her Ladyship is convinced was done by Boswell; but Metcalf does not know it. Sir Joshua liked the company of Boswell, but he was disposed to stay late, and her Ladyship was often obliged to force him away. With all his pleasant qualities, Lady Thomond said she much doubts whether he had any strong feeling of regard for anybody. He was

occasionally extremely useful in removing reserve, causing mirth in company, but he was only induced to exert himself when he had a desire to shine before somebody.

November 16. — The Whig Club, having given notice that the sense of the inhabitants of Westminster would be taken at a publick meeting to be this day held in Westminster Hall, at 10 o'clock I went to the Shakespeare Gallery and was informed that Josiah Boydell and Nicol [the Scottish bookseller], who had undertaken with many other respectable inhabitants to act as special constables to prevent riots, were gone to Westminster Hall. — I immediately proceeded thither, & found many persons assembled in the Hall and in New Palace Yard. . . . The Hustings was raised immediately before the Kings Arms Tavern, in Palace Yard. At a window of the tavern appeared the Duke of Bedford, Fox, Lord Lauderdale, Lord Derby, Grey, Whitbread, Sturt, &c., &c. — We took our station immediately opposite the Hustings. — A little after 12, the Hustings being prepared, the Duke of Bedford &c. came upon it. Much hallooing & clapping on their appearance. The Duke was dressed in a Blue coat & Buff waistcoat with a round Hat. His Hair cropped and without powder. — Fox also cropped, & without powder, His Hair grisly grey.

Fox first came forward to speak, Sheridan on his right hand & Tierney on his left. The Duke of Bedford immediately behind him. — The Hustings was much crowded. Lord Hood was there, as was Lord Belgrave and many friends of [the] government. — After much acclamation Fox addressed the multitude, stating the loss of the liberties of the people, if the [Sedition] Bill passed, and calling upon them to come forward and support

a petition to the House of Commons against it.

While we were at Comyns [the picture restorer] a great noise in the street caused us to go to the Window, from whence we saw Fox in the middle of the Street, with Sheridan on one hand, and Tierney on the other. [Tierney, who fought a bloodless duel with Pitt on Putney Heath.] The Duke of Bedford & Grey close behind; rolling along, I may say, among a crowd of low people, & blackguards, who filled the street, and huzza'd manfully. — The whole scene was such as when a drunken fellow is supported along, in the midst of an encouraging mob.

May 5, 1796. — The conversation [at Payne Knight's on the 2nd] chiefly turned upon Poetry and Art. Fox spoke much, but in a doubting qualified manner, free from assertion. To Westall it appeared that a sense of Fox's superiority of talents prevented each person from speaking so fully as He probably wd. otherways have done, so that the conversation was rather amusing than close and instructive. Speaking of the works of Shakespeare, Fox gave the preference to *Lear*, as being the strongest proof of his extraordinary powers; for the Fable of *Lear* is childish & poor as a girl could write; yet it is so treated by Shakespeare that its weakness in this respect is never felt. — [R. Payne] Knight thought *Macbeth* superior to *Lear*, in its machinery & poetical excellence.

Westall observed that Mrs. Siddons expressed the following passage improperly: —

. . . I have given suck, and know
How tender 't is to love the babe that milks me;
I would, while it was smiling in my face,
Have pluckt my nipple from its boneless gums.

Mrs. Siddons, 'I have given suck,' &c., in a tender, soft, manner, till she came to 'Have pluckt my nipple'; whereas in Westalls opinion the whole

should have been expressed with indignation and spirit. N. Dance justified Mrs. Siddons by saying that, Her object being to work upon the feelings of *Macbeth* artfully, tenderness in that instance was proper; in this opinion He was seconded by [Sir Uvedale] Price; Knight doubted, but Fox repeated to Westall several times 'you are right.'

July 24. — Lord Lytleton [*sic*], the Statesman, was a very absent man, of formal manners, who never laughed. — In conversation He would frequently forget propriety in regard to the subject of it before the Company He happened to be in. — At Lady Herveys, one evening, when Lady Bute, & Her Daughter, afterwards Lady Macartney, were present, He began to relate a conversation which He that day had with Mr. Wildman, on the subject of Bees, & proceeded to describe the *generation* of Bees, with many particulars, which put the Ladies into some confusion. — At another time, Lord Orford met him at Lady Herveys, when with a tea cup in his hand, He advanced towards the table & returning back, talking solemnly and moving backwards, before He reached his chair, He crossed His long legs & sat down, not on His chair, but on the floor. The wig went one way and the tea cup another, while His Lordship, with unmoved gravity continuing his conversation, recovered himself. . . . 'The Diary of Gibbon gave me a better opinion of his heart,' said His Lordship, 'than I had before. It exhibits some weakness, but *vanity is not vice*. . . . I have a doubt of Johnsons reputation continuing so high as it is at present. — I do not like his *Ramblers*.' . . .

Lord Orford never was acquainted with Johnson; Sir Joshua Reynolds offered to bring them together, but Lord Orford had so strong a prejudice against Johnson's reported manners, that he would not agree to it.

August 20. — Trumbull² I met this morning. He is lately returned from the Continent. I asked him what He thought of the disposition of the French whose victories are so universal and extraordinary. 'Peace, said He, is the wish of the people, and of the Army.' They are induced to fight with such astonishing ardour because they are persuaded it is the only way to procure a peace soon. — Their Armies consist of abt. 600,000 men, half of whom are of the respectable Class of Citizens who languish to be at home with their families & friends. — I asked him if the government of France is not averse from peace from an apprehension of the Consequences of the return of the Armies. He replied, There is nothing to apprehend, The numerous garrisons &c will employ 300,000 men which will include the blackguards and dangerous part of the troops; the other half have homes to go to and a maintenance there. — He said it is true that the French in making up their Armies have not paid attention to uniformity of size in selecting their men, nor have regarded the clothing, — but their arms are good, and bright; and their discipline is admirable. — In the Towns which they take they become peaceable inhabitants while they stay.

I expressed the satisfaction I felt that there seemed to be a good understanding between England & America. He angrily replied He did not know how long it may continue, if the Commanders of English Vessels are per-

mitted to insult the American Ships as they do. He was stopped on his passage & notwithstanding He shewed all the papers required by the regulations, yet His Ship was kept an Hour in Custody, & threatened to be carried in as a prize. — The Captain of the English Ship at last let her go, on Trumbull stating that when He landed He would make it a public affair.

October 28. — Frank Philips [of Manchester] was in America in February last for abt. 5 weeks. From New York to Baltimore the country is extremely flat, no distance to be seen, so it continues from the Sea Coast to more than 100 miles inland. — The roads are all Clay — felled trunks of trees are used in constructing them, — which often rise so much above the clay as to render the passage very rough. In very dry seasons, when the Clay is hard, travelling is very easy, but otherwise it requires 5 or 6 days to go from New York to Philadelphia not much more than 100 miles. The accommodation at Inns on the road is tolerably good, but very expensive, — Madeira is the wine chiefly drank it cost 6s a bottle, — you travel in a sort of carriage-waggon drawn by 4 horses. Philadelphia is well built. The brick red and of a very beautiful composition. The window caseings & abt. doors marble. The streets broad. The Houses 3 or 4 stories high. Morris is building a house that appears like a Palace. — There are few public buildings.

The Rivers are all muddy. Near the River morass — then brushwood.

Living is extremely expensive. Philips paid for a Lodging — a single room — at the rate of £85 a year. — Eating & every article on the same Scale. — on this consideration Harry Philips, who is resident there, has from his brothers £300 a yr. sterling allowed him to put him on a footing with them who reside at Manchester.

² John Trumbull, a distinguished artist and diplomat, A.D.C. to George Washington, and Secretary to Mr. John Jay, special American Ambassador at the Court of St. James. While a pupil of Benjamin West in 1780, he was arrested as a spy and imprisoned in Bridewell, where he remained seven months. He was liberated chiefly through the influence of Burke. While he was in prison, Gilbert Stuart painted a portrait of him, in which the prison bars are quite discernible. This portrait belongs to Mr. John Lane.

Ranks in Society are strongly marked. — Members of the Assembly, & the principal merchants, form a Class which hold themselves quite distinct; a succession of Classes below them, even to Classes of servants *White & black* is preserved with proud jealousy. At the meetings of the representative Assembly there are so many Speakers that business is carried on with difficulty. They are not contented to hear the question debated by those best qualified. Some quakers remarked to Philips that this was better managed in England. —

Washington is respected even by those who oppose his politicks. — He resides in a common sized House in Philadelphia. — To the English who are properly introduced to him by our Resident He is attentive: but takes no notice of adventurers. Dr. Priestly [English philosopher, scientist, and politician] was not attended to.

They had an opinion of his abilities, but thought him too much a Political character. — Some private societies noticed him, but the government not at all. Philips dined in Company with Hamilton Rowan, and, *not knowing him*, justified the 2 last Sedition Bills in England, and the good effect the trials of Horne Tooke &c had in shewing the people, that there were *seditious* characters in the Country, but even these were protected by the Laws when the charge against them was laid stronger than the evidence could support. — Rowan took no notice.

The Americans think themselves able to destroy our West India trade in case of war, as their mercht. ships being built after the French model, are excellent sailors, and could carry from 4 to 28 guns. The Southern Provinces, Virginia &c., which owe much money to England, were very adverse to the late agreement between the two Countries. — The Northern Provinces were

for it. It was carried by 2 votes only. — Virginia returns 16 members.

December 15. — Buttals sale I went to. Gainsboroughs picture of a Boy in a Blue Vandyke dress sold for 35 guineas.

[On May 25, 1802, Farington wrote]: —

I painted till four o'clock, & then went to Nesbitts sale in Grafton-street, where I met Hoppner, who had purchased the Boy in Blue dress by Gainsborough which was Buthalls [*sic*], for 65 guineas. At Buthalls sale it was sold for 35 to Mr. Nesbitt. [This was the famous Blue Boy, which Mr. Huntington recently purchased from the Duke of Westminster, for £170,000, it is said.]

February 12, 1797. — Lord Inchiquins I dined at. No company. Burke, his Ldship said, is insolent, impatient of contradiction, — will hear no argument, — proud, carried away by passion on every occasion. The business of Mrs. Hastings sunk to His heart. He is admired by everybody, but has no friends. — He cannot be beloved on acct. of his impracticable temper. — Since He was 30 years of age Burke has never read, but casually. He was bigotted to His Son to an astonishing degree, the Son would contradict him without reply. — On a Birthday of the Son, Lord Inchiquin said to Burke 'May your Son have health, & be half what his Father is' — Burke flew into a passion & said 'He is now more than His Father can be.'

In His House Burke is quiet, if not contradicted in anything; but walks about it heedless of every concern — knowing nothing of Servants, expences, &c., &c. — He is very careless of his papers — would drop on the floor a paper though it contained treason, as He would do a newspaper cover. — Mrs. Burke watches over everything —

collects His scraps, arranges & docket every paper. — 'My Dear Jane,' will Burke say, 'I want such a paper,' it is produced. — As conversation proceeds, He calls for others. She produces them. — He asks sometimes for one which she cannot remember. 'Yes, Yes, my dear Jane, — no contradiction, it must be found.' She examines.

January 6, 1799. — Bourgeois told me He knew Gainsborough extremely well. One day He called on him & saw a half-length portrait, and was struck with the haughty expression of the countenance, and observed it to Gainsborough, who expressed satisfaction at the remark, as it proved that He had hit the character. Gainsborough said it was a portrait of Mr. Pitt, who He said came the day before to sit for his picture, and on coming into the painting room sat down in the Sitters Chair, and taking out a book, began to read. — Gainsborough, struck with the hauteur and disrespectful manner of Mr. Pitt, treated him in this way. He took up his pallet & seeming to be trifling among his colours, began carelessly to hum, 'toll, loll de roll'; on hearing which Mr. Pitt recollected himself, *shut his book*, and sat in a proper manner. Gainsborough was very familiar and loose in his conversation to his intimate acquaintance and his sitters, such as neither Beechey or Hoppner can preserve. —

With all his apparent carelessness, Gainsborough knew mankind well & adapted himself to their humours, when He thought it worth while. He said to Bourgeois that He 'talked bawdy to the King, & morality to the Prince of Wales.' . . .

February 5. — Gainsborough had not strong health, and frequently complained [said the artist's elder daughter]. — He married at 19. His wife was a natural daugh. of Henry, Duke of Beaufort, who settled £200 a year upon

Her, which was paid till the last half year; which remains unsettled, as she died on the 17th of December last, and it was not due till the 25th. [This clears away the mystery that hitherto surrounded her parentage.]

December 28. — West told me that, during the American War, a sort of Committee of American Loyalists sat at New York, who had such influence with the Ministry here that their advice was followed in everything. It consisted of Andrew Eliott, a Scotchman married & settled in America, Franklin, and Joseph Galloway — the latter of whom came to England and was acting adviser here. — After the defeat of Lord Cornwallis, a report was circulated here that the Royal Standard was raised in Philadelphia. — West was one day with the King when He came from Court to Dinner; & His Majesty mentioned the circumstances & asked West if He corresponded with any persons in America & had heard of it. West told his Majesty that a Quaker was lately arrived from Philadelphia and was with him the day before; and He asked the King when the Standard was raised. The King said the day mentioned was June 25th. — West observed that the Quaker left Philadelphia July 1st, and knew nothing of such a circumstance. The Queen was present at this conversation.

The next day West had occasion to go to the Queens Palace to transact some business for the Queen, which when He had done it, she asked him if He was engaged that morning. He said not. She then told him to go into Her Closet with Her, which He did & found the King sitting there. — The King began to talk abt. America. He asked West what would Washington do were America to be declared independant. West said He believed He would retire to a private situation. — The King said if He did He would

be the greatest man in the world. He asked West how He thought the Americans would act towards this country if they became independant. West said the war had made much ill blood, but that would subside, & the disposition of many of the Chiefs, Washington, Lawrence, Adams, Franklin, Jay, were favorable to this country, which would soon have a preference to any other European Nation. During this conversation the Queen was much affected, & shed tears.

The next day Lord Shelburne was appointed Minister. — Trumbull [who later became secretary to Jay, America's special Ambassador] was released from Tothill fields, Bridwell [where he had been imprisoned as a spy for eight months], & came to West while an American was with him, who went from thence to call on Galloway, who, hearing that Trumbull was out of Prison, expressed his astonishment, as this measure having been adopted without his knowing of it convinced him that *all was over* as to his influence.

From this period the Queen shewed West continued marks of regard; but after sometime the Cathcart family obtained situations abt. the Court. Lord Cathcart married in America a daughter of Andrew Elliot. After the Kings recovery West perceived more strongly an alteration in the Queen's manner to him, which, with other circumstances, made him think it prudent to speak to the King in such a way as to sound his Majestys mind, who expressed himself in such a way as convinced West of His Majestys attachment to him. . . . On Jay coming to England as [Special] Ambassador, the good disposition of the American government being shewn, the King one day acknowledged to West that His prediction was well founded. The Queen was present, but now flirted her fan.

September 25, 1801. — At 2 oclock I

called on Miss Boswell at her lodgings, and had much conversation with her. She has resided in Edinburgh abt. 6 months, till when she had lived with Her eldest Brother at Auchinleck. . . . She spoke of Her Father with much feeling. She said He was in His family what He was to the world, a pleasant & good-humoured companion. — Occasionally He was subject to fits of low spirits, but they were transient & passed off in an Hour. He bore His last illness, an illness attended with great pain, with much patience. It lasted 6 weeks. Mr. Earle, the Surgeon, told them after His death, by way of consoling them, that had He lived, He must have lived, from the disorder which wd. have remained, unhappily. She said it was the opinion of some that, had He resided in the country, his life might have been prolonged; but of this she thought little, intimating that there is a time when each must in his turn go. Her Father, she said, had a great dislike to living in Edinburgh, and only did it in compliance with his Fathers will. — He gave the preference to London, as being a place where the mind is more expanded, and where it is not in the power of individuals, by their constant observation of each other, to make their neighbours subjects of conversation.

[During the Peace of Amiens many eminent Englishmen went to Paris, and among the impressions recorded by some of them, Farington's are not the least interesting, as the following extract will show. He speaks of Napoleon.]

October 7, 1802. — As all circumstances are remarkable about an extraordinary man, I noticed that He sometimes took Snuff, and would take off His Hat and wipe his forehead in a careless manner. . . . In a few minutes

Buonaparte entered the Palace [of the Tuileries], and stood at the bottom of 3 steps which were raised above him. The body of the Hall was filled with officers, &c., but round the person of Buonaparte, except on the *stair side*, there was a Circle. Here He stood abt. 3 yards from me abt. 10 minutes, reading a paper which had been delivered to him by an Officer to whom He put several questions. — Having dismissed this application, He advanced up the steps to the landing, when another Officer presented a paper, which He looked at and gave an answer.

During the first conversation He took off his Hat, and wiped his forehead & I noticed that all his actions were *unstudied* and quite easy & natural & calm. The second application being answered, He proceeded to the next flight of steps, and passed me so close that I could have touched him. His eye having glanced upon strangers, when He came opposite to me He looked me full in the face, which gave me an opportunity to observe the colour of his eyes, which are lighter, and more of blue grey, than I should have expected from his complexion or than as they appear when not seen near. I thought there was something rather feverish than piercing in the expression of his eyes; but his general aspect was milder than I had before thought it. A window was at my back, and the light full upon him, so that I had a perfect view of him. His person is below the middle size. I do not think more than 5 feet 6; I rather judge him to be less than that measure. Mr. [Benjamin] West thinks otherwise. He is not what can be called thin. He is sufficiently full in the Shoulders and body & thighs for his age & height.

Rogers [the poet] stood a little way from me, and had an equally good opportunity of seeing him, and observed that He looked us both full in

the face. Rogers seemed to be disappointed in the look of his Countenance and said it was that of a little Italian: that He had no eye-brows, or eye-lash, to give strong expression, & that his eye was rather weak. . . . What struck me was, that there are points of *determination* in the formation of his head & in his features. It would be extravagant to say that there is that expressed abt. him which denotes that such a man must be superior to others in an eminent degree; but I certainly felt no disappointment on seeing him after all I had heard of his character, unless it was that his deportment was more easy and open than I had pictured to myself.

March 7, 1811. — Mrs. Coxé Senr [one of Farington's relatives] gave me much information respecting America. . . . There is much luxury in living among the higher people at Philadelphia, & much distinction in the ranks of Society; the principal Houses are mostly furnished in the French taste, in a very expensive manner. America, she said, is a cheap country to live in compared with England: One thousand a year would go as far as £3000 a year would do in England. A Turkey may be bought in Philadelphia for half a dollar (*2s 3*); Beef, mutton, for *6d.* a pound. This proportion, however, does not bear out in my mind the above observation of the cheapness of living. Fruit is in abundance & very cheap.

The women in Philadelphia are universally handsome. Their complexions are not fair, but of a clear brownish colour. Their persons are well formed, and their manners are remarkably pleasing and agreeable. Both in person and manner they are much above the men, who have not the same pleasing address, & have in their speaking a peculiar and what may be called 'a yanky tone of voice.' It was observed by British Officers who were in America

during the War with England, that the Women were in all respects a century in improvement before the men.

She said there are, politically speaking, three descriptions of persons in America. An English Party, a French Party, & a neutral party. The French party, she sd., are by far the most active; and it is believed that the French minister has at his command a large sum which He applies to keep up this spirit. . . . Mrs. Coxe spoke of the newspaper called the *Aurora*, published in Philadelphia, which is made up entirely under French influence and circulated very generally. From this paper the people in the Country entertain very false notions of the state of England. — Mrs. Coxe said — ‘In America a great change has taken place among the *Quakers*; they now very much disregard that characteristic simplicity of manners by which they were formerly distinguished.’ — She said, ‘There is little piety in America, less than in England.’

May 21, 1815. — In the course of conversation [at Sir George Beaumont’s dinner-table, in which Wordsworth took part], Poetry was a topick. Sir George mentioned the high encomiums for Wordsworth’s *Excursion* in the *Eclectic Review*. Wordsworth had seen it, and could not but be pleased with the statements expressed in it. The *Edinburgh Review* He never reads. He does not wish to have the opinions and *ribaldry* of *Jeffries*, the author of it, floating in His memory; for, however much He may disguise such matter, He would not have it buz in His thoughts when occupied on any subject when Poetry engages His mind. — Scott’s poetry was spoken of; and the ready rate at which He writes. Taylor [author of *Monsieur Tonson*, and editor of the *Morning Post* about 1787] thought it of a mechanical nature, and Wordsworth illustrated this by saying it was like

a Machine made to amuse children, which turns round seeming to unravel something, but to which there is no end. He said that in some of Scotts descriptions, where there is much action to be expressed, as in battles, &c., Scott has shewn energy. — Taylor thought that *Goldsmith* as a Poet stood too high; but Wordsworth did not assent to this opinion. Goldsmith did not attempt the higher flights of Poetry, but what He did was well. Taylor thought him as a *novel*-writer, in His descriptions of Character & life most excellent.

June 9. — Wordsworth expressed apprehension of great difficulties attending the attempt upon France now forming by the Allied powers. He said that although the mass of the people of France might be adverse to Buonaparte, yet the able men combined together, and supported by a considerable [number] of the military, wd. have power to use the nation generally for their purpose.

August 11. — Mrs. Wellesley Pole [wife of the Master of the Mint] told Lawrence that she had conversation in Paris last year with the late *Empress Josephine*, first wife of Buonaparte. Josephine spoke of Him with regard; said His disposition was naturally good, but that He had bad people about Him who urged Him to bad measures. She said He was naturally suspicious — jealous, & had much pertinacity. For many days together, while He was at the height of His power, when she had observed that His mind was brooding over some of His projects, she forbore from speaking to Him. Lawrence was told that Fouché sd. of Him that He was the cleverest fellow in the world, but He had two faults: ‘*Pride* and *Pertinacity*.’ These failings caused Him, after He had once formed an opinion, or determined upon anything, to persist in it however much He might be advised against it.

IRELAND REVISITED

BY NORA DWYER

I

WE were out four days before she emerged from the crowd of other passengers, that little woman in gray. Her deck chair was to my right, but between us sat a nun, on her way to England for a year of study. I had become acquainted with Sister Mary Josephine the first day out, and by this time we were old friends. Conversation with her was so enchanting that I was somewhat oblivious of the silent presence at her right. If I thought of it at all, it was only as a steamer-rug and a book; for it had shown no other signs of life.

On this particular day, the deck steward having served tea, Sister and I were conversing over our cups on the subject of Irish folk-lore, and I ventured to relate, in the words of Thomas Moore, the legend of Saint Kevin and Kathleen. I began, —

‘By that lake, whose gloomy shore
Skylark never warbles o’er,
Where the cliff hangs high and steep,
Young Saint Kevin stole to sleep.

“‘Here, at least,” he calmly said,
“Woman ne’er shall find my bed —”’

At this point my memory failed me; and while I hesitated — trying to recall the next two lines — the steamer-rug showed signs of life, and a little woman in a heavy gray coat, appearing from underneath it, leaned forward and finished the verse for me: —

‘Ah! the good Saint little knew
What that wily sex can do.’

And thus she came into my vision. Obviously she was Irish, for she had the pleasing accent of Dublin. Closing her book, she joined in our conversation. Her eyes were blue — Irish eyes, with melancholy instead of the merriment that belongs in them. She was young, though her hair was silver; and her very thin face gave her an ascetic appearance. One might call her plain, and she might pass anywhere unnoticed until she spoke. Then her soft-toned voice, her calm manner, and her intelligent conversation proclaimed her to be a woman of cultivation, and compelled attention.

While not identifying herself in any way, she seemed to be well acquainted with that group of young Irish poets who stand out so pathetically against the background of the Rebellion of 1916. She fascinated me, and added charm to the end of what had been a most charming day at sea.

I was reading the *Ocean News*, and called the attention of the little woman in gray to the wireless dispatch that told of Harry Boland’s death. She remained silent, leaning back in her chair, while I deplored what seemed to me the futile revolt against the Treaty. It was the path of common sense — I said with some vehemence — for the people to follow the Free State leaders. And then I looked, expectantly, for a sympathetic response.

But the little woman gave no indica-

tion of interest in the matter. Had she been other than Irish, I should have concluded that the subject bored her, and changed it; but, as it was, it seemed downright mean for her to show no feeling. So I continued, asserting with even more vehemence that the children of the Irish, in America, would contribute no money to help a fratricidal war.

She sat mute, absolutely cold to my eloquence. Her silence seemed uncanny, and I was conscious of a sense of defeat, though loath to admit it.

I proceeded. 'What will happen,' I said, 'is this: the public opinion of the world will demand that England return to Ireland to restore order; and if she once exerts all her might — which, of course, as yet she has not done — she can exterminate the Irish.'

The little woman in gray raised herself, and looked at me quietly for a moment. Then her eyes went out to the horizon, as she said in a gentle tone, 'The soul of Ireland will never die!'

This seemed to me not only poetry, but fiction. It riled me. 'The soul of Ireland will never die!' I exclaimed. 'Perhaps not. I am quite sure that England will be satisfied that it shall live forever up among the saints, while she possesses the land in peace.'

Here the bugle sounded for lunch, and the little woman in gray put her arm in mine, as we walked inside. My awful prophecy had not strained the entente cordiale.

It was late in the afternoon, and we were taking our exercise together, when the coast of Ireland appeared out of the fog. Everyone who crosses the ocean knows the pleasant thrill of the first sight of land. The passengers stood in groups along the railing to watch it, and a courteous gentleman offered us his glasses. I wheeled round to hand them to the little woman in gray, and

found her in the act of making the Sign of the Cross, her eyes raised to Heaven. Instinctively I turned to the shore, not wishing to intrude on what seemed a sacred moment for her. Nor did I think it extraordinary that she should stand there offering a silent prayer at the first sight of her native land after an absence of two years.

We resumed our walk; and as we went along I announced that, contrary to all warnings of friends at home and fellow passengers, I had decided to go to Ireland. My little gray friend was delighted to learn this, and we planned to be fellow travelers as far as the city of Cork.

It was eleven o'clock that night when the ship anchored at the entrance to the harbor, and they proceeded to disembark the passengers destined for Ireland, while the business of scrutinizing passports and checking us off began. The little woman in gray clung close to me; and finally it came our turn to be checked off. She came before me, and as they checked her name she passed out of the room very quickly, without waiting for the clerk to examine into her place of destination. He called her back; but she was gone, and an official who stood beside the clerk pointed to her address on the page; but it was my address he pointed to, for I noticed that there was none beside her name, and the clerk did not press the point.

It was after midnight before the tender started up the harbor. When we came to pass the customs at Queens-town, the little woman in gray sought out a particular official, who seemed to know her. He marked her luggage without examining it, and I overheard him say, 'Don't delay this lady.' My little friend was agitated while she asked me to go up to the hotel and engage a room for her, because she must remain to send a telegram to Cork. I engaged the rooms and ordered a light

supper, and it was not long before she turned up. It was now half-past two in the morning, and after we had had refreshments two very tired, sleepy little women said good night.

II

'I must call on some friends immediately on reaching Cork,' said the little woman in gray, while we were riding up from Queenstown the next morning; 'and I should be eternally grateful if you would take my luggage along with you to the Metropole. I will follow later and join you for lunch.'

Of course, I was only too pleased to render so small a service to a fellow traveler. The train pulled into Cork, the guard opened the carriage-door, and my little friend alighted. I stopped to collect my belongings, and then followed her; but the elusive little creature had disappeared. I looked around me, dazed at the suddenness of her exit, but she was nowhere in sight; and after waiting a few minutes I gave her up. I called a jarvey; he piled the luggage on one side of his jaunting car, while I balanced it on the other, and we cantered off to the Metropole.

True to her word, the little woman in gray arrived in time for lunch. We had a table to ourselves in a cozy corner of the dining-room; and, as she sat opposite, I wondered what magic had transformed the melancholy woman I took her to be into the sprightly, almost jovial, person she now seemed. She was delightful company in this mood: someone I should have liked as a companion all along the way. After lunch it occurred to her that it would be interesting to visit the grave of the late Lord Mayor of Cork, Terence McSwiney; and on the way back she would call on his sister, Miss Mary McSwiney; but how to find her address she did not know.

I suggested that possibly they had street directories in Ireland, and that that was where I naturally looked for addresses. She laughed merrily while she told me that she was enjoying pretending to be an American tourist, but if she asked questions at the desk her speech would betray her at once. So, would I mind looking up the address, for no one could mistake me for anyone but a Yankee.

I saw no objection to her pretending to be an American tourist, if she enjoyed that sort of thing; so of course I should not mind looking up Miss McSwiney's address. Then it fell to my lot to make arrangements with the jarvey, and we started off to the cemetery.

As I was curious to know the real sentiments of the plain Irish people about the troubles of their country, I never missed an opportunity, if I could help it, of conversing with them; and so I began with our jarvey. The little woman in gray was silent all along the way, while I chatted with him. He talked freely, assuming that we were both Americans. He was bitter in his condemnation of De Valera. He said the majority of the people of Cork were for the Free State, but they could not speak out at present, for the Irregulars were in control of the city, and it would go hard with those who did not agree with them; but the Free State troops were expected soon, and the people would be greatly relieved.

Then we came to the cemetery, and found the Republican Plot, as it is called. The inscription on the grave was written in Gaelic, which my little friend translated with ease. There were a lot of other graves of young men who had perished in the fight, and we walked among them, reading the inscriptions. Then, before leaving, we knelt and recited the *De Profundis*.

On the way back, the little woman

in gray whispered that she did not want the jarvey to know where she was calling; she would alight at a certain street and find her own way to Miss McSwiney's house, where she would remain for tea.

It was nine o'clock in the evening, and I was alone in the lounge of the Metropole, reading, when my fellow traveler returned. She was attended by a young man whose name was well known to me, but whom I had never met. He writes poetry, and makes his home in America, though his real home is Ireland.

We sat around the fire, — for the night was chilly, — and had an interesting conversation about many things. I recalled afterward, while the little woman in gray was recounting some amusing incidents of our voyage, that he gave her a knowing look, as he remarked, 'You should have brought over some guns.' I did n't expect to find this gentle-mannered poet so bloodthirsty, and said so.

Then the subject turned on Irish politics, and the ethics of assassination. He thought the assassination of General Wilson was a great deed for Ireland, while I thought it was a great evil. Then he related things that had been done in Irish homes during the reign of terror instigated by General Wilson, to justify the vengeance that followed him. His voice was well modulated and his manners were gentle. It was difficult to imagine him condoning assassination.

I reminded the little woman in gray of her words that 'the soul of Ireland would never die,' and argued that when young Irish men and women countenanced murder, the soul of Ireland was surely dying.

When the poet finally took his leave, I had the impression that his object was not so much the freedom of Ire-

land as the destruction of the British Empire.

The little woman in gray was not sleepy, and we sat up for some time after the poet had gone. 'Well,' she said, with a deep sigh of satisfaction, 'it's been a great day for me. I have accomplished the work I came from America to accomplish, and I owe it to you to say that meeting you has been a godsend. It helped me to get through without difficulty.'

Then she revealed to me that she had been sent over on an important mission to De Valera. She did not say what that mission was. It was now successfully accomplished, and she no longer feared capture. It filled her with glee to recall how easily she had passed the officials, because, being in my company, she was taken for an American tourist.

I looked at her in amazement. The thought that this little woman had tricked me was humiliating; and, worse still, I had helped her to do some evil to Ireland! When I found my voice I rose and said good night. But before I closed the door behind me, she called out, 'Oh, by the way, did you happen to notice the number of that jarvey's car?'

I did remember his number, but had no intention of betraying him into the hands of the enemy; and I told her so.

When I was alone, many things came back to my mind and took on a new meaning. Her agitation when the coast of Ireland appeared out of the fog; and her prayer, which I felt sure was that she might pass in safety. Now I knew why it had fallen to my lot to make the arrangements at the hotels, to buy the railroad tickets for Cork, to give directions to the jarvey. This accounted for her silence on the road to the cemetery. And oh, the poor jarvey! How freely he had talked to the trusty Americans. Doubtless she

had recounted his conversation at the barracks, — which was the place from which she and the poet had come, — and they had asked her to get the jarvey's number. I determined to part with my little gray friend at once; and early the next morning I rapped on her door, but she had gone.

Ah! the good Saint little knew
What that wily sex can do.

Some time later, when I was in Dublin, I told this story to an American gentleman who was near to some member of the Provisional Government, and I learned from him that, very shortly after our ship arrived at Queenstown, there was great activity among the Irregular troops; for someone had brought money from America to pay for a large consignment of guns which the manufacturers would not release until they saw the money. Then I remembered the little group before the fireside that night at the Metropole in Cork, and the words of that gentle poet as he looked knowingly at the little woman in gray: 'You should have brought over some guns.'

III

To fulfill a promise made many years ago, I set out after breakfast on a journey to the place where my mother was born and lived as a child. Crookhaven is the name of that place, and it is situated on the southwest coast of County Cork, looking east to Cape Clear, at the very tip of the peninsula that lies between Roaring Water Bay and Dunmanus Bay. To reach this remote spot the road from Cork lies through Skibbereen, and there the railroad ends. From that point a tram line runs to Scull, where one may hire a conveyance to complete the journey to Crookhaven.

It was about noon when we arrived

at Skibbereen, and it would be an hour before the tram left for Scull. I looked about for a place to lunch, and as I sauntered along I noticed a group of stern-faced young men in civilian clothes standing by the bridge over which the train had just passed. I concluded that they belonged to the Irregular army, which wears no uniform, and supposed they were waiting to take the next train.

It was beginning to rain when the tram started for Scull; and by the time we were well on the road it came in blinding sheets of water against the windows, so that it was impossible to see the country. Scull lies at the foot of Mount Gabriel, where there is a lake, which has never been fathomed, — so the native people say, — and wherein lives the great serpent, condemned by St. Patrick to remain there until the Day of Judgment.

A young Irishman, the owner of a rickety Ford car, agreed to take me over to Crookhaven. By this time the rain had subsided somewhat, and I was able to observe the rugged country through which we drove. From the village of Goleen the road runs all the way by the sea; and standing out there, in a haze that gave it a phantom look, was the Fastnet Rock. At last we arrived at Crookhaven — the wildest, the loneliest, one of the loveliest, and certainly one of the poorest places I had ever seen.

I had seen all the loveliness of it before in vision. 'The purple mountains were all around us,' my mother said, 'except where we looked out to sea, just inside the Fastnet Rock.' It needed only 'the luggers lying in the haven' to complete the picture. They were not there; but in their place, under the shadow of the purple mountains, was anchored a British sloop of war. On the highest point of the promontory stood the ancient gray stone tower —

'No one living knows how many hundreds of years it has been standing there.' Around this ancient tower, they say, fairies keep nightly guard; for all this region is fairyland — *Tír-nan-Og* — 'the land of perpetual youth.'

It was late in the afternoon, and another storm was brewing; so I concluded to remain here for the night. There is no hotel in this wild region, but I found shelter with a kindly family near-by, and passed the evening pleasantly by their glowing fireside. It was interesting to talk with them, and from them to learn the attitude of the simple people in this region toward the present struggle. There was no sympathy with De Valera's cause down here; their hope was in the Free State. For the late Lord Mayor of Cork, Terence McSwiney, this family had a great admiration; but they regretted the hunger strike, feeling that Ireland needed just such men as Terence McSwiney to live, instead of dying, for her.

About midnight, a terrific thunder-storm broke over Crookhaven. I stood by the window watching the lightning. As it lit up the sea, I caught glimpses of the Mizen Head, — the most extreme southern point of County Cork, — 'the last spot where the sea-bird can rest until it folds its wings and stands on the continent of America.' Then it came back to my mind that 'on the brink of the sea, at the Mizen Head, there is an old graveyard where lie the ashes of my people'; and when the lightning came again, I fancied I saw their spirits trooping along to welcome me home.

In the morning the sun was shining brightly, and I went forth on a little exploring expedition. I walked to the summit of the hill where stands the ancient tower. The illusion of the fairies was gone, and the mystery surrounding the date of this tower did

not seem so difficult of solution. It is probably of Norman origin, and evidently was built as a beacon tower on that rocky coast.

In the clear light of the morning, the Fastnet Rock had lost its phantom look and seemed nearer. I was enjoying the scene in solitude, when an aged woman came toward me with a pleasant greeting. From her little thatched cottage at the foot of the hill, she had seen me coming up the road, and, as a stranger is a rare sight in these parts, she came out 'just to bid the time of day.' I knew that she was curious to know what brought me there, and I was very glad to tell her that I had come to see the place where my mother's family had lived long ago, before the Great Famine had scattered them over the world. She asked the family's name, and on hearing it her old face beamed with interest, while she told me that the memory of that family still lingered there, and she would lead me to the spot where stood what was left of the house once known as 'The Cape of Good Hope,' where strangers always found a welcome. So she led the way toward that side of the hill sloping down to the haven, and there the ruins stood.

I walked back with the old woman to the door of her thatched cottage, and accepted her invitation to step in. It was into the quaintest kitchen I went, where a peat fire was smouldering in a large fireplace, over which a black iron kettle swung. The old woman lived alone here, for all her children were in America. I talked with her about America, and told her that we regarded it as a great privilege to live so near the sea as she did; that in America grand seacoast places like hers were usually owned by great millionaires, and that picturesque little thatched cottages gave place to marble palaces.

This old woman, never having been out of her native spot in Ireland, had no knowledge of ugly smoking factories or tenement houses, and — having no means of contrast — she was all unconscious of the loveliness wherein she dwelt. When I was leaving her, she had a request to make: would I, when I arrived in America, call to see her children, and let them know she was well? Certainly, I should be delighted to do this for her. Where did they live? 'They live in a place called by the name of Dakota.'

On the way down the hilly road I came up to a little barefoot girl driving a flock of geese. She had lovely coloring and deep blue eyes. On seeing me, she stopped, and curtsying said, with a bright smile, 'The blessing of God on you!'

I know now that my reply should have been, 'The blessing of God and Mary and Patrick on *you*,' giving her two more blessings, so as not to be outdone in courtesy. But — heathen that I must have seemed — what I did say was, 'Hallo, little girl!'

The picture of that little girl will remain as a pleasant memory, but I shall always wish I had known better than to make that commonplace reply to the Christian salutation, made with simple dignity.

I helped her to marshal her geese along the beaten track, until we came to her father's farmhouse, and then she told me her name — Mary O'Driscoll. It was a name that once was powerful in the very place where she now walked barefoot; for the territory of the O'Driscolls comprised all the southwestern district, from Courtmacsherry Bay to Bantry Bay, until Cromwell came. If little Mary looked across to Cape Clear through a strong glass, she could easily see the ruins of Castle Dunamore, or 'The Golden Fort,' in

olden times a stronghold of the O'Driscolls; and the great chieftains of other days might well be proud of the beauty and native grace of their little kinswoman.

The young man of the rickety Ford car was waiting when I returned from my exploring expedition. He brought the news that there were no trains running from Skibbereen to Cork, because the day before, shortly after the train that brought me passed over it, the bridge had been blown up. That was the deed those stern-faced young men I saw at the railway station were contemplating. I had two weeks to 'do' the cathedral towns of England, and I found myself bottled up in the southwest of Ireland. The driver had a plan, however. He would take me to Bantry — where he was sure I could get a train to Cork; and we started off.

At Scull we took on an official of the Bank of Ireland. Our car was humming along when, suddenly, from behind a poor little farmhouse rushed a very young man, musket in hand, who ordered us to halt.

'What a ferocious-looking figure!' I remarked.

'Only a sentry,' said the bank official.

After a show of passes, we were permitted to proceed on the journey. At the next town this gentleman was leaving the car, and he wished me a pleasant journey. I thanked him, and expressed the hope that Ireland would soon see better days.

'Oh, this will end,' he said, 'when they stop sending money from America to finance it.'

Bantry was bristling with guns. Women and men were standing in groups in the streets, with anxious faces. There were no trains to Cork, and no telling when there would be. The cathedrals of England now began to look like castles in Spain; but as it was long past noon I turned for comfort

to a place where they serve lunch to wayfarers.

The proprietor, who was a friendly soul, showed a special interest in helping me. 'If it's adventure you're after,' he said, 'shure Bantry is the place to stay, for there'll be plenty of it here shortly.' If I did n't care to wait over to see the battle, he knew a reliable jarvey who would take me over to Glengariff.

Under the circumstances I felt that prudence was the better part of valor, and accepted his services. I knew that no one in Ireland would intentionally kill me; but boys who handle guns don't all shoot straight, and I really did want to see those English cathedrals before I died.

On the road to Glengariff we met several machines filled with men holding their guns ready for action, speeding toward Bantry, where the Irregulars were concentrating. I found Glengariff — 'the rough glen' — a place of great beauty, and I should have liked to remain there a long time, it was so alluring; and I could easily have forgotten all about the cathedrals of England. Oh, such a blessed peace was there! But after two lovely days I started off once more on my journey back to Cork.

It is on the drive to Kenmare that the surpassing loveliness of Glengariff is seen to perfection. The road runs around the side of a mountain for some miles; and when the top is reached the whole valley comes into view — ocean, mountain, glen, and river. We reached Kenmare in time for luncheon. At the hotel the Irregular troops were quartered. Young fellows who never before had been out of the little villages where they were born were living in luxury, demanding the best food, drink, and cigarettes.

The hotel is managed by women, and they had put carefully out of sight

everything that was movable; for De Valera had said to his men: 'Ireland is yours for the taking,' which was interpreted by some of them to mean that they might take everything in sight. The barracks at Kenmare had been burned down the night before; for the Irregulars were preparing to evacuate the town, and it is their custom to burn their quarters behind them. While I was talking with an Irishwoman whose property had suffered from the depredations of the Irregular troops, she remarked, 'Shure the Black and Tans were gintlemen to them.'

From Kenmare I went by side-car to Killarney, where I arrived late in the afternoon. When I was comfortably settled, I went out for a stroll. In the principal square of the town a crowd of people was gathered; and a young man with a musket was moving among the groups, selecting certain men, who then moved out into the middle of the road to join a little band already gathered there. I went over to a group of women and inquired what was going on, and was told that over all the roads leading to Killarney ambushes were laid, and the young fellow with the musket was conscripting men to watch the roads through the night, for the Free State troops were almost at Killarney.

Sometimes a man selected would resist; whereupon the young fellow with the musket would drag him out roughly, and if he resisted further would strike him over the head with the butt end of his musket. Then again, when women saw the men of their family dragged out, they would join in the resistance, screaming and crying. I saw the young tyrant with the musket approach a rather elderly man, and without warning strike him blow after blow across the face. One of the women told me that this man was being

punished because he had driven Michael Collins in a motor-car.

I talked for a long time with this group of women, and they told me that the people of Killarney were all for the Free State, but they were afraid to speak out because 'those boys have guns.' They said that under English rule, in their day, they had never suffered the tyranny they were suffering now.

It was a curious thing to observe that, while the Free State troops were expected in Killarney at any moment, no one was taking to cover. On the contrary, the inhabitants — even women with babies in their arms — were all gathered in the public square waiting to see the battle. I got the impression that they were waiting hopefully for the Free State troops to come.

That night I was roused from my sleep by a loud knocking on the outer door of the hotel; and after the knocking had continued for some time a window in the story above went up, and a woman's voice called down, 'Who's there?' A weak-toned masculine voice answered, 'It's me.' Then the lights went up, and the woman went down to admit a stray little Republican lad, not more than eighteen, who came in from watching the roads, and demanded food and shelter.

After this, things were quiet for a spell, when again there was a loud knocking on the outer door. Once more the window went up, and the same woman called out, 'Who's there?' This time, a strong man's voice ordered her to 'Come down and open the door.' The woman seemed to obey very meekly. The lights went up, and she came down and unbolted the door. There were two men with guns standing there, and in loud tones they demanded to see the man who had just been admitted. Up the stairs they tramped, making a great deal of noise, and re-

turned with the little Republican boy in their custody. It appeared that he had grown weary out watching the road, and left his post without leave.

I have always liked brass knockers, they are so quaint and ornamental; but they make enough noise to wake the dead.

At breakfast I talked with an elderly gentleman who is a barrister, and I asked him what he thought the outcome would be. He replied in a determined tone, 'The Treaty has been accepted, and the Government will function. There will be disturbances here and there for some time to come, but De Valera is beaten, and he knows it.'

Killarney was not a comfortable place to stay, and I was advised to go on to Milstreet, where there was a chance of getting a train for Cork. I engaged a side-car, and off I rode through the most wonderful scenery, over mountains and through valleys. I observed, as I went along, that every bridge, however small or however narrow the stream it spanned, had been blown up.

Sometimes we were obliged to ford streams; and on a long lonely ride at the side of a mountain an ambush was laid, — rocks piled up across the narrow road, — so that we were obliged to dismount, and the jarvey led his horse up over a steep incline, while I trod cautiously behind. On the summit of the hill there was a barricade of rocks, behind which, the jarvey said, men were watching with guns.

This jarvey was something of a philosopher, and he knew the history of Irish politics from the time of Wolfe Tone to the time of De Valera. He admitted the whole world was in a bad state, but it seemed to him at one time that things were about to mend, 'when two very sinister figures appeared on the pages of history' —

Woodrow Wilson and De Valera. He agreed that they might possibly be well-meaning men, but they 'had the fatal faults that schoolmasters all had. They were stubborn and tyrannical.' He had never had any respect for schoolmasters. I told him that in my everyday life I lived among people who were teachers; and when he was leaving me at Milstreet he asked if I would be kind enough to take a message back to the president of the great Harvard University from an Irish jarvey — 'Tell him from me that a schoolmaster never made a success of anything.'

At Milstreet there were no trains for Cork, but someone was going to take the parish priest and his curate in a motor-car to Macroom. My philosopher-jarvey busied himself on my behalf, and asked the parish priest if he would mind allowing an American lady to share a part of the expense of the motor-car. Then he assured me I would have a comfortable drive, for no one in Ireland would molest a priest. When we reached Macroom, where there was great excitement because the Irregulars fleeing from Cork were coming in there, we learned that the train for Cork, scheduled to leave at 6.30 P. M., was delayed.

It was a great relief when the train finally pulled into the station at eleven o'clock. As we approached the city, flames were rising from three different directions, the Irregulars having fired every barracks. The Free State troops had entered Cork three hours before, and everything was now normal. There had been no resistance, for De Valera's men had fled.

IV

How to cross to England was the problem I now faced. Of course, it was easy crossing from Dublin; but there were no trains between Cork and Dub-

lin. The boat for Fishguard was not leaving Cork for some days, and there was uncertainty even about that, for the entrance to the harbor was blocked, De Valera's men having ordered the captains and crews off two vessels lying in the River Lee; and then, after looting, they had taken the vessels to the entrance of the harbor, where they were sunk just across the path of navigation. My hopes of ever 'doing' those English cathedrals were fading.

The next morning, bright and early, I went to one of the shipping offices on the quay, and asked to see the head man. I was informed that he was a very busy man, and no one could see him except by appointment. I told the messenger that I understood perfectly how precious is the time of a busy man; but would he kindly take my card in to that busy man, and bring me word from himself whether or not he would see me. This he did, and very shortly the manager came out and invited me to step into his office.

I stated my case, and asked if there was any way in which I could get out of Ireland. This seemed to amuse him, and he agreed that Ireland was a good country to get out of. He said there was a way, but it was not being advertised. If I came back at three o'clock, all prepared to leave, he would let me know about it.

I turned up at the appointed time, and learned that the path of navigation was now open, and a boat which had been bringing troops from Dublin would start on the return trip late in the afternoon. It would carry troops as far as Queenstown; and if I was willing to take the risk they would allow me on that boat.

To get aboard, I went through a high gate at which a sentry was posted, to whom I showed my pass. There were two other women aboard, and some secret-service men; and every

foot of space on the decks, fore and aft, was occupied by Free State troops.

The first mate kindly invited me to go up on the bridge, so that I had a splendid view of the superb harbor of Cork. We passed the sunken ships, which had been pulled to one side, and shortly came outside the river. 'Now,' said the mate, 'we are out of danger.' He told me that what he had feared most was not so much the sniping from shore, but that the river might be full of mines.

In the harbor of Queenstown there were several British warships; and when the Free State troops disembarked they were lustily cheered by the crews of the warships. It was not long before we were in the open sea, on our way to Dublin, and that boat was so small that it bounded on the billows like a rocking-horse.

I was in Dublin when the news came that General Michael Collins had been slain in ambush. They brought the body back to Dublin by boat, and arrived after midnight.

Through the darkness of the early morning hours came a faint sound of wailing — the music of Irish pipes. Nearer and nearer it came, and the

weird procession, escorting the body of the fallen hero, passed through Stephens Green to the Mortuary Chapel, directly under my window.

On the day after the funeral, in a little restaurant in College Green, I saw the woman in gray. I could not resist the temptation to let her know that, clever and elusive though she was, I had found her.

She greeted me most cordially, and said she was sailing for America the following Wednesday, but would like to meet me somewhere, for she wanted to know how I had fared since last we met.

I was leaving for England that night, and invited her to meet me for tea at the Shelburne at four; and she agreed to come. Now, at the Shelburne some members of the Provisional Government were quartered, and I wondered if she would really come there. At the appointed hour, a messenger brought a note from my little friend, saying that 'something entirely unforeseen had intervened,' which would prevent her keeping the appointment with me. The lounge of the Shelburne Hotel was hardly a safe place for the messenger of the Rebel leader.

PUTTING THE NAVY TO THE TEST

CHAPTERS FROM THE DIARY OF JOHN D. LONG

EDITED BY LAWRENCE SHAW MAYO

[WHEN we look back upon the Spanish War and recall that uninterrupted series of victories on sea and on land, it is difficult to realize that, in the late winter and early spring of 1898, the prospect of a war presented disquieting possibilities. Secretary Long was not one to be made apprehensive easily, yet one aspect of the situation gave him not a little concern. Was this new navy, which had been constructed during the previous fifteen years, a practical navy? In time of peace it was decidedly ornamental; but what would become of these highly organized steel ships when put to the test of war? Would they drive the Spanish fleets off the seas, or would more than one share the fate of the Maine, and go to the bottom as the result of a single explosion? As Mr. Long afterward wrote, 'The New Navy of the United States was launched in the waters of uncertainty.' The days of certainty were fast approaching.

War did not come until April; but war was in the air from the moment the American people learned of the blowing-up of the Maine. On the twenty-fourth of February, Governor Long recorded in his diary the state of the public mind as it appeared to him.]

Everything is under suspense. Public sentiment is very intense. While it is to the great credit of the country that it is so deliberative and prudent, yet underneath there is an intense excitement.

The slightest spark is liable to result in war with Spain. While we shall undoubtedly overrun Cuba with our troops, and prevail easily at sea in naval combat, the horrors and costs and miseries of war are incalculable; so much, too, especially in naval warfare, now depends upon chance and accident. Our great battleships are experiments which have never yet been tried, and in the friction of a fight have almost as much to fear from some disarrangement of their own delicate machinery, or some explosion of their own tremendous ammunition, as from the foe.

[The possibilities of international conflict oppressed Mr. Long day and night. Being a sensible man, he decided to take a day off, and consequently, on February 25, he appointed Mr. Roosevelt Acting-Secretary of the Navy and left the Department early. How the experiment succeeded is best told in his journal for that day and the next.]

These are trying times. In the evening Roosevelt, whom I had left as Acting-Secretary during the afternoon, came around. He is so enthusiastic and loyal that he is in certain respects invaluable; yet I lack confidence in his good judgment and discretion. He goes off very impulsively, and if I have a good night to-night I shall feel that I ought to be back in the Department rather than take a day's vacation.

[On the following day]:—

I had a splendid night last night, and return to the office both because I feel so much better and because I find that Roosevelt, in his precipitate way, has come very near causing more of an explosion than happened to the Maine. His wife is very ill, and his little boy is just recovering from a long and dangerous illness; so his natural nervousness is so much accentuated that I really think he is hardly fit to be entrusted with the responsibility of the Department at this critical time. He is full of suggestions, many of which are of great value to me, and his spirited and forceful habit is a good tonic for one who is disposed to be as conservative and careful as I am. He seems to be thoroughly loyal, but the very devil seemed to possess him yesterday afternoon.

Having the authority for that time of Acting-Secretary, he immediately began to launch peremptory orders: distributing ships, ordering ammunition, which there is no means to move, to places where there is no means to store it; sending for Captain Barker to come on about the guns of the Vesuvius, which is a matter that might have been perfectly arranged by correspondence; sending messages to Congress for immediate legislation; authorizing the enlistment of an unlimited number of seamen; and ordering guns from the Navy Yard at Washington to New York, with a view to arming auxiliary cruisers which are now in peaceful commercial pursuit. The only effect of this last order would be to take guns which are now carefully stored, ready for shipment any moment, and which could be shipped in ample time to be put on any vessel, and dump them in the open weather in the New York Navy Yard, where they would be only in the way and under no proper care.

He has gone at things like a bull in a

china-shop, and with the best purposes in the world has really taken what, if he could have thought, he would not for a moment have taken; and that is the one course which is most discourteous to me, because it suggests that there had been a lack of attention which he was supplying. It shows how the best fellow in the world — and with splendid capacities — is worse than no use, if he lack a cool head and careful discretion.

[Irrelevant to the approaching conflict, but illuminating in their own way, are our occasional glimpses of life in the White House. In 1898 Sunday was still the Sabbath, and was observed accordingly.]

In the evening, went with Charley Allen and his wife to dine with the President and Mrs. McKinley at the White House, *en famille*. After dinner Mrs. Hiestand sang psalm-tunes at the piano, in a melancholy voice, and the rest of us grumbled a faint accompaniment.

[While the country awaited the decision of the naval court which had been appointed to inquire into the destruction of the Maine, the Administration received a conjectural explanation of the disaster. It probably approximated the truth as nearly as any we shall ever hear. Mr. Long heard it on the evening of the last day of February, when he was called to the White House.]

Judge Day and the President are in session over a message from Havana, giving some probable explanation of the explosion. I send for Commodore O'Neil, who is familiar with explosives, being the Chief of the Bureau of Ordnance. General Lee [the American Consul-General at Havana] is very

clearly of the opinion that the Spanish Government had no connection with, or participation in, the disaster. It is possible that some individual may have sunk a mine, which means a barrel or cask or two filled with gun-cotton, — of which only some hundred pounds would be necessary, — at a point where, in the course of her swinging, the hull of the Maine would hit it; and the explosion of this communicated with the magazine in which the saluting powder was kept, and blew that up. However, everything is still more or less a matter of speculation; but I believe war will be averted, for I am satisfied that the Spanish Government is not responsible for the disaster.

[Hoping for peace, Mr. Long nevertheless prepared for war. Congress appropriated \$50,000,000 as an emergency fund for national defense, and the President placed more than half of this money at the disposal of the Secretary of the Navy.]

It is marvelous what a quieting effect this has had. To-day, Tuesday [March 8], it passed the House by an absolutely unanimous vote, with no division of parties; nothing but a universal acclaim in behalf of the maintenance of the national honor, although really the measure may be called a peace measure. Anticipating its passage, I have, for the last two or three days, been overwhelmingly busy in making every arrangement for the most effectual efficiency of our naval force. Have ordered work to run night and day in the completion of our guns and gun-carriages, and have given unlimited authority for the purchase and supply of powder and projectiles and other ammunition. Have arranged for the most abundant supply of coal, and have arranged for Commander Brownson to go at once to Europe, with a view to preliminary

negotiations for ships and naval supplies.

Half a dozen people who scent the opportunity to sell these things in behalf of foreign owners have been in to see me, and taken my time and that of my bureau chiefs. The dealers are shrewd enough to circulate the rumor that Spain is buying ships and supplies, although on investigation this turns out to be rather unlikely, as her credit is poor and her bonds are worth only about fifty cents on the dollar, and she neither has nor seems able to obtain money. But everything, of course, has the stir of war. And yet, during the day advices from Madrid have been much more peaceful.

I cannot help thinking that this rather sublime exhibition of a nation rising in its might, not for the purpose of aggression, but in preparation for the national defense, and the appreciation of what it would be to come in conflict with such a power as ours, will have a mollifying influence on Spanish public sentiment. If that can be mollified, everything else is all right. The Queen, a good woman, mother, and ruler, is anxious for peace; a liberal Spanish Ministry is evidently desirous for peace and has made every concession that we have asked; and if we can only allay the excitement of the Spanish public, a quiet result is to be hoped for.

[It is interesting to note how Mr. Long prevented waste in the spending of the funds provided for the national defense.]

There is naturally an inclination to use the Emergency Appropriation of \$50,000,000 for other than emergency purposes, and to improve the opportunity to increase the number of ships, supplies, etc., on the grounds of general expediency. To prevent this, issue an

order to all the bureaus, prohibiting any expenditure or incurring any liability except upon written statement and estimate, and approval of the President and myself.

[If one thinks that the life of a Secretary of the Navy, with an approaching war on his hands, is enviable, he will be speedily disillusioned by this Secretary's journal for March 15.]

Busy day; of the same tenor as several days past. Incessant activity, constant conversation, pressure from the reporters, interviews about auxiliary ships, building new ships, passage of the Personnel Bill, and more things than I can remember to mention. Since the war-scare began, my mail is three or four times as great as it was. It is filled with tenders of services, applications for places, suggestions of new inventions, and advices of all sorts — songs from patriotic poets, advice as to official administration and even personal conduct.

[Not until the last two weeks of March did Governor Long's expectations of a peaceful settlement begin to weaken. The cause of the change in his outlook during that fortnight appears under the date of April 2.]

It has been a period of incessant activity and pressure. The report of the Court of Inquiry on the Maine disaster has come in, to the effect that the explosion was from the outside and therefore willful and malicious. The report, however, is unable to fix the responsibility upon any person or persons. The result is intense feeling in Congress. It looks very much as if war might be precipitated without sufficient previous deliberation, and, perhaps, without exhausting all means of peaceable settlement. The President is under a weight

which is almost more than man can bear, and for the last few days has shown a good deal of weariness and nervous strain.

[For McKinley's overwrought condition there was, indeed, sufficient reason. On March 27 he proposed to the Spanish Government that it declare an armistice with the Cuban insurgents, to continue until October 1, during which period peace might be negotiated through the good offices of the President of the United States. The reply of the Spanish Cabinet was received on the night of the 31st. It declined McKinley's proposal, but offered to leave the preparation of Cuban peace to the insular parliament, which was to meet early in May, and to agree to an armistice in the meantime, if asked for by the insurgents. Apparently McKinley's patience was exhausted by this 'disappointing reception' of his overture for an immediate peace, and he decided to turn the matter over to Congress forthwith. A long message, elucidating the situation and asking for power to intervene by force, if necessary, was sent to the Capitol on April 11. It is an interesting document, but quite as interesting is the light Mr. Long's journal throws upon its preparation.]

Monday, April 4, 1898. — This evening at 8 o'clock there is a Cabinet meeting at the White House. The President reads us his message on the Cuban situation. I suppose it is the best he can do; yet it seems to me the narrative which he makes the basis of his conclusion leads to a very different result from that which he reaches. He is in a very trying situation. He has been robbed of sleep, overworked; and I fancy that I can see that his mind does not work as clearly and directly and as self-reliantly as it otherwise would.

Tuesday, April 5. — Cabinet meeting, at which the President goes over the Cuban situation. We are waiting to have the clerks copy the message which he is to send to Congress to-morrow. Meanwhile, with war imminent, the Americans in Cuba are very anxious about their safety, and Consul-General Lee is anxious that no message which might lead to war should go in until there has been an opportunity for American citizens to leave the island. In this extremity it is always a matter of shying between Scylla and Charybdis. The country is so clamorous for action that the President cannot delay longer.

In the evening the President sends for me to meet him and Judge Day, the Attorney-General, and the Secretary of the Interior, with reference to telegrams received from our Minister to Spain, General Woodford, that suggest a possible new phase of the situation. I do not yet despair of getting through the business without war. There is a great division of opinion. Most of the letters I get are very earnestly in favor of peace.

Wednesday, April 6. — At half-past ten, go to the White House. The President just ready to send in his message, when word comes from General Lee, our Consul at Havana, that if the message goes in suggesting intervention, with the possibility of war, American lives will be in danger in Cuba, and asking that the transmission of the message may be delayed until Monday next. Senators and Representatives are sent for and the matter explained to them, and it is agreed that the delay must be had. By this time it is half-past one, and I lunch with the President. . . .

Congressman Lovering calls in the evening, and reports the intense excitement, which is hardly suppressed, among the members of the House and

Senate, who, in their turn, are violently pressed by their constituents for some positive action. Just what action, nobody seems to know.

Friday, April 8. — An unusually quiet Cabinet meeting. The fact is, everything is practically settled, and we are all in a condition of waiting for Monday next, when the President's message is to go in.

Monday, April 11. — This morning we gathered informally at the President's, where he completes his message, preparing to send it to Congress. I have had a little feeling that its conclusion was somewhat indefinite, and hardly a *sequitur* from the argument which precedes it. Its transmission, however, transfers the excitement and tension from the Executive end of the government to the Legislative, and Congress must now deal with the subject.

[When he wrote that McKinley's conclusion was a *non sequitur*, Governor Long expressed an opinion that was shared by not a few of his fellow countrymen. The President traced the course of his negotiations with Spain, and showed encouraging progress. Then, at the very point where one would have expected him to say, 'Soon we may look for a satisfactory termination of the disturbances in Cuba without armed intervention on our part,' McKinley suddenly announced: 'The issue is now with the Congress. It is a solemn responsibility. I have exhausted every effort to relieve the intolerable condition of affairs which is at our doors. Prepared to execute every obligation imposed upon me by the Constitution and the law, I await your action.'

On the other hand, there were many people in the country, who, failing to make allowances for Spain's characteristic aversion to action of any kind, blamed the President for dallying so

long with the Government at Madrid. To a Boston editor who represented this point of view, Mr. Long wrote a remarkable confidential letter, defending his chief's policy. It is dated April 15, 1898. If the President's message had been as logical and as direct, it is not impossible that war with Spain would have been avoided.]

I think the President has been very much misunderstood by the people to whom you refer, and, as I gather from the tone of your letter, by yourself. It seems to me that you can hardly have a better review of the situation than that which is contained in Senator Hoar's most thorough, calm, and statesman-like speech, delivered yesterday in the Senate. It seems to be forgotten that, if there is a patriotic, true man in the country, it is President McKinley; that if anybody is familiar with the situation through long and careful attention to it, and by diplomatic correspondence, it is he. And yet such is your haste, and that of others like you, sincere and patriotic as you are, that you seem to assume at once that he is all wrong, and that, if you only had the management of affairs, it would be a great deal better. Very pat, it seems to me, is the anecdote attributed this morning to President Harrison, who says that it reminds him of a pilot steering a ship through dangerous shoals, and every passenger shouting at him, insisting upon his following their direction rather than his own.

Do you realize that the President has succeeded in obtaining from Spain a concession upon every ground which he has asked; that Spain has yielded everything up to the present time except the last item of independence for Cuba; that she has released every American prisoner; recalled Weyler; recalled De Lome; changed her reconcentration order; agreed to furnish food, and or-

dered an armistice? It's easy to say that all this means nothing; but evidently in the eyes of every power in Europe, at whose request some steps have been taken, it means a great deal. You cannot expect her to get up and get out in five minutes; but if the history of the last six months means anything, it means constant steps toward her retirement. In this direction the President has gone with the most thorough decision, persistence, and fidelity. I honestly believe that, if the country and Congress had been content to leave the matter in his hands, independence would have come without a drop of bloodshed, as naturally as an apple falls from a tree.

It is true that he has endeavored to accomplish this without war. The unutterable evils incident to war, — the loss of life, disease, wounds, debts, increased pension-rolls, interruption of business, possible entanglement with foreign nations, easy victory over the enemy's battle-forces, but constant subjection to raids upon our coast and shipping by their cruisers and privateers, and the indefinite protraction of such conditions, — all these, while they are to be counted as nothing if the necessity exists, become very serious considerations if by any good management on the part of the President he could have avoided them, and yet have accomplished the result that would have been satisfactory to everybody. I wish you or the *Journal* could sustain him with your hearts and take this large view of the situation. Possibly events have now gone so far that nothing can be done but to have a fight.

It seems to me cruel to accuse the President of coolness in his treatment of the Maine. No man has felt the indignity more. But should we not think for a moment whether the time has come when he could recommend a declaration of war on that ground? Our own

court of inquiry reports its inability to point to any persons who are responsible. Our Consul-General Lee emphatically states that the Governor-General of Cuba had no participation in the act; and he had previously telegraphed to the President that there was no participation in the matter officially on the part of the Spanish authorities. My own judgment is not only that, as the court found, she was blown up from an exterior explosion, but that it was done by some malignant Spaniards without the authority of their Government, and that Spain is responsible because of a lack of due care and diligence in not safeguarding our vessel. But this is very different from an act of the Spanish Government itself in blowing up our ship.

As to the matter of recognition of independence, there never has been a time when the President could do that. Even Consul-General Lee has given his opinion that there should be no recognition of Cuban independence. We can't recognize independence on the part of a people who have no government, no capital, no civil organization, no place to which a representative of a foreign government could be sent. The President has, therefore, taken the next ground, which is the ground of intervention. He asked for the power to intervene with force, if that should be necessary. But he certainly ought to have time, meanwhile, before the final intervention with arms, — which everybody would justify, if necessary, — to see if the trend toward pacific settlement and final independence, which was going on and which foreign powers were evidently aiding, would not succeed.

[But Congress was not so patient as the Secretary of the Navy. By a joint resolution, passed on April 19, it recognized the independence of the people

of Cuba and authorized the President to compel Spain to withdraw from the Island. As Spain could hardly accept this edict and preserve her self-respect, war followed within a day or two. In the short interim the Navy Department and the White House were busy places.]

Wednesday, April 20, 1898. — An unusually busy morning. A great number of Senators and Congressmen calling. Parties coming in to sell ships, and an incessant drive.

At 3 o'clock, go with Admiral Sicard and Commodore Crowninshield to confer with the President, who has also the Secretary of War and General Miles. It reminds me of what must have been a similar scene in the early days of our Civil War, when President Lincoln was surrounded by military advisers who were all at sixes and sevens. At present it seems as if the Army were ready for nothing at all. They suggest that they will not be ready to act in Cuba for a couple of months, owing to a lack of proper drill and preparation. Then, too, General Miles advises against their going at all until the Spanish fleet is disposed of, as, if it should succeed in crippling our own, our soldiers on the Island would be cut off from means of returning home. It is much easier to suggest how not to do it than how to do it. At any event, the burden is likely to fall upon the Navy. I am inclined to think that, if war actually comes, the country will demand that our soldiers make a landing and do something.

[On the following day, April 21, war really began.]

One of the busiest days of the season. Appoint Captain Sampson an Acting-Admiral. Telegraph him to move at once to blockade Cuba, which of course is the beginning of the war.

Postmaster-General Gary resigns on account of ill health.

Am with the President and other officers of the Cabinet, determining on the opening movements of the scene.

My Naval War Board, consisting of Roosevelt, Crowninshield, Sicard, Barker, and Clover, meet to discuss the formulation of preliminary orders.

So busy that I get my lunch at the lunch-counter in the basement of the Department.

Half-past four, the President walks with me for an hour through the streets. Says it is the longest walk he has taken since he has been in Washington, and he feels better for it. He opens his heart to me, with reference to the struggle through which he has been and the anxiety it has involved.

[A week or so before hostilities commenced, the Secretary of the Navy had had a taste of the kind of pressure he was likely to experience repeatedly when war should become an actuality.]

This morning Congressman Brumm calls with a delegation of Pennsylvanians, to urge the use of anthracite, instead of bituminous, coal on board ships. It is interesting to note how every section of the country, although all are patriotic, has an eye on the main chance. Anthracite coal is found only in Pennsylvania. It would be impossible to provide our ships, when they were away from our own coast, with anthracite, because it could not be procured; while bituminous coal, which is found everywhere, is always accessible.

[Later in April there were other — many other — visitors with axes to grind. Three or four examples will suffice to evoke the reader's sympathy — and to increase his respect — for Secretary Long.]

Am under heavy pressure from all sides, to assign vessels for the protection of different localities. Senator Frye, who has been a blazing Jingo, shouting for war, comes in with an appeal that a vessel be sent down to protect points along the coast which he represents. Senator Chandler, another Jingo, wants to have Portsmouth specially protected. People are learning that war is serious business.

[The last day of the month happened to be particularly trying in this respect.]

Office thronged with callers all forenoon; mostly Senators and Members, in behalf of candidates for acting appointments in the service. Vice-President Hobart comes in to tease me about an appointment; Senator Hanna to tease me about the purchase of a vessel belonging to his brother. It is a good vessel, and worthy of purchase — and yet I wish he could see the wisdom of not meddling with such matters while he is a Senator of the United States.

[In the meantime interesting changes in the personnel of the Administration took place, or were foreshadowed.]

Monday, April 25. — Rainy day. Special meeting of the Cabinet, with reference to the message of the President, recommending resolutions declaring the existence of war, in order to fix international status, etc.

Secretary Sherman resigns to-day. His age has rendered him too infirm for the discharge of his duties. It is rather a sad termination of one of the most useful careers of American statesmen. No man has deserved more of his country. He has been of little use in the Cabinet; now and then a flash of his old strength, but generally quiet, retiring, and silent. Judge Day, who has been

his First Assistant, and who has been doing the duties of the office, will succeed him.

My Assistant-Secretary, Roosevelt, has determined upon resigning, in order to go into the army and take part in the war. He has been of great use; a man of unbounded energy and force, and thoroughly honest — which is the main thing. He has lost his head to this unutterable folly of deserting the post where he is of the most service and running off to ride a horse, and, probably, brush mosquitoes from his neck on the Florida sands. And yet how absurd all this will sound, if by some turn of fortune he should accomplish some great thing and strike a very high mark!

[At some later date Mr. Long wrote at the bottom of this page]:—

P.S.—Roosevelt was right, and we, his friends, were all wrong. His going into the army led straight to the Presidency.

[The Secretary of the Navy once described the activity of those April days as a ‘great mixture of patriotism and push,’ and the continuous rush of work at the Department was beginning to wear upon him, when extraordinarily glad tidings reached Washington.]

Monday, May 2.—News comes of an attack by the Asiatic squadron upon Manila, capital of the Philippine Islands, the annihilation of the Spanish fleet, and the practical surrender of the city. This victory inspires great enthusiasm. It is true it is achieved by a vastly superior force; but the Spaniards showed pluck and fight; and as our fleet was obliged to take the enemy’s under the shelter of their fort, it was a gallant and splendid success. Everybody is rejoicing, and the President is gratified. We have as yet no official

report, but look eagerly forward to it, in the hope that it will confirm the good news.

[Day after day passed, but the official report from Dewey came not. Meanwhile the suspense and excitement at Washington were tremendous, and officials sometimes got a little on each other’s nerves.]

Thursday, May 5.—Showers; April weather. Usual run of business. In the afternoon somebody comes on from New York, representing the Naval Militia, and has a discussion with Roosevelt, in my room, as to an amendment to be added to the Auxiliary Naval Bill.

Illustrates one of Roosevelt’s lacks. He shouts at the top of his voice, and wanders all over creation. The harangue fails to meet the exact point. His forte is his push. He lacks the serenity of discussion.

Friday, May 6.—Cabinet meeting this morning. To make the record of the Navy complete, I present a letter which I have written to the Secretary of War, stating that the Navy is ready to convoy any force of forty or fifty thousand men to Cuba, and urging the War Department to take active steps. Secretary Alger, Secretary of War, takes some offense, very naturally. He intimates that the War Department will take care of itself, without any interference from the Navy. I meet this with good nature, and simply suggest that my purpose is to show the readiness of the Navy, as I do not wish the impression to go abroad that there is any delay on our part.

Alger is a very generous and sanguine man. He has been the most active of all members of the Cabinet for war. For two months he has been saying that he would have his army ready in ten days — whereas, in fact, not a volunteer has

left his state, and in my judgment there has been a striking lack of preparation and promptness. I have n't the slightest doubt that, if the Army would put fifty thousand men across upon Cuban soil, we could have Havana and the Island of Cuba at once.

Quiet evening at home.

The new First Assistant-Secretary of State, Mr. Moore, who is admirably adapted to his duties and by all means the most accomplished man that has yet been connected with that Department, comes around about ten o'clock, to confer with regard to the release of the steamer Lafayette.

[Finally, on Saturday, May 7, word came from Dewey. Probably nothing Mr. Long ever wrote is more illustrative of his character than the reflections which appear in his journal for that day. To appreciate them fully, one should remember that after Manila Bay Secretary Long, as head of the Navy, was second to Dewey alone in national popularity.]

First thing this morning are two telegrams from Commodore Dewey, confirming the story of his overwhelming victory at Manila: the utter destruc-

tion of all the enemy's vessels, eleven in number, and the suppression of the forts. He has the city at his command. The country is wild with enthusiasm over this victory. The President, of course, is delighted. We are actively engaged in preparing reinforcements of men, munitions of war, and supplies, for the Asiatic squadron.

In all such great events the praise or the blame, as the case may be, is very unequally distributed. This is a glorious achievement, redounding specially to his credit. No man could have done better, or deserved more. Had the enterprise failed, it would have been his ruin.

Yet, in either case, the responsibility runs out to an infinite number of others. Nobody now thinks of my four immediate predecessors, who have brought the Navy up to the condition it now is. Nobody thinks of the patience and thoroughness with which our ships have been equipped and armed, and our ordnance brought to the highest state of efficiency by officers here at home, men whose names will never be mentioned. Little thought even is given to the officers and men who, by their gallantry and skill, have won the immediate victory.

COMTESSE DU JONES

BY MR. AND MRS. HALDEMAN-JULIUS

I

BORN and raised on the farm, Bessie Jones loved everything on it, from the brown cochin bantam hen, just large enough for an elf's mount, to the thick-necked, glossy-black stallion, who snuggled his velvety nose so softly against her cheek — a cheek tanned by constant exposure to Kansas sun, but still firm and rounded. Dave and the twins, Edwin and Earnest (big, strapping boys now), Margaret, Bob, Doris, William T., Barby, and little George — this lively brood and the active years of endless duties had left their inevitable traces: Bessie looked all of her forty-two years, but her pleasant face seemed to declare that of slight importance. Her life, if full to overflowing, was not complex. Again with child, she clucked her cheery round among her children and their pets, her stock and her fowls, as contentedly as one of her numerous hens, pleasantly conscious of her capabilities, and basking in the genial atmosphere of her husband's approval.

Absorbed in his hardware and implement store, Phil Jones was content to leave the farm to his wife. What spare time he had was occupied in fulfilling his obligations as president of Fallon's Chamber of Commerce, Worshipful Master of the Masons, member of the Board of Education, and Chancellor-Commander of the Knights of Pythias.

He was used to Bessie, and could not have conceived of himself as married to anyone else. She was a part of him,

just as their children were. He especially liked her homey, housewifely temperament, in a day of women given over to bridge and foolish clubs and unnecessary dabbling in business. He understood perfectly that, successful as her farm was, Bessie never conceived of it as an enterprise. To her, the farm and the household were one. She raised her hogs, that she might provide her large family with delicious spiced hams, and handled cows, that her children might have all they wished of clotted cream, cheeses, and unsalted butter, which she churned daily. The skimmed milk helped to feed the hogs. And it was for them that she raised her corn; the oats were for her horses, and the kaffir and rye fed the chickens that came to her table, crisply fried or boiled with noodles. She fattened a few steers and sheep, that they might have fresh beef and mutton, and into her cellar went piles of home-raised potatoes, and apples gathered by the children for pies and roasting in the long winter evenings by the hearth-fire. In her cupboards were rows of finely flavored jellies from fruit in her own orchard. Even the walnuts, hickories, and pecans, which the children's eager hands picked, were from the trees Bessie herself had planted. Merely to think of her was to conjure to one's mind delicious plenty — flocks of snowy ducks and huge gray geese, bronze turkeys, pearl guineas, and cooing pigeons.

Under her hand, the farm yielded a

rich comfort. She was a bit odd, thought the town, — bearing so many children with such obvious pride and delight; taking such satisfaction in fulfilling all of the farm life's insistent demands, — but she was so friendly and good-tempered, so warmly hospitable, that it was impossible not to respond to her. Besides, brought up, as she had been, so near Fallon, and educated in its schools, she knew everyone in the little county seat and surrounding country, and was taken quite simply where a stranger would have had to run the gauntlet of comment.

She and Janet Graham, Vice-President of the First State Bank, where Phil and Bessie did their business, had been friends ever since Janet could remember; and as Robert Graham, Janet's husband, was a 'gentleman farmer,' Janet frequently consulted Bessie on problems of agriculture and animal husbandry.

Robert had gone in heavily for poultry, but, occupied as he was with his new novel, it happened frequently that for two or three days at a time he would forget the hens' existence, and would leave such details as the care of five hundred chickens to his versatile Janet; so she was not particularly surprised when, one evening at dinner, Robert declared that he was at too critical a point in his story to give any attention to a large straw-packed hamper containing two hundred Rhode Island Red eggs, which had been deposited at the bank that afternoon.

'But Robert,' protested Janet reasonably, 'both your incubators are full, and you have n't a hen that wants to set. What am I to do with them?'

'Anything you like — just so I don't have to be bothered. Why don't you 'phone Bessie Jones, and see if she'll lend you some hens?'

Janet, too much of a farmer herself to ask such a favor casually, went over

to the Joneses' to discuss the matter. She found Bessie, clean and sweet in her simple, freshly laundered frock of pink gingham and white organdy, lovely in the first fullness of her approaching maternity, sitting on the wide steps of her back porch, surrounded by flower-filled vases and little children, her lap full of sweet peas and nasturtiums, which she was arranging in the bowl that five-year-old Barby held up for her, happily intent upon her pretty task. Silence flooded the quiet, well-ordered barnyard, a peace broken only by occasional night noises, the suppressed twittering of little chicks, and the laughter of the older children and their friends. In Bessie's blue eyes were reflected the peace and the beauty she found in her home.

'Why, sure,' she smiled, when Janet had made known her errand. 'Sure, I'll let you have all I got.' And gently disengaging a couple of furry kittens and a flop-eared puppy from among the flowers in her lap, she led Janet, with the children eddying around them, to the chicken-house, where the two women began with practised hands to stroke the hens they found on nests, ascertaining quickly, by the degree of broodiness, which could be depended upon for setting, even if moved from their own nests.

'How many do you want?'

'Honestly, Bessie, I'm ashamed to say.'

'Aw! Don't be foolish. I know how Robert is.'

'Bessie, you're a dear. There really ought to be fourteen. I don't like to put more than fifteen of those Rhode Island eggs under one hen. What do you think about it? I'll bring over laying hens to replace them.'

'You'll do no such thing. Use 'em till you're through with 'em. Just put leg-bands on 'em and keep 'em till next fall, if you like. I'll tell you what,' she

added, 'you put your eggs in the nests to-night, Janet, and I 'll bring over the hens to-morrow. You ought to let your eggs lie quiet twenty-four hours anyway, you know. And I 'll like the ride in the cool of the evening.'

To Robert, looking from his study-window the next day, she made a quaint picture, driving up his gravel road in a fine old phaeton, surrounded by half a dozen dogs, with five or six small boys hanging on behind and Barby firmly astride the horse in the shafts, the whole cortège flapping and cackling.

'Bessie,' he laughed, 'you have as many followers as the lady of whom I have just been reading. What do you think of the Pompadour, Bessie?' he added impishly.

'Who?' Bessie's tone was blank.

'Bessie Jones, you surely don't mean you have never heard of her? What is the world coming to when intelligent women like you, mothers of the rising generation, know so little and care so little for the famous women who've made history? Bessie, I am going to lend you this book. And when you've read it, I want your opinion.'

Bessie's glance at the sombre brown volume was not enthusiastic. 'I don't have much time to read,' she ventured; 'and when I do, I like something real excitin'. There's a book in the front room downstairs that I started the other day, when I was waitin' for Janet to go with me to the Parent-Teachers meetin'. It seemed real good. I don't mind takin' that.'

'One of the books downstairs, was it?' exclaimed Robert derisively. 'Bessie, those are only my policemen. I keep them there to ward off people from my real library upstairs — from books like this. You are too superior a woman to want trash. You deserve one of the best. And as for exciting — well!'

Too shrewd to be entirely taken in

by Robert's apparent flattery, yet touched and made curious by it, Bessie held out her capable-looking hand.

'Well, it won't hurt me to try it, I suppose,' she conceded.

II

Little did she suspect how memorable this quiet moment was to be. Later, when she looked back, she saw that it marked the entrance into a new world. Yet how narrowly had she missed her great adventure! The brown book with its black trimmings looked so dull; the title of the introduction, with the queer hieroglyphical name, 'Choisy-le-Roi,' was so unintelligible. But her pride had been touched by Robert's half-comprehended condescension of manner, and the fine texture of the paper and the clear print told her the quality of the book, warned her that it should not tarry long in a house where half a dozen canaries fluttered about uncaged, kittens chose their own lounging places unmolested, and curious puppies ran snuffling noses over strange objects, which little fingers were as eager to investigate. She had been foolish to bring such a treasure home, and she was n't interested in it anyway. Thus Bessie to herself. Well, she had said she would read it, so she would. Then it would be off her mind. Sheer will-power held her at first; but later the brown boards became the great bronze gates of the grounds of Madame de Pompadour's palace; and through them Bessie passed from her farm into the subtle, romantic world of the marquise — into her very life.

Bessie read on with the peculiar absorption of the person who, reading but seldom, becomes genuinely interested. Louis the Fifteenth, heretofore less than a name, no more definitely placed in her mind than one of the Pharaohs, France, even time itself —

for what had the eighteenth century ever meant to Bessie Jones? — all became real.

As she came to the end, her mind was crowded with thoughts of the Marquise de Pompadour's beauty and dignity, the horror of Damien's death, — could a time that had produced such a woman countenance such tortures? — a curious wonder at the tale she had read, a tale that stirred her the deeper because it was true.

The next day Bessie went about in a strange dreaminess, the world of the night before more vivid than the actual one about her. If only she could see how this Madame de Pompadour looked. And even the miserable du Barry, so slightly alluded to by the marquise's chronicler! And the King! Of course, since they had been real, there must be pictures of them, so she would ask Robert; her heart beat with excitement at the thought. But she would wait until her work was done. As it was her day to clean the brooder-house, broom and oil-can in hand and mite-killer at her side, she went through her usual task with habitual thoroughness. But her mind was busy with the marquise's defense of Latude's charges; for suddenly it had become of importance to Bessie that she keep her faith in her new-found friend — a friend whose kindness was fragrant as the perfume of Bessie's own flowers.

It did n't occur to her as strange that she, brought up in a Presbyterian atmosphere, taught to accept the Ten Commandments literally, should find it so simple to delight in a life where all were broken with a smile. Something deeply human in Bessie had been touched by all that was so deeply human in the marquise; and with the Pompadour's own capacity for friendship Bessie offered hers.

Robert accepted the returned book that evening.

'And what will you have now, Bessie?' he asked, too absorbed in his own thoughts to be further amused.

But her answer, 'I'd like to read du Barry,' brought the old teasing look into his eyes.

'What! You surely have n't finished this one!'

Bessie laughed. 'I sure did, Robert Graham. You were right, too. It was as excitin' as anything I ever did hear of. It was most time to get up when I quit. The roosters were a-crowin' a'ready. Phil says he has n't known me to do such a thing since we been married. I'm going to take the next one slower. What's the matter with me, Janet?' she demanded, suddenly flustered. 'Look at the way Robert's starin' at me —'

'Bessie Jones!' murmured Robert solemnly, 'I should think you would want to read of du Barry! Observe, Janet, she has the same blue eyes, the same ash-blond hair, — and I'll venture it's long too, Bessie, — and, as I live! the same dark eyebrows and eyelashes. Bessie, did you ever feel you had lived before?'

Bessie's eyes flashed. 'Well, if I did, I'll bet I was never the common thing this book says she was.'

'Wait until you really know her, Bessie,' remonstrated Robert, sternly. 'You'll find her far, far kinder than the marquise. She was n't at all unlike you — loved dogs and children. And she was warm-hearted and magnanimous. Read what the Goncourts have to say of her generosity to Marie Antoinette, who, you'll find, had been so steadily unkind to her, in her earlier days. She had n't much of a mind, the comtesse, but she had a great heart. In her journal she will tell you, in her own way, everything about herself, just as the Pompadour did in hers. You must read the journal first, by all means.'

And Bessie read — this time slowly,

absorbing every detail, every picture. Had she been the friend addressed, she could not have taken it more personally, been more completely held. It was as if each day she received a letter from 'Jeanne' — for so Bessie thought of the Comtesse du Barry. And Bessie knew at once, by intuition, that this Jeanne was far more of her own kind than the brilliant, discriminating Pompadour. Without loving the marquise less, Bessie lived and breathed with the comtesse, her own pure mind, by some strange alchemy, accepting her friend's amours but purging them of all grossness. Unthinkable, of course, such actions for herself or the people of Fallon! Yet she justified easily the standards of the French court. 'They were so honest and simple about it,' she thought. She even went so far as to wonder what Fallon would think of her if it knew how lenient she was.

Each day found her more deeply absorbed in the romance and beauty and luxury of the period. Its charm enveloped her like a fairy mist, through which she saw her farm and her children in enchanting colors, drawing them into the picture. A snow-white peacock and one resplendent in iridescence, each with his mate, appeared as if by magic, and to Phil's startled inquiry Bessie answered tranquilly: 'I sold those two registered heifers and bought them. They look so pretty on the place. And besides,' she added, practically, 'they'll more than pay for themselves with their little ones.'

To their large assortment of collies and bird dogs was added a stately wolfhound, and in the smooth pasture that stretched between the house and the public road Bessie began excavations for a lily pond.

Phil was astonished. 'How much is it going to cost you?' he exclaimed.

'Not a penny,' Bessie answered, trying to evade the bobbing head of little

Georgie as he clung about her neck. 'I am letting anyone take the dirt for the hauling of it, and there are three wagons being loaded out there now.'

'But why not make a regular stock pond out of it?'

'We already have one in the big pasture. We don't need this, you see. It's just to look pretty. I want it to be like one they might have had at Choisy-le-Roi or at Luciennes — and be all white with lilies.' Her voice trailed dreamily, and the children, clustering with intent eyes about her, caught eagerly the reflection of her vision. 'I guess,' she added sensibly, with one of her typically sudden descents to fact, 'I'll stock the pond in the big pasture with fish. We might as well raise our own.'

Phil laughed heartily. 'Good heavens, Bessie, what next? You have filled the air and the land, now you're going to populate the water! Well, go to it. I'm for you.'

And the lily pond was only a forerunner. With the aid of her children and a blueprint sent down at her request from the State Agricultural College, she evolved a stately formal garden, and at its end, against a background of young lilacs and hollyhocks, nestling among madonna and tiger lilies, iris, phlox, and Japanese anemones, there glimmered an entrancing fairy pool. True, it would be many a day before the garden would come into its fullness, and meanwhile the pool had to be emptied by hand, and water carried in tubs from the pump; but Bessie and her children saw it always in its ultimate perfection.

There came, too, a tennis court; and in the rose-garden a little rustic throne doubly dear to Bessie because Dave (a trifle condescendingly) and the twins had made it. Forthwith her skillful fingers fashioned from tissue paper and tarlatan, cheesecloth and Christmas

tinsel, little costumes for her own and Janet's children; and Bessie and her retinue began to play at fêtes. Janet and Robert were amazed at the completeness and accuracy with which these revels were adapted and reproduced from du Barry's.

So real had 'Jeanne' now become to Bessie, that there was often in her heart an ache to see, to touch her. She strained against the long interval that had elapsed between their lives, feeling in this love for one so beautiful, so wistful, so tragically tossed to and from the depths, a lilt unlike anything that her comfortable, deep entity with Phil, or her brooding tenderness for her children, had to offer. Du Barry's friends were Bessie's; so too her enemies.

She named her fowls for these various personages. There was the Comtesse de Berne, a hateful old hen that tried to peck every time Bessie came to look at the eggs. She had always to lift her by the comb and the back of the neck, as you would a kitten. And the smooth, silky Persian cat, so charming and so two-faced, was the *Maréchale de Mirepoix*; while the old lame pott-hound, who had proved herself such a good watchdog, was Chon. The proud turkey-cock, who ruled over the whole flock, was Choiseul, of course, though Bessie spent many an hour, while her hands were busy at humdrum tasks, trying to determine what attitude to take toward this minister, whose appointment the Pompadour had considered her greatest feat of statesmanship and whom du Barry had found so difficult and inimical. The gentle white turkey-hen was the duke's gracious wife; but for his sister, Duchesse de Grammont, Bessie reserved the parrot, so cross and treacherous to all but her one or two favorites. There was much discussion as to who should have the honor of being the Duc d'Aiguillon, and for a time this nomi-

nation was left open, until, a majestic swan arriving, the children conferred the dukedom upon him by acclamation. One after another, the entire court of Louis XV came to life in Bessie's barnyard. Day by day, the children listened to the fascinating tales that their mother retold in her own language, and learned to know these famous folk.

And Bessie, poring over the Goncourts' life of the comtesse, came upon her expense accounts and was bespelled by them. For there were itemized all du Barry's frocks — frocks such as only she and fairy princesses ever wore. There Bessie discovered satin foundations embroidered with knots of rose-colored spangles, gold folds forming waves, bouquets of spangles enameled with rubies, robes of blonde lace over foundations of silver, chicory-colored borders of puffs with bouquets in the openings, innumerable knots of jasmine, jeweled robes edged with silver.

Bessie would find her breath coming quickly at the vision of such loveliness. She felt no envy, only a rich delight, as when she rejoiced in a starlit sky. And, indeed, were not du Barry's costumes woven of clouds and of starlight? They were not of this world, surely — not, at any rate, of the earth of which Fallon and Fallon's clothes were a part. Wonderful, unbelievably beautiful as they were, Bessie knew them as well as her own modest dresses. Not one preserved by the historians escaped her. Not a hat, not a slipper or parasol, not a cloak or a *négligé*. And her vases and snuffboxes, pincases and goblets, basins for flowers, her fruit dishes, the furnishings of her bedroom and salon, on throughout the whole of Luciennes, to the berries on the arm-chairs — Bessie could remember all.

Robert and Janet were astounded at the amount that had been absorbed by the 'Comtesse.' At first, Robert had given Bessie the title purely in jest,

declaring that, as she spent so much time with du Barry and the folk of Louis's court, she must have a rank in keeping; but Bessie took it simply, and the children caught it up with delight, so that, slipping more and more constantly into use, it soon became her recognized appellation, affording the Grahams infinite amusement at some of the incongruities involved.

'Countess,' Maggie would call, 'the apple butter 's boilin' over.'

'Hi, Barby! Where 's the Countess?' Dave would yell from the barn.

'I dunno.'

'Well, you better find her — quick. That new cow she got last week 's havin' a calf down here.'

Or it might be, 'Say, Henriette' (for so Maggie had become in token of her mother's affectionate acknowledgment of her capabilities), 'the Dook dee Richelloo 's a-trompin' on Princess Adelaide's goslings. Ask the Countess where she wants me to put 'em.'

III

And through it all, with her own children and other people's, dogs and cats, puppies and kittens, canaries and love birds, the ubiquitous Duchesse de Grammont, colts and calves, chickens and pigs, perpetually flocking about her, Bessie moved through the long summer, happy because in her heart was now a song, a rainbow, a fairy bubble of illusion. Fact and romance moved in her fructifying soul, side by side, without conflict.

A phrase about the Marquise de Pompadour sometimes floated through her head — 'After having been more than the Queen, she exercised greater sway than the King.' 'That 's me!' she would think. 'I 'm like a queen here, sure enough; and no king ever had such loving subjects nor more power over 'em.'

Lured backward by du Barry's

references to the Grand Monarque and Madame de Maintenon, Bessie lived through the reign of Louis the Fourteenth, whom, thanks to Robert's kindly teaching, she now (as did her children) spoke of carefully as Louis Quatorze; through the period of Madame de Châteauroux; then turned once more to her first love, the Marquise de Pompadour, and again, with the adored du Barry as a starting-point, dove into the life of Marie Antoinette.

'I like her,' she explained to Robert, 'because she died like a queen ought to; and I like that wonderful Madame Roland. I like folks to have spunk.'

'But, my dear Comtesse, that was just what your friend lacked.'

'And don't it make your heart break to think how she wanted to live and could n't?' was Bessie's irrelevant answer, the easy tear filling her blue eyes at the abrupt remembrance of du Barry's futile resistance. 'She was just like a lost child, at the end, with the whole world turning against her — for nothing. I guess I 'd have acted just the same.' And a wave of indignation dried the tears.

'O Bessie,' laughed Robert, 'what a perfect reader you are! Do you know, if it were n't for people like you there would be no use writing books.'

'Now quit your kidding, Robert Graham,' was her brisk rejoinder.

She was reliving, one afternoon, du Barry's later days at Luciennes, when a lively ringing of the telephone jangled its way into her consciousness.

'It 's Mr. Graham, and he wants you, Countess,' announced Henriette from the house.

Bessie made her leisurely way, majestic as she now was with child, and accompanied as usual by a numerous retinue, into her dining-room.

'Yourself, is it, Comtesse?' came Robert's fine voice over the wire. 'I should like to bring to supper a

descendant of the Duc de Brissac — he would hold that title, himself, Bessie, if France were still a monarchy.'

Bessie's brain whirled. 'Robert Graham! You surely ain't talkin' sense!'

'I surely am. Pierre de Brissac is his name, and he was born in France. I used to know him when we were children; but he's Anglicized it now to Peter Breeze. Phil'll like him, too.'

For once the little Joneses saw their mother flustered. Company was no event at the Comtesse's table; but never had she dreamed of entertaining a de Brissac — a descendant of Jeanne du Barry's last lover! On went Bessie's finest linen, her prettiest company china; and into their Sunday clothes went all the children. The house was swiftly swept and dusted, shades were pulled to just the right height, curtains shaken out, imaginary flies swatted; the house was made a bower of flowers, and her most delicious supper was prepared. Her little court moved to her command, quickly, deftly.

And finally she saw them coming — all in Phil's big car: Robert and Janet and Phil, and — the Duc de Brissac. Shyness overwhelmed Bessie; her fingers grew cold, her throat ached with the excitement and tension of the moment. And yet she would have found it almost impossible to put into words what she expected. Just so might a child have felt, had she known that within the moment she was actually to see and to touch the hand of the fairy prince who had awakened the Sleeping Beauty. The remote, the marvelous were incredibly to emerge from the very midst of the familiar and the commonplace; her two worlds — the vivid one of her mind and the routine one of her flesh — were to blend for a never-to-be-forgotten hour. To touch the hand of this stranger, to talk with him, to have him at her table, would be to touch, to talk with, to en-

ertain du Barry, Louis, and all his court. Small wonder that before this miracle Bessie faltered, eager, but deeply abashed.

Phil's laconic, 'Meet my wife and kids, Mr. Breeze,' gave her a distinct shock. For the first time she dared really to look at her guest; and even as she began to regain her usual poise her heart sank. Why, he was just — just an ordinary person, without even that differentiating quality that made Robert Graham stand out as distinct from all Fallon. Breeze was 'well-dressed,' to be sure; his large, horn-rimmed glasses had a sophisticated air, and his pleasant face, if a bit smug, was keen enough. But his whole manner, a trifle too obviously genial, seemed proudly and booming to proclaim him a professional mixer. Bessie could feel Phil silently applauding him.

'Pleased to meet you,' she said coolly, distaste unconsciously creeping into her voice.

Robert came to her rescue. 'To Bessie,' he explained, 'you should introduce Pierre by his rightful title, Phil. Comtesse du Jones, let me present Monsieur le Duc de Brissac. Mrs. Jones is deeply interested in French history of the period of your illustrious forbear, Pierre.'

Breeze took refuge behind a rumbling, would-be contagious laugh. 'See here, folks,' he protested good-naturedly, 'you can't hold a fellow responsible for his ancestors, now can you? You would n't do that, Mrs. Jones, now would you? Nor you, Mrs. Graham? Even if our family did use to live in France, we're a hundred per cent American now.'

'Now you're talkin',' exclaimed Phil; and Robert agreed easily with, 'Of course. You see, Bessie, how much civilization accomplishes. Peter Breeze is here organizing for the Kiwanis. As a result of the Madame de Pompadours

and the Diderots and Molières, as a result of revolutions and assassinations, of du Barrys and Duc de Brissacs, we get Peter here, the Kiwanis clubs, good sound Fallon standards — is n't that right, Pierre?

'You've hit it that time, old man. Times change. And we got to have progress. And about to-night,' Breeze diverged deftly; 'tell me again who is president of the First National Bank.'

Phil eagerly supplied the name.

'And what'd you say was the name of the merchant that runs that big dry-goods store on the west side? You got to get your leading citizens in it, you know. By Jiminy! but this town certainly does need a Kiwanis club. Something to put a little pep into it. There ain't a "welcome" sign anywhere as you come driving in. And those iron rails around the courthouse — say, folks,' — his tone became confidentially earnest, — 'they really ought to come out — d'you know that? This town's for progress and autos, what? If people have got to come in with horses, let 'em hitch 'em somewheres off the square.'

He launched eagerly into further suggestions for improving Fallon.

After Bessie had taken up the supper and they were all seated at the table, she observed him silently, noting every detail. The hot evening in early September was none too kind to Breeze. Sweat trickled down his glossy cheeks, wilting his stiff collar. In an effort to make the Joneses feel that he was of their own kind, he displayed the most careless of manners, shoveling in the excellent food with gusto as he talked.

Robert was right, thought Bessie. The world had indeed gone backward. Instead of Madame du Barry, so beautiful that her worst slanderers were stricken into silence before her, so gracious and brave in adversity that the good nuns of her prison adored her;

instead of the Duc de Brissac, giving new dignity to his beloved by the depth and restraint of his passion, here was this Kiwanis organizer, and herself, awkward and countrified, trying to pretend that a rambling, old, badly built house and a prosaic farm were a château and Luciennes. Slowly her disillusion penetrated still deeper.

Conscious of what he had done, and already full of compunction, Robert did not go with the others.

'I'm like you, Bessie,' he explained; 'I have very little taste for Kiwanis and Rotary clubs.'

The perfume from the vine-covered porch enveloped them; and standing there in the twilight, watching the departing car, disappointment chastened Bessie's sweet face and gave it an illusive wistfulness. It seemed to Robert, for a moment, that he had a glimpse of how Bessie might have looked, had she lived in that other time and in that other environment for which she longed. Under the tan, hidden away in this mother of many children, there was the possibility of a rarely charming woman. Yet, for years, — until he had lent her that Pompadour book, — he had differentiated her from their other neighbors only by the size of her family and the superiority of her poultry.

'Come,' she said, turning to Robert; 'I want to show you our new little colt; and you know I have ten hens and my big two-hundred-and-fifty-egg incubator hatching. The chicks began coming out this morning. I like to bring off a brood in September. It'll be the last one this year, and I've just had real good luck. You must see them.'

As they went down the cellar stairs, the squeals of puppies were blurred by the manifold cheeping of the two-hundred-odd fluffy bits of life.

'Like flowers, ain't they?' murmured Bessie, lifting them on her hands as lightly as the blossoms they seemed to

her. There was a warm silence as her children entered with her into the delicate ecstasy of the moment.

'I 'm thinkin',' she said with a smile, 'that we 'll have something a heap nicer than this in a few hours. If it was a girl, I was a-goin' to call her Marie Antoinette — just to show there was no hard feelin'. But now, somehow, since this evenin' — somehow,' she broke out desperately, 'somehow I 'm wonderin' if du Barry and all the rest of 'em might n't seem as differ'nt from what I 've been thinkin' as this Mr. Breeze turned out. Seems as if I 've been actin' kinda foolish like with all this pretendin' and livin' in a dream.'

'Why, Comtesse,' returned Robert gently, 'Pierre is like you and myself:

he has simply yielded to the perpetual leveling, — cavaliers turning Roundheads, — that 's all. It 's a process and we call it — progress.

'I feel terribly guilty, Bessie,' he went on, 'but — I have another world, if you want it.'

'Another?'

'Hundreds of them. Suppose we let the next one be Mrs. Thrals. How congenial you two should be! And you will love her friends — Sam Johnson, Boswell, the Italian fiddler, and —'

'Do you know any of their descendants?' Bessie asked suspiciously.

But Robert noticed with satisfaction that she seemed less shaken. His tone carried conviction. 'I guarantee you, Bessie, that this time there will not be a single descendant.'

EXILED

BY HAROLD VINAL

I WILL remember to the very last
The look of ships upon a quiet sea,
Each windy sail, each spar and slender mast
Must linger ever in my memory.
I will remember hills and harbor ways
And bright lagoons, though I long to forget,
Enchanted islands, green as chrysoprase,
And lonely nights of rose and violet.

Men who have known such splendid things as these,
Can never quite forget what they have learned;
Their thoughts must always be of secret seas,
Or of dim places where the moonlight burned.
Always the sound of wind moans in their ears
Or rush of waters under ghostly piers.

MRS. MEYNELL: A STUDY

BY ANNE KIMBALL TUELL

I

WITH the death of Mrs. Meynell there has passed a spirit of absolute importance. Hers is a voice to which we have listened for forty years with a habit of respect unmarred by scruple. It was heard, a fine, firm note, in the English journalism of the eighteen-eighties — a note already individual, not of a cult, with something of the solitude which she has felt to be the likely sign of genius, small or large. It was greeted with bold recognition by the great editor who seldom erred on the side of praise, W. E. Henley; it was revered with touching and beautiful devotion by the two veterans of letters, Coventry Patmore and George Meredith; till in the flush of her early fame Mrs. Meynell was acclaimed, even by the ruefully laughing protest of Max Beerbohm, the literary queen of the nineties.

Those were the days of glad discovery. Honor has moved sometimes since to a quieter measure. Some reaction there has been from an extravagance of claim which Mrs. Meynell would never have made for herself; some charge here and there of dallying preciosity by writers ludicrously ignorant of the pressure under which Mrs. Meynell's little masterpieces have usually been produced. But criticism has never seriously disputed her fine and private eminence. One point of stability has remained, while younger names have shone out and grown dim, while little systems have had their day

and ceased to be: here, in the slim volumes of Mrs. Meynell, is prose not of a fashion but of quality, and poetry which needs no commentary to be known for poetry.

Our deference has been accorded above all to her sureness. This has been no gift uncertain of its way and end. This is no mere registry of temperament. Each small work of prose or verse has been the product of an alert vitality, in charge, aware of itself, whether the record of acute perception in the world of fair things under the sun or of thought in the chambers of an exquisite imagery. Where another has liked to perceive a cloud or a mist, she has willed to descry always a certain shape. She has been known therefore as a maker of fine distinctions.

From the very fineness of her stroke comes the 'obscurity' sometimes felt by the easy-going reader of her prose. She has called George Meredith master, and we see why. We understand too Meredith's unqualified honor for her early essay. Here is, to be sure, no Meredithian stenography, but an 'instancy' of approach alien to our normally slack vocabularies. The kinship with Charles Lamb is plain enough in the knack for the lucky word and the will to work for it. The kinship is plain besides with the literary ancestry of Lamb and the phrases 'choicely good' of the seventeenth century. Here are no recondite obliquities. But as we

turn the modern pages we remember ever more genially the good Sir Thomas Browne, 'differencing himself more nearly and drawing into a lesser circle.' Even more nicely differenced are the phrases of Mrs. Meynell.

Hence her importance in the abundant flowering of the literary essay in the eighteen-nineties. For the *mot juste*, which Max Beerbohm has called the 'Holy Grail of the nineties,' was as infrequently achieved as any grail, albeit most energetically sought. Here, as always, Mrs. Meynell was of her age and yet curiously separate within it. She was, as she has said, unaware of the religion of the word which had its ritual in the London about her. She had read for her edification no page of Flaubert, was conscious indeed of no literary influence upon her prose except, as Americans will be glad to hear, the influence of Lowell. She lived, careless of the movement of which she was so influential a part, with the single interest alone — to write 'modern prose' in a way to be found by herself, free of hereditary conventions.

Thus we understand the forever 'unexpected' quality in her language. For the original phrase — foolishly so-called — is, as one sadly reflects, only the right one. And till her death Mrs. Meynell remained, as many will be bold to assert, easily superior amid her generation in one thing — in her truth to the sheer word. Many are called to literary honesty, but few are chosen to the verbal sincerity of genius. We go our literary ways, 'seeking inventions fine.' We handle our dormant vocabularies, hoping for some strange combination which shall raise that mass of faded metaphor to a better resurrection. Mrs. Meynell has recalled us always to the difficult way; she has applied with consistency her creed — that the most finely exact word of thought, the most accurately respon-

sive word of sense, is the only word which can forever make all things new. 'The style is in the very conception of a word, in its antenatal history. Else is it neither choice nor authentic.'

Of fine shades in language therefore she has become the appropriate recorder. Nor need she consider such interpretation beneath the scope of high criticism, finding in language a master-creation, revelation of our incremental human process. Born 'an international child,' early free of foreign cities, she has been exempt from the curse of Babel, hearing every man with readiness in his own tongue. Language has been to her not a barrier but an enfranchisement. She has been sensitive to the paradox of linguistic counterchange, the value of the verbal turn most choicely relished by the foreigner. She has been sensitive to courteous idiom, in some special tongue, 'freighted with such feeling as the very language keeps in store,' has caught a buoyant snatch of essential Italian or the sunny word of France. She has heeded, none better, the dual ancestry of our English, the splendor of foreign encounters within our sentence, holding by preference to 'the remoteness of Latinity.' With comprehension too she has remembered the limitation of the homely and the inexpressive — the 'shelter' of dialect, the gallantry of children not to be baffled in the adventure of speech. With tenderness she has pitied the 'narrow house' of the inarticulate, its lack of 'the ultimate syllable,' and of the ultimate experience therefore: 'For doubtless right language enlarges the soul as no other power can do.'

She has liked best with her own right language to name the 'spirit of place.' It challenges us all and then eludes like a melody returned into the air. But to her who has had 'the love of altering speech, of frontiers in the

blood,' it has allowed discovery, drifting in bell tunes from campanili tops, shining on clear horizons.

Abstemious even in beauty, Mrs. Meynell has preferred the lesser aspects of place which refuse excess — the sun that rises on the plain of Suffolk, 'nearer the dew of his birth than the sun that leaps from the mountain-top.' She has cared little for English lawns reserved for beauty, preferring 'the ascetic lines of Italy,' the 'scenery moulded by the industry of man.' For the luxurious richness of the English park she has felt sometimes distaste: 'It is only in a landscape made for beauty that beauty is so ill achieved.' This is the paradoxical 'lesson of landscape.'

Mrs. Meynell's real lesson of landscape has been the lesson of the 'vigilant senses.' There is delight in line which loves the point of fine grass-blade or parallels of 'tethered rushes swept to a single attitude.' There is frank pleasure in the tactile, the joys of sensitive hands, the feel of flowers through the bare feet of children. But her special sense has been for the fine vitalities of the mobile world. For Mrs. Meynell has achieved a good paradox which she has not named: accepting for her own the narrow method of detail, she has delivered her readers into the liberty of light and air. There is the tremble of translucent aspens with which 'the very sun and breath of earth are entangled.' There is the always differing sky. And aloft is the holiday of the cloud, 'distributing the sun.' There are the 'winds of the world.'

Here the paradoxes are at hand: the rise of the horizon as we mount, the shadow lurking in the light. This last fancy has reached its most distinguished phrasing in her lines 'To Tintoretto,' who seized the head of art and made her face the sun: —

And therefore face the shadows mystical,
Sombre, translucent, vestiges of night,
Yet glories of the day.

Here the paradox of the visible day has become a symbol.

II

To her paradox we recur perforce in any comment upon Mrs. Meynell, although she has maintained with her generation a pleasant quarrel for its paradoxical excesses, its panting for the 'unexpected phrase.' It would not occur to anybody to deny our predilection. We have long been amorous of the shock in literary sensation, from the needle-prick of the Wilde epigram to the rude sting of the Shaw 'gadfly.' And the paradox as commonly conceived, the spark of contradiction, is no longer a secret. Thanks to the popularity of Mr. Chesterton, his method, though by no means his vision, has ceased to be a mystery.

But the revelation of the unexpected is always a primary, if unconscious, demand upon the faculty of genius. To transcend the commonplace, we are pretty well agreed, is to acclaim the miracle. And our glad salute for art achieved is always in some sense the spirit of delight rushing upon discovery. The act of creation is always in one way or another a new act. It carries a surprise like the surprise of sunshine — giver of illusion perhaps; 'sun without which everything would look just like what it is'; or, again, searcher of reality, quickening to the recognition of unregarded truth.

And the paradox explicit, the paradox of contradiction, is no vain thing, though we may make of it a jugglery or stretch it to the deadness of automatism. It is at its cheapest sign of a mental stirring, worthy at least in dexterity. In right health it is product of a mind alert to significant relations.

At best it is a master-word, shaped to apparent incongruity by the pressure of interior powers. It records a touch from the depths of the commonly impalpable obscure. For the truly questing spirit brushes as it passes the hidden infinitude of contradiction.

Mrs. Meynell indeed would never have wished her ridicule to be taken literally, for she has confessed the habit when she most derided, and has attacked in better paradoxes than most of us can make. Paradox, indeed, special, lightly resonant, has come to be acknowledged the essential quality of her work at its best.

The deeper paradox cleared to 'spiritual sense' is a recurrent theme in her reflective essays, best read with her poetry as gloss. 'Commentaries,' she has called them; but the word suggests too local a habitation for their content. They record a consciousness passive but listening for news below the obvious and the familiar, awaiting a vagrant but sure enlightenment. The mystery is recalled of the hours for sleep 'when the mind by some divine paradox has a deeper sense of light.' The rhythm of our interior life is remembered, the flux and flow of the 'tides of the mind,' the sense of presence dependent upon our experience of absence, the alternate visitation to even the most 'single' spirits of 'ecstasy and desolation.' She broods most reverently upon the wonder of maternity, the sacred union in solitude of mother and child, the continuity of personal life in generation. Late as early she is possessed by the mystery of time, realized alone in the sense of antiquity remembered from the interminable years of childhood.

III

Childhood remains with her a mystery visited by revelation. Here is

another witness, valid because unsentimental, to the inner sight of privileged children. Mrs. Meynell's kinship seems with the seventeenth century again, with Traherne, who celebrated in simplicity and in philosophy a childhood of unimaginable powers: 'My essence was capacity.' This was the beginning and end of his intimations. She remembers too with Wordsworth the exultation over beauty of the child's soul 'at its daybreak in the dark.' She derives 'from the ministration of a boy,' from Dante, poetry's highest reach of spiritual love. Childhood holds and transcends the complete experience of maturity. 'Therefore be satisfied,' she bids the early dead of modern battle: —

Long life is in your treasury ere you fall,
Yes, and first love, like Dante's, oh, a bride
Forever mystical.
Irrevocable good . . .
Your childhood was; there Space, there Multitude,
There dwelt Antiquity.

But the children of Mrs. Meynell's essays are not oppressed by the weight of their immortalities. Theirs is a reality of flesh, surprised by too careful an approach to scare them. She waits in patience upon the opening consciousness of these new spirits, without forcing, without impertinence. She waits, not to feel the future in the instant, some far culmination in the last of life for which the first has been fondly supposed to be made. She cares rather for childhood essential, for the characteristic, slow unfolding.

She watches the beginnings of the personal life, 'the hasty, huddled outcry of birth,' 'the first uncertain sketch of a smile, private, dry.' As the early years draw on, she has compassion for the unready mind in a too quick world, for the tumult and penitence of a gusty spirit not yet prepared for its own danger. She recaptures for our memory the intensity of sight within the

narrow range — the swarming details of the ground to which we moved so close, the endless events of the unimaginable hour, the keen impression of place or of face beloved, the recoil from grotesque. She respects with a delicacy which will not press or handle the distance of childhood from our alien lives revealed by the reticence of the growing boy or by some inscrutable childish answer. She defends the intelligence of the starting mind, its refusal of absurdity. Only the child of sentiment is never met in her pages. Her child, the true child, is never 'posed in some form of grace'; he stands on both feet, 'getting what grip he can of the earth.'

IV

As a critic of life Mrs. Meynell has been, as one might expect, finely fastidious. She has turned from the touch of vulgarity with the recoil that marks the limitation of the daintier sense. She has written boldly, grown to confident taste from long habit of gracious living among gracious things. Natural then but sometimes unsparing has been her derision for our modern world with its incurable leaning toward things 'mentally inexpensive.'

She has been less happy when she has derided. Hers was neither the high gayety nor the indignant passion required for derision at its best. In such sallies her style is sometimes hurried or voluble, less sustained for all its timber. Enlightened gravity has been the right source of her unquenchable wit. A gentle spirit committed to satire may often force the note from unconscious reluctance. 'To be clever and sensitive, and to hurt the foolish and stolid! Wouldst thou do such a deed for all the world?'

She has had none the less a sure aim against the paradoxes of insincerity

despised most heartily by whoso loves best 'the paradoxes of truth.' She has ridiculed a static theatre confirmed in slowness till its idea of advance becomes a perpetual retard. She has girded at our willed and premeditated laughter adopted as conventional morality. She has dissected with admirable spirit our addiction to pathos, our predestined sensibility. We live, it sometimes seems, in a 'world decivilized.'

For America, which she has loved with a romance humbling to the patriot, Mrs. Meynell has had a word of wholesome laughter. Stout champion of American culture, genial friend even of its 'liberal ignorances,' she has had sufficient perspective as a reviewer of American fiction to set in the light some unsuspected sins. She has not liked our 'best parlor emulations,' our hope to be valued for a certified address. She has not liked the parlors themselves in the farmhouses of our countryside, though she should have done us the justice to remember that they were never meant to be used. She has not liked in our country folk 'the energetic provincialism, the distressing household industry.' She has not liked our 'affections made vulgar by undemonstrativeness, kindness by reticence, religion by candor.' Here is paradox for us to eat.

Some of us find it too in her formula for American literary gift — exquisiteness. 'In ripeness and not in rawness consists the excellence of Americans.' The critic did not expect her dictum to be popular; she found us ambitious for a poetry gigantic and elementary — such a poetry as can never be ours, heirs as we are, not of some heroic age, but of the English centuries. To such ambition she ascribed our pride in Walt Whitman, pronounced with intrepidity 'the poet of mediocrity,' 'clamorous, not thunderous.' She wrote boldly, in a style

taut and steady, conscious of danger. She wrote and survived. But with healing praise she has summoned us to recognize our powers as she sees them, 'the conscious and delicate achievement of American letters.' More especially, she has known Emerson the poet. She has measured the fineness of Father Tabb, his 'immediacy,' his melody. She has loved best the catholic mind of Lowell, most congenial as most entirely man of letters.

Mrs. Meynell's discrimination is usually finest in her literary interpretations. Of other arts she has written variously as amateur by the sanction of a refined and intimate vision. But of letters she has spoken with authority, dealing justice with assurance. For the most part we accept that verdict with a deference granted to competence alone.

The most enlightened dogma may err, to be sure. Shortly before the resurrection of Traherne she wrote: 'We know that there does not lurk another Crashaw contemned, another Vaughan disregarded, another George Herbert misplaced.'

Even Olympian assertion takes a risk when it meddles with history; but the wise will not commonly dispute with Mrs. Meynell the paradoxes of her qualitative analysis. The self-effacement of the Ruskin study we respect, but respect still more the great interpretive sentence: that the student most grieved for that lamentable spirit must wish him to have been, 'not less, but more a man sacrificed.' We must enjoy, whether we like it or not, the superb castigation of Swinburne, 'who took the treasure of the language and put it in his pocket for the fatal purpose of sound, not of sense'; whose thoughts had 'their origin, their home, their authority, their mission, in two places, his own vocabulary and the passions of other men.' Here is finality, perhaps

too frequent with Mrs. Meynell, suggestive of her admiration for Dr. Johnson. But we can all rejoice at our recovery of Tennyson, misunderstood in the possession 'at the same time of both a style and a manner,' the style of radiance freed from captivity at the chaste touch moist and cold, the purity of poetical criticism.

Mrs. Meynell's honor has been given with least scruple and reserve to Coventry Patmore. The criticism indeed of our Roman Catholic poets for one another has been of a cult, accepted by the initiate, but seeming to the laity ignorant of the mysteries over-consummate in praise. They have seen more in one another than we, greatly venerating too, could always find. The critics, however, have been poets of instructed sensibility, which may well give us lessons in reverence. 'Ask saints of heaven,' said Chaucer, 'for they can tell.' And the poets have as likely authority for poetry. Nowhere at least has the prose of Mrs. Meynell a surer distinction than in her respect for this 'poetry of pathos and delight.' Her language takes on a dignity gnomic and oracular, rising to a solemn tension in the candor of a high admiration.

V

The prose of Mrs. Meynell is commonly perceptive, sensuous; her poetry is even beyond the use of lyric, inward, personal. From the fine-strung impressionism of her essay we might with logic expect an exquisite objectiveness of verse. Better than another, indeed, can Mrs. Meynell, when she wishes, fuse and temper the phrase for verse, the phrase of golden lustre lit with the truth of sunshine, or the phrase bare and searching like the wind of her *Rainy Summer*. But the registry of the senses, chosen by more than one modern school as its very stuff of poetry, is

to her its mere beginning, its proper but casual felicity. Her poetry issues at its best from what she calls the 'exalted senses,' from her apprehension for spiritual significance.

We pass with her on familiar ways, but we pass in the presence of prophetic beckonings, with a summons to the uplifted heart. Her poetry finds through things visible and lovely a transmission from august levels — not indeed a revelation, but an assurance of divine secrecy. The beauty of the visible world is the channel of spiritual grace — like her thrush before dawn, singing ignorant, passionless, but singing of ancient knowledge and ancient desire. The body, then, is the creature on which creation depends, for which creation functions, sought by a divine approach. Poetry of such sort, fervid, grave, tuned to outward perception, turns inward for its essential content.

Her art brooded young over the mystery of its own poetic consciousness. She liked to fancy a continuity in poetic generation, a communion of all the saints of poetry, in which as in eternity there is no distinction of time. She greeted in kinship the singers yet to come, whose melody lay still unstirred, implicit in field and hill. The girl hailed in her future her own sure election to poetic privilege, recognized with the sacrificial and exultant passion of a neophyte.

The spirit of poetry in its eternal renewal she has felt to be divinity. So wayward it may seem in its approach that a lonely poem in a barren season may be the dropping of a past harvest or harbinger of spring. But it is ever recurrent, potential, giver of immortal answers to the 'mortal guess.'

The very mystery of the self, the loneliness of human personality, is a wonder persistent to her poetry. She has imagined the isolation of our separated spirits, parted in a cleavage

resisted vainly by mortal wistfulness. Here is a poetry of desire, stretching hands beyond the personal limit, rejoicing at each slight bridging of the gulf, the impalpable obscure between soul and soul. The running of the tides is her symbol for the reach and withdrawal of the human spirit, 'inhastening dear and desired,' to flood the shore and brim the inland pools, waning as surely with the ebb, without consent but of necessity, returning 'with lessening farewells' to the inaccessible distance.

The excellence of this intuitive poetry Coventry Patmore called, long ago, its feminine quality. Its excellence and its limitation! For by a Patmorian oracle the feminine principle reaches its full stature in poetry only when it is achieved in the soul of man. Just what this means we shall know only when the feminine principle *zieht uns hinan*. Perhaps it is but a riddling guise of the Miltonic suggestion that human nature in Eden completeness is not Adam and Eve, but Adam *plus* Eve, each partial, together a whole being. But for temporal criticism we may recognize without too vain analysis the feminine poet within her own psychology.

Her purity is the purity of woman, circumspect, conscious, but natural and 'unprofaned'; articulate, too, for all its reticence. Her serenity, when she has it, is the serenity of woman with her soul at quiet, moving in light and beauty, but still, guarded, 'shepherding' her thoughts like her own lady of delight. Her intuition too is of the woman, subtle, eager, unshrinking from the consequence of its own sensitivity. From the depths of woman's pity, from woman's need to suffer in surrounding suffering, has come the poignancy of her verse, always sadder as years have deepened her ruth at human haplessness. With her advance into experience, therefore, her verse

uncovered more and more the paradox of unexpected grief, till the very sacrifices of natural tenderness appear gifts of tragic destiny upon which God has forever multiplied sorrow. Motherhood itself, to Mrs. Meynell life's best endowment, becomes, from this sad side of truth, a responsibility pitiful beyond our thought, till the very caresses of childhood are received with gratitude as 'unhoped, undeserved,' and the gift of birth is but the gift of death, since

She who slays,
Is she who bears, who bears.

The crucifixion of Christ, to her the extreme act of human suffering, is interpreted by a fresh and daring symbolism. The cry of the forsaken Christ is not the solitary lament of a mortal despair; it is the birth-cry of immortal understanding, the first recoil of dying man entering the knowledge of divinity, seeing for the first time and for the moment hesitating to accept 'God's infinite capacity for woe.' In such poems as this, relentless in the contemplation of sorrow, is the surest token of the feminine spirit, which, since it may not heal them, must bear the sins of the world. For when other Madonnas shall have been forgotten, Our Lady of Sorrows will remain, holding swords to her breast.

The early verse of Mrs. Meynell had indeed the native limitation of woman's poetry, the tremor of a too unquiet sensibility. It had still the fine flurry of the blood, the palpitation not indeed of essential weakness but of unfulfillment. Not always were the 'wild thoughts' shepherded. Always repressed but never entirely stilled was the straining of which Mrs. Meynell herself accuses woman, her eagerness for the point of rest among the chances of our mortal life. The imperfection of woman's spirit she defined and renounced in her poem of the war,

'A Father of Women,' wherein she calls upon the powers which attend on mortal thought, not indeed to unsex her, but to grant her reënforcement for unimaginable endurance. With self-knowledge she rejected the extreme pang of woman's sympathy, praying for a transfusion of the father's blood, strength for compassion, quiet for the rash will, and the tenderness which can 'pause and prevail.' The complete woman, she would say, who would sustain both the sharpness of life and 'the pierced heart of the poet,' must remember herself daughter of man.

But this feminine poetry had touched in fact its fulfillment, coming to rest in religion, its right and predestined theme. In the poetry of devotion she found, with no loss of her essential fineness, her needed liberation — the point of stable equilibrium reached and held. She found at her very best the simplicity that draws from peace, the simplicity that she holds to be 'ultimate poetry.' It is prophecy of a woman's poetry able to achieve at once a sufficient power and a sufficient tenderness. It may in some measure foretell a service to man like the sanctity of her Saint Catherine, valorous in pity, receiving the fainting head of man upon her breast — the breast not alone of the potential mother, but 'the breast where beat the heart of Christ.' Here, at least in some few verses, is a poetry 'erect in tears,' strong for redemption.

VI

In religion Mrs. Meynell's poetry found fulfillment for the personal self, craving to escape its bondage, to merge its desire within another life. Man may not find union with man. The mystery of the secret soul must abide. But the incalculable mystery, union with God, is an easier matter. And for common man, untouched by poetry, but 'intent,

devout,' there is, by the message of the Roman Catholic poet, a union with God, forever offered, forever received, in the sacramental rite of the Church. In 'A General Communion' is answered with simplicity the protest of man's isolation. 'Struck apart' are the worshipers, prisoned soul from soul, but each offered in the gift of the sacrament union with Very God; each receiving in his lonely self the ministration of ineffable powers. This poetry of intuition becomes then, at its finest, — if one may risk the word in whose name critical crimes are most easily committed, — the poetry of mysticism.

Mrs. Meynell reached most surely her fulfillment in religious verse, since the paradox, the natural shape of her thought, is the most daring expression of the mystic consciousness. The human speech is broken when 'the deadly flesh begins to behold spiritual things.' Greatest mystics, as we know, have often been content to say nothing. Or if they will to speak that they do know and to bear witness to that they have seen, they struggle somewhat vainly, like true children of heaven's kingdom, for the unknown words of eternal life. They are articulate in symbols, the flame, the light, the voice, the pilgrimage — witness, perhaps, in their perpetual return to the oneness of their truth. But by and beyond the combination of symbols, there remains for religious expression the paradox, a more gallant utterance, since it seeks, unlike the evasive symbol, not alone to suggest but directly to affirm; honest in defeat, since it confesses failure by its essential contradiction.

The Christian consciousness has repeatedly chosen the paradox to express its inexpressible. Man has known himself to be 'in the assaulted stronghold of his will' a battle of warring principles called ineffectually the flesh and the spirit, the *Psychomachia* en-

during through the ages, where he takes at once both sides, choosing apparently at the same time good and evil. Old and familiar is his protest at the paradox of his slavery: 'What I hate, that I do.' Recurrently the saint has striven to name the miracle of deliverance from self, the enfranchisement-in-bondage, the death-in-life, the joy-in-grief, the loss-in-gain, the strength made perfect in weakness, the revelation of wisdom unto babes when the things of naught are chosen to confound the things that are. He has known the paradox of prayer, the desire for the unpalatable good which the praying soul at the very moment of petition abhors. And no claimant for human beatitude has found to declare the oneness of all experience a better language than a sheaf of contradictions: —

I am the doubter and the doubt,
And I the hymn the Brahmin sings,

says Emerson for Brahma. And, answering the Greek hymn from behind the centuries, —

I am a Door to thee who knockest at Me,
I am a Way to thee a wayfarer, —

Mrs. Meynell confesses for the modern mystic a bolder creed:—

Access, Approach
Art Thou — Time, Way, and Wayfarer.

The paradox held a special relish for the English seventeenth century, to which Mrs. Meynell seems often curiously akin. An age profoundly religious for all its whims, it chose the paradox with deliberation and reverence. An age which waited with idolatry upon the singular and the clever, loving the paradox as the quintessence of wit, it held the religious paradox an offering acceptable unto God, the best act of 'holy facetiousness.'

There are few pleasanter suggestions of poetical friendliness than the record

of Cowley and Crashaw, exchanging the paradoxes of hope, —

The entity of those that are not yet.

The natural maker of seventeenth-century religious paradox is Crashaw, himself 'undaunted' spirit of desire, turning ecstasy into epigram in lyric chant: —

Welcome all wonders in one sight!
Eternity shut in a span!
Summer in Winter! Day in Night!
Heaven in earth, and God in Man!
Great little one, Whose all-embracing birth
Lifts earth to Heaven, stoops Heaven to earth!

Crashaw left sufficient sanction for a core of paradox in our Roman Catholic poetry. Francis Thompson indeed, rather than Crashaw, is its representative. The poetry of Crashaw, rising from the altar of an exquisite spirit, is a flame indeed, but a flame for its own small altar. The Christian paradox of Thompson is of a richer and larger consciousness, potent with splendid imaginings, driven by the dynamic of a complex emotion. It speaks with authority in the divine riddles of 'Assunta Maria.' It echoes variously to the running of *The Hound of Heaven*. It strikes out once a primary simplicity, chanting the superb creed of the mystic assumption: —

O world invisible, we view thee.
O world intangible, we touch thee.
O world unknowable, we know thee.
Inapprehensible, we clutch thee.

The religious paradox of Mrs. Meynell, with whom we so closely associate the genius of Francis Thompson, is a smaller but more subtle thing. It carries none of the headlong gusto, the multitudinous melody; it is but the shaping force of a little lyric, still at the end like a bird with throbbing heart just alighted. It trails no cloud of splendor. It has the compression of the epigram, compact, reserved. Less emo-

tional for all its intensity than the regal contradictions of Thompson, hers is a paradox of intellectual fibre, which gives strength and distinction to her intuitive flights.

Her religious poetry disputes with the challenge of unconditioned faith the cruelty of fact. To the inscrutable horrors of fortuitous disaster wrought by the 'immediate and unintelligible' act of some natural destroying force, she opposes the redemptive rush of human compassion, the 'mediate and intelligible hand' of a retrieving God. The extreme of asceticism is here, a clinging to an incalculable value in all renouncement, constraint to search the depths of spiritual poverty lest some priceless treasure be missed. There is a dread more than mediæval of life untormented, distrust of ease — not alone as a peril but as a denial; desire to entertain fear and pain as angelic guests and to wrestle with them in the dark, lest some necessary blessing be foregone. With a daring beyond orthodoxy she insists on the special privilege of sin committed, a possession ignoble, sorrow-weighted, none the less to be cherished as access to life or as first stage already of a rebirth in beauty. The outer bound of renunciation is reached in the question, 'Why wilt thou chide?' wherein is enshrined as spiritual treasure the very failure of spiritual achievement, wherein the darkness of the soul rejected by divine Love is held priceless beyond mortal joy. In such a world of spiritual values only, 'The Divine Prerogative' refused to the desire of man is but the privilege of sacrifice — the one unbearable sight, the spectacle not of injustice but of justice; 'the merited scourge.'

But the supreme paradox of the God-in-man, of the Word-made-flesh, is Mrs. Meynell's inevitable theme. Here at least she ceases to let down her 'melancholy lead' into the depth of

sorrow, but brings instead annunciation of grace. Orthodox in her acceptance of dogma, poet in her imagination for its significance, she is a philosopher too in her recognition of the infinities of secrecy withheld from mortal ken. So 'Christ in the Universe,' a poem of literal Christianity, reverent for the human visitation of 'an entrusted Word,' is nobly aware of mysteries beyond the knowledge of 'our wayside planet,' of revelations perhaps given elsewhere of 'a million alien gospels,' all essential to true knowledge, conceivable by us maybe in some eternity, —

When in our turn we show to them a Man.

The doctrine of the Incarnation, this core of dogmatic Christianity, makes most natural poetry to the Roman Catholic, used as he is to the dramatic sacrament, schooled to believe in some sense the immediate transcendence of the material element. This at least is the sublime paradox which comes readily to our Roman Catholic poets — from the staid and gentle childishness of Southwell to the hieratic chantings of Thompson. To Mrs. Meynell's imagination, the figure of the Mass is ever present. In all nature, indeed, she sees made ready and offered the sacrament of the divine feast. To her the God driven by human ordinance from human altars is present wherever grows and comes to harvest the wheat and the grape, already in mystery the bread and wine, the 'lonely unconsecrated Host,' awaiting the privilege of sacrifice.

In 'The Unknown God' we have Mrs. Meynell at her highest. Here is one poem 'plain beyond oracles' and 'past all symbols' simple, where, in the life of a stranger at Communion, fed at the altar, the present Deity is recog-

nized incarnate, realized, worshiped in the mind and faltering will, but the God confessed: —

Christ in his unknown heart,
His intellect unknown, this love, this art,
This battle and this peace, this destiny,
That I shall never know, look upon me.

In the sacramental reading of this poem is, indeed, if we may use the thought without irreverence, a transubstantiation of paradox, paradox become the literalness of simple truth.

The message of 'The Unknown God' may be the authentic, is at least the present message of Mrs. Meynell. To appraise our full debt to her latest verse we must await its final garnering. And we turn to-day with some wistfulness the exquisite pages of her early verse, even of her prose unchallenged in distinction. Both seem sometimes strangely remote, like many another fine thing, relic of choice hours in an England that is changing.

'Shall not the Thing,' wrote Mrs. Meynell once, 'as we compose ourselves to literature, assume more and more the honor, the hesitation, the reconciliation of the Word?'

Nothing appears at present less likely. A fastidious leisure seems just now the least probable asset of our uncertain future. But as we advance into years of difficulty and unlovely turbulence, we shall find at least one dogma essential, however diverse the language of its mysteries — the dogma of an Incarnation, of a divinity alive within the human mould, the perception of the Unknown God in the heart of common man. For one paradox immemorial and prophetic is necessary to us, if the paradox of hope forever resurgent and creative is to remain: *Verbum caro factum est.*

JAPAN: A SEQUEL TO THE WASHINGTON CONFERENCE

BY HECTOR C. BYWATER

I

SUFFICIENT time has now elapsed since the Washington Conference to enable us to gauge the effect of its leading decisions on the naval position of Japan; and a study of this subject is rendered the more opportune in consequence of recent developments in the Far East which seem likely to react upon the naval policies of other powers.

The initial fact that emerges from a survey of the situation to-day is the patent failure of the Conference to achieve its main purpose, namely, to check the further expansion of sea armaments in any and every shape or form. It has undoubtedly been successful in arresting the multiplication of capital ships, which are at once the most costly and — to the lay mind, at all events — the most aggressive instruments of sea power; but, through causes too notorious to need repetition, it imposed no veto on the building of other combatant types, save airplane carriers, and at least one signatory party has deemed it expedient to take full advantage of this omission. The result is that to-day, barely twelve months after the acceptance of the Limitation Treaty, a revival of ship-building competition seems inevitable if the balance of power as regulated by that treaty is to be maintained.

To state the case in a sentence: Japan, by diverting to the construction of cruisers and submarines no small part of the energy she formerly expended on capital ships, will soon be

in possession of a fleet of 'auxiliary combatant' vessels superior in some respects to that of any other power. The ratios of international strength formulated by the authors of the treaty have thus been upset, unless we assume the capital ship alone to possess any fighting value — an assumption manifestly absurd. Indeed, the relative importance of auxiliary craft has increased very considerably as the result of limiting the number of heavy ships. Therefore, when we find that Japan during the last five years has built or ordered no less than 23 light cruisers, as against a collective total of 16 for Great Britain and the United States, it would be futile to pretend that the Washington agreement has either stabilized naval strength on anything like a comprehensive basis, or relieved the naval authorities of Britain and America of all anxiety as to the future.

So far is this from being the case that at the moment of writing the United States Navy Department is understood to have in preparation a large programme of auxiliary construction; and it seems only a question of time before the British Government will be compelled to take similar measures.

Japan, to do her justice, has been perfectly frank with regard to her post-Conference naval policy. Her intentions have been advertised to the world, even if their full significance has not been unduly stressed. She justifies her formidable programme of auxiliary

tonnage on two grounds: first, that it is necessary in order to save the national shipbuilding and kindred industries from the ruin that would have overtaken them had all naval construction come to a standstill; secondly, that the additional cruisers and submarines are really needed to compensate for the reduced strength of the battle fleet.

As regards the first argument, it is no doubt true that the sudden stoppage of all shipbuilding for the navy would have been a most serious blow, not merely to the trades directly concerned, but to the whole economic system of the country.

A few facts and figures bearing on this point will not be out of place. Under the impetus of conditions set up by the World War, the industries of Japan flourished amazingly for a few years, and shipbuilding, in particular, was developed to a remarkable extent. In 1914 the number of yards producing sea-going ships did not exceed six; by 1918 there were 57 such establishments in operation. The slump of 1920 drove more than half these newer yards out of business, and in August of last year only 26 remained.

At the close of the war, when orders for mercantile tonnage began to fall off and at length almost entirely ceased to come in, the shipyards were forced to depend for their existence largely on Admiralty contracts. From their point of view the big naval programme of 1920 was a veritable godsend. Irrespective of smaller vessels, it provided for the construction, within eight years, of a fleet of 16 capital ships, with an average displacement of approximately 42,000 tons, and of this number at least one half were to have been built in private yards. Under the Washington agreement no less than 14 of these vessels were cancelled, including six that were already building. When this decision became known in Japan, there

was an outcry from the shipbuilders, who saw themselves faced with ruin, and even louder protests came from the shipyard workers, who form one of the best-organized branches of Japanese labor.

According to official statistics, there were in Japan nine large private yards that were generally engaged in warship construction, employing between them 96,000 hands, and four naval dockyards, employing some 61,000 hands. Consequently, the number of workers who were interested in the building of warships was 157,000, of whom, it was estimated, 50 per cent would be thrown out of employment through the cancelling of battleship orders alone. Had auxiliary ships been included in the limitation scheme, the percentage of men rendered workless would have been as high as 75.

Even as it was, organized labor became dangerously restive. Mass meetings of shipyard employees were held, and violent speeches made against the Government for having 'betrayed' the workers. Agitators who had previously complained most bitterly of the burden of armaments were now foremost in opposing a reduction of that burden.

It has been hinted in some quarters that this popular clamor against the suspension of warship construction was by no means distasteful to the Government, who saw in it an excellent excuse for continuing the development of the navy on as large a scale as was possible without transgressing the letter of the treaty. Be that as it may, generous concessions were granted with a promptitude that was rather surprising, in view of the tendency of officialdom in Japan to resist any form of dictation by the masses.

Less than a month after the Washington Conference dispersed, it was announced at Tokyo that an agreement had been come to between the

Government and the shipbuilders, whereby the latter would be provided with other work in lieu of the counter-manned battleships, and the wholesale discharge of shipyard workers would thus be avoided. The scheme was to retain practically intact that part of the 1920 programme which related to auxiliary ships, and to advance the dates of laying down these vessels. For example, contracts for cruisers which it had originally been intended to begin in 1923, 1924, and 1925 respectively were to be antedated twelve months, so that the normal building programmes of 1922, 1923, and 1924 would in each case be increased to that extent. In other words, twice as many auxiliary ships were to be laid down each year as the original programme had legislated for. This plan embraced destroyers, submarines, and supply ships, in addition to cruisers.

In allotting the new contracts, special regard was had to the claims of the shipyards which would have benefited most under the pre-Conference battleship programme, orders for new light cruisers going to those state and private yards which had been promised, or were already at work upon, battleships and battle cruisers. The largest cruisers will therefore be constructed at the Imperial dockyards of Kure and Yokosuka, and the private establishments of Kawasaki and Mitsubishi, and smaller units of this type by the Sasebo arsenal and the Uraga Dock Company. At the same time, contracts for destroyers, submarines, and fleet-supply ships are being distributed among the yards named and also among other establishments which suffered through the recession of the pre-Conference programme. Furthermore, extra work has been provided for the state dockyards by assigning to them the dismantling of condemned ships.

By these measures the crisis in the

shipbuilding industry has been largely overcome, all the principal yards throughout the country have a fair amount of work in hand, and it has been necessary to discharge only a comparatively small number of workers.

On the other hand, the cost of all this auxiliary tonnage will be heavy enough to wipe out a great part of the sum saved by scrapping the capital-ship programme, and the net saving effected in new naval construction will consequently be much less than the taxpayers had anticipated. There are not wanting those in Japan who censure the Government for adopting this policy of 'robbing Peter to pay Paul.' It would, they contend, have been better to encourage the shipyards to develop other branches of activity than naval construction, such as the manufacture of locomotives and other railroad and street-car material, iron and steelwork parts for bridges and structures, industrial power plants, automobiles, and the like, as has been done by European armament firms since the war.

As it is, the critics declare, the wealth of the nation is being dissipated on fighting ships which apparently have been ordered simply to keep the shipyards in operation, and not because they are absolutely essential for defense purposes.

Another and still graver objection urged against the Government's policy is that this sudden expansion of the auxiliary combatant fleet may evoke suspicion abroad as to Japan's bona fides in respect to disarmament, and lead other powers to strengthen their fleets in the same way, thus ushering in a new era of naval rivalry and mutual distrust. That these apprehensions are well-founded has already been made clear by the reported action of the American naval authorities in drawing up a new programme to counterbalance

Japan's growing strength in cruising ships and submarines.

Figures showing the actual reduction that has been effected in Japan's naval expenditure by the limitation scheme are not yet available, but the gross amount appears to be in the neighborhood of 100,000,000 yen.

In 1920, the navy budget amounted to 320,000,000 yen, or nearly twice as much as it had been three years previously; and subsequent additions, due to the passing of the 'eight-eight' programme, brought the gross amount to nearly 500,000,000 yen. In the following year, another big increase was made, and, but for the limitation scheme, naval expenditure during the current year would have been not far short of 750,000,000 yen.

According to Tokyo press reports, the naval estimates submitted in July last provided for an ordinary expenditure of 120,000,000 yen and for an extraordinary outlay of 198,000,000 yen, showing decreases of 15,000,000 and 60,000,000 yen respectively. On October 30, it was announced that the Finance Department had further reduced the navy estimates in the forthcoming budget by 30,000,000 yen, making a total reduction of over 100,000,000 yen, or approximately one seventh of the amount that would have been spent on fleet armaments this year had the 'eight-eight' programme remained in force.

This saving is accounted for almost entirely by the deletion of the capital ships and the abandonment of new docks and harbor works; only a very small percentage is due to reductions in personnel; and, as we have seen, the bill for auxiliary construction, so far from showing any cut, has been greatly increased. Some money will also be saved by giving up Port Arthur as a naval station and reducing the status of the Maizuru base.

As no precise figures of the cost of man-of-war construction are published in Japan, the expenditure that will be incurred by virtually doubling the auxiliary building programme over a term of several years can be only roughly estimated. It is known, however, that the light cruisers of the Kuma class, 5500 tons, have cost nearly five million dollars each; that the 7500-ton ships of the Yubari class are priced at about seven and a half million dollars, and the new 10,000-ton ships, four in number, at not less than ten million dollars each. First-class destroyers, of which many are building and 24 projected, probably cost one and a half million dollars per boat; the medium submarines (900 tons) about the same; and the new large type (1500 tons) three million dollars.

These prices are, if anything, underestimated, the cost of naval construction being abnormally high in Japan, despite the relative cheapness of labor. In any case, it is sufficiently obvious that a programme which embraces not less than 15 cruisers, ranging from 5500 to 10,000 tons, 40 destroyers, and 50 submarines, besides a great many supply and dépôt ships, will eventually cost an enormous sum of money.

II

It is patent to everyone that Japan is at present building more combatant tonnage than any other power; but what is not so generally appreciated is the fact that she is actually building more tonnage of this description than all the other powers combined. Once more it must be emphasized that the so-called 'Disarmament Treaty,' while certainly bringing dreadnought construction almost to a halt, has not only done nothing to limit the building of other man-of-war types, but has actually increased the number of these vessels in the case

of Japan, and in all likelihood will eventually produce a corresponding expansion of the auxiliary ships of other navies.

It would occupy too much space to narrate in detail the various strategical reasons which the Japanese naval authorities have put forward, through the medium of the press, to justify the building of so many 'auxiliary combatant ships'; but their arguments may be summarized as follows. The battle fleet has been so reduced under the limitation agreement that it will no longer be capable of fulfilling its proper function, — namely, going out to seek and engage an enemy fleet on the high seas, — but must henceforth be kept in reserve as a last card, only to be played if and when the enemy's preponderance has been reduced or destroyed by tactics of attrition. Therefore, to compensate for the loss of direct offensive power formerly vested in the battle fleet, Japan requires for her safety an unusually strong force of minor weapons of attack. She particularly needs an ample supply of swift ocean-keeping cruisers, to guard her own communications and harass those of an enemy, and also to prey upon his commerce, with the ulterior purpose of diverting part of his strength from the immediate war-zone.

For the same reasons, it is essential to have a large fleet of ocean-going submarines, which could be used alternatively for coast defense, for near and distant mine-laying expeditions, and for raiding commerce. The twofold problem confronting the Japanese navy in war would be to maintain, as far as possible, the freedom of the ocean trade routes, and above all to guard communications with the Asiatic Continent, which would represent a vital and indispensable source of supply for foodstuffs and raw materials. In the absence of a really effective battle fleet,

— effective, that is, in the sense of being able to engage the battle fleet of any potential enemy with reasonable prospects of success, — these strategic tasks can best be performed by cruisers and submarines.

As regards the loss of power resulting from the limitation of the battle fleet to ten ships, this, it is argued, is far more serious than might be inferred from superficial observation. Four of the ships are battle cruisers of a design which post-war progress has made obsolete, and which could not be placed in the line of battle without exposing them to grave risk of summary destruction. This brings the battle fleet proper down to six ships, none of which could possibly be replaced if lost or disabled.

Japan is, therefore, at a grave disadvantage as compared with Britain and the United States, since their infinitely greater resources would enable either of those powers to build new capital ships very rapidly in place of any that were lost in action.

Another important factor in the revised scheme of defense is the chain of outlying naval bases with which Japan has girdled herself during the past few years; and, apropos of this subject, there can be no harm now in disclosing certain facts of which the American public has, perhaps, hitherto remained in ignorance.

In the fall of 1920, the Japanese naval authorities, in coöperation with the General Staff, worked out a scheme for fortifying the principal islands that guard the approach to the coasts of Japan proper. This measure was intended to counteract the then impending development of Cavite and Guam as first-class bases for the American Pacific fleet.

In September 1920, a committee of experts, headed by Captain Mori, of the Navy Department, visited all the

islands in question, reporting that the points where strong fortifications and naval facilities were needed most urgently were the Bonin Islands, Amami-Oshima, and Yajima in the Loochoo group. This report having been approved by the Government, steps were immediately taken to carry the proposals into effect, and the work of fortification was put in hand early in 1921.

For reasons of finance it was intended to spread the appropriations over two, if not three, years, as in view of the slow progress being made with the American works at Cavite and Guam it was thought that the completion of the Japanese insular bases might safely be prolonged till the end of 1922. But in the spring of last year (1921), it became known at Tokyo that the United States Government was meditating an appeal to the powers to join in a conference for the reduction of naval armaments, and this news decided the Japanese authorities to speed up the completion of their island forts, with the object of putting themselves in a favorable position strategically before the conference was summoned.

Consequently, from May 1921, the work at the Bonins went on with feverish energy. A large fleet of steamers was chartered to convey thither the thousands of laborers and the vast quantities of material needed to complete the task. So great was the demand for cement, that a temporary shortage of this material ensued. Throughout the summer and autumn, building operations went on night and day, and during this period the Bonin Islands were under a military administration which maintained a strict surveillance over visiting foreign ships. The Japanese press was also forbidden to publish any mention of what was in progress at the islands.

By December, the last of the bat-

teries had been constructed and armed with heavy long-range guns, the barracks, munitions dépôts, aerodrome, and radio station had been constructed, and every navigable approach had been rendered impregnable.

Meanwhile the Washington Conference had assembled, and Admiral Baron Kato, of the Japanese delegation, had taken the first opportunity to inform his American colleagues that Japan regarded the abandonment of the Philippine and Guam fortifications as the condition precedent to negotiations for the reduction of her shipbuilding programme. If the United States would agree to this, Japan, on her part, was prepared to suspend her own plans of fortifying her Pacific islands, and would at the same time coöperate most willingly in any practicable scheme for limiting her floating armaments.

Baron Kato did not add, however, that Japan, having been secretly engaged in fortifying her island bases for many months previously, had just completed the work, whereas scarcely any progress had been made in the development of the American stations at Cavite and Guam.

III

Whether the American naval experts were cognizant of the facts is a moot point, but it seems scarcely credible that they would have acquiesced in the status quo proposal for Pacific bases, had they known that Japan was already in possession of a thoroughly equipped naval station at the Bonins. If they did know this, one is forced to conclude that their protests against the renunciation of the right to put the Western Islands in an adequate state of defense were overruled by the Washington Cabinet on political grounds.

In any case, Japan scored a signal triumph in securing the adoption of the status quo agreement with regard to Pacific fortifications. From her point of view, it was a strategical gain of the first magnitude, which more than compensated for the reduction of her battle fleet.

That the full significance of the clause has come to be appreciated by American naval students is clear from certain outspoken criticisms which have appeared recently. The Japanese Foreign Office, betraying a sense of humor for which few would have given it credit, issued the following communiqué on February 22 last: —

The Treaty on the limitation of naval armaments signed at Washington on February 6, 1922, comes into force upon its ratification by all contracting powers. With regard, however, to certain fortifications and naval bases of the British Empire, the United States, and Japan, in the region of the Pacific Ocean, it is provided in Article XIX of the Treaty that the status quo at the time of its signature shall be maintained. In conformity with the spirit of this provision, the Japanese Government have decided forthwith to discontinue the work on the fortifications in the Bonin Islands and Amami-Oshima, and further to maintain the existing condition of fortifications and naval bases in Formosa and the Pescadores. The necessary measures for giving effect to this decision have already been taken.

Napoleon's dictum that 'war is an affair of positions' applies to the sea no less than to the land, and to a far greater degree than was the case a century ago. A fleet in those days was largely self-supporting, and could remain at sea for months at a time, independent of bases, because it had no fuel problem to contend with. But the conditions to-day are vastly different. The 'reach' of a modern battle fleet can be measured with almost mathe-

matical precision, governed as it is by the number and situation of the *points d'appui* available. In time of war, no fleet dare venture to cruise for long in waters where ample facilities for refueling do not exist. If the ships of which it is composed have an average fuel-endurance of, say, 10,000 miles, that does not mean that they would be able to advance to a point 5000 miles from home and still be sure of getting back in safety. For the maximum cruising-radius of a ship is always reckoned in terms of economical speed, and bears no relation to the distance that could be steamed if the engines were running at full power. Thus, a battleship able to cover 10,000 miles at a constant speed of 12 knots might be unable to travel more than 3000 miles at her full speed of 21 knots — and in war-zone operations high-speed steaming is the rule rather than the exception. To cruise under a small head of steam in waters where enemy submarines might be encountered would be to risk destruction.

Now the only insular base in the Pacific where the American battle fleet could be sure of finding adequate supplies of fuel is Hawaii, and we are therefore justified in assuming that 2000 miles represents the utmost distance to which the fleet could venture to the west or south of Hawaii in time of war; and even this would leave a dangerously narrow margin of fuel for emergencies. But if America fights in the Pacific at all, she will fight for definite objects, among which will be the protection, or — what is far more likely — the recovery, of the Philippines, and to gain these objects she must be prepared to undertake active naval operations in the immediate zone of war, namely, the Far Western Pacific.

How this is to be done without local base facilities is a problem which

apparently defies solution. It is certain that in their present defenseless condition, now to be stereotyped by the treaty, both the Philippines and Guam would become Japanese in the first weeks of war.

This is fully realized and freely admitted by American strategists; but it is interesting, nevertheless, to have Japanese testimony on the point. In the *Dai Nihon*, of August 1921, a thoughtful monthly review published at Tokyo, the editor, Mr. Seijiro Kawashima, discussed the probable course of hostilities between his country and the United States, and affirmed that, should the outbreak of war find the main American naval force at Panama, San Francisco, or even at Hawaii, 'it will be open for Japan to take the Philippines, indeed Guam. . . . Should the worst happen, therefore, Japan would risk everything to destroy these two bases, and the ferocity with which she will fight may well be imagined.' Clearly, therefore, the islands in question must be ruled out of any objective examination of the task that would confront the United States Navy in a war with Japan.

IV

It remains, then, to consider how far offensive operations in the Western Pacific would be feasible without bases. From Hawaii to the nearest Japanese coast is some 3400 miles, making 6800 miles for the round voyage, which would be well within the cruising capacity of modern battleships at *economical speed*.

But, as was emphasized above, ships steaming at low speed in an area frequented by hostile submarines would be in continual danger of attack. To be reasonably safe from submarines, they must not only steam at a high rate of speed, but make frequent alterations of course — a method of progres-

sion which involves an abnormally heavy consumption of fuel in traversing a given distance.

It is, therefore, extremely doubtful whether the fuel-endurance of the ships would suffice even for the outward journey of 3400 miles; and if the fleet found itself close to the enemy's coast with empty bunkers, and no friendly base at hand, it would be exposed to certain annihilation.

Consequently, on the surface of things, it looks as if the American navy would be physically incapable of undertaking major war-operations in the Western area of the Pacific; there is no visible means whereby the fatal handicap of nonexistent bases might be overcome. It is as if the United States, in pledging itself not to proceed with the fortification of its distant islands, had voluntarily surrendered, not merely the power to defend these possessions, but the power to defend its interests in the Far East generally, no matter how vital they are or may become in the future.

Japan, on the other hand, has gained a strategical predominance in her adjacent waters far exceeding that which she could ever have hoped to achieve had the competition in naval armaments pursued its normal course. For good or ill, the doors of the Far East have been slammed, barred, and bolted, and the keys placed in Japanese keeping.

The British Empire, it is true, might be in a position to dispute this supremacy, thanks to its actual and potential base-resources in the Pacific; but here again the factor of distance would come into play on the side of Japan, by making sustained offensive operations against her coast next to impossible, even for a greatly superior British fleet pivoted on Singapore, New Guinea, or Australian harbors.

If these premises are sound they

seem to warrant the conclusion that a naval war between the United States and Japan would speedily result in a stalemate, affording no opportunity for a decision by direct action from either side, since the opposing battle fleets would be unlikely to come within several thousand miles of each other. It is here, however, that the significance of the large programme of minor naval construction, upon which Japan is now engaged, may be manifest.

Since history contains no record of a war having been decided wholly, or even mainly, by the destruction of maritime trade, the greatest authorities have always excluded the *guerre de course* from the domain of grand strategy, relegating it to a subsidiary place in the general scheme of belligerent operations at sea. Nevertheless, there was one period of the World War when it seemed as if science had placed in Germany's hands the means of undermining what had come to be regarded as a fundamental principle of naval strategy. The submarine campaign came very near to breaking the resistance of the Allies, and did, in fact, produce that anomalous situation in which the power supreme at sea, whose warships held undisputed command of the ocean surface in nearly every part of the world, nevertheless found its marine communications menaced to a highly dangerous degree, and was able only by superhuman exertions to maintain the minimum amount of sea-borne traffic essential to the further conduct of the war.

At an earlier stage of the struggle, grave loss was caused to shipping by the few German cruisers which were at large when the war began. It took a good many months to dispose of these surface corsairs, and the task was accomplished only by diverting a numerous force of swift cruisers from other war-service, and sending them to scour

every ocean area where the raiders were likely to be met with.

Comparatively large as was the fleet of cruising ships at the disposal of the Allies, it barely sufficed to meet this demand. Had fewer ships been available, the German commerce-destroyers would have enjoyed a much longer lease of life, and the embarrassment they caused must have been infinitely more serious.

Among naval men a firm conviction obtains that the next great war will inevitably witness the revival of submarine attack on merchant shipping, since they believe that parchment safeguards against this practice will soon collapse under the stress of war. Assuming then that the naval methods in vogue during the World War are likely to reappear in the event of a Pacific campaign, the advantages which Japan would derive from her powerful fleet of cruisers and submarines are obvious. They would enable her, while maintaining her battle fleet intact behind its impregnable barrier of insular and coastal defenses, to wage ruthless war against her enemy's trade and communications.

When the current building programme has been completed, she will possess at least twenty-five modern cruisers of great speed and wide radius of action, together with more than seventy submarines specially designed for prolonged voyaging, the majority of them being well able to cross and recross the Pacific Ocean without needing to replenish their fuel.

V

What resources has the United States navy to deal with this immense fleet of potential commerce-destroyers? On the basis of recent war experience, it has been estimated that from four to six fast cruisers are required to circum-

vent the activities of one enemy surface raider; while some idea of the tremendous array of force necessary to cope with submarine attack on merchant shipping is conveyed by the fact that upward of 3000 patrol craft of every type were kept in service by Great Britain alone, though the Germans never had more than thirty U-boats at sea simultaneously.

At the present time, there are only ten modern cruisers built or building in the United States. Even if all these ships were released from duty with the fleet, in order to protect trade routes, what could they hope to achieve against twenty-five enemy raiders with speeds not inferior to their own?

The task would, of course, be hopeless from the start. Unless, therefore, the convoy system were adopted, — and this would be at once a difficult and a precarious business under the peculiar conditions governing warfare in the area we are considering, — American merchant shipping would, in all probability, be swept from the Pacific very soon after the outbreak of hostilities with Japan.

While there is not the least reason to suppose that this blow would force the United States into submission, the combined loss of trade and prestige resulting therefrom would be a serious matter. Nor would it be possible to retaliate with any marked effect; for the same dearth of cruisers that rendered the United States powerless to protect its overseas trade would debar it from molesting the communications of the enemy.

Moreover, provided that her connec-

tions with the Asiatic mainland were secure, Japan could afford to dispense for a time with other external sources of supply, and practically the whole of her cruisers and submarines, having but little patrol duty, would be free to engage in offensive operations.

Thus, the widely held idea that a war in the Pacific must speedily end in a deadlock, in which neither opponent could inflict any appreciable damage on the other, is seen to be fallacious. It would have been sound enough had the naval limitation agreement embraced all types of fighting craft; but the failure of the Conference to extend the ratio system to cruiser and submarine tonnage has completely altered the situation.

In view of the foregoing considerations, it would cause no surprise to learn that American naval authorities entertain profound misgivings with regard to future developments in the Far East. That their responsibilities have been immeasurably increased by the Limitation Treaty is self-evident. Indeed, it might be affirmed without fear of contradiction that the treaty, by depriving the United States of all power to intervene by force of arms, has placed her interests in the Far East completely at the mercy of a foreign state, upon whose good-will they must henceforth depend. The task of defending them against aggression would have been difficult enough, had the naval limitation scheme never been conceived. As things are, their defense — by warlike action, at any rate — has to all appearances become impossible.

HO, LICTORS, CLEAR THE WAY!

FASCISMO AND THE FASCISTI

BY L. J. S. WOOD

I

FASCISM and the Fascisti have so long and so completely dominated the life of the nation that it has been almost impossible to consider or discuss anything else. In the early days of October, however, another subject crept into the columns of the newspapers — the possibility of a return to war-bread, that unwholesome necessity of Italy's hard times, the taste of which is still in our mouths, the effect still in the insides of some of us. The war-bread discussion lasted but a few days; Fascism held its newspaper columns just as it held the offices or headquarters of all organizations throughout the country with which it disagreed. And now it holds the State. Yet it is only an event, striking and of vast importance, but an event in the life of the country; whereas, in his suggestion of the possibility of a return to war-bread, the Treasury Minister pointed to the beginning and ending and centre of that life. Italy's problem is not so much political or social as it is economic. Fascism, moreover, has recognized that fact.

Incidentally, one may recall, though not many realized it, that Italy's problem was economic in May 1915. By the people at large, certainly, the fact was not fully realized; it was sentiment, the indefinable impulse which carries away whole peoples at times, — senti-

ment of patriotism and of sympathy, — which urged them into war. But the economic side of the question was really of far greater moment. The war showed us, if we had not realized it clearly enough before, that in order to live at all Italy must import many necessities, first among them coal and wheat. Neutral, she would not have been able to import a ton of either. The inevitable result would have been unemployment, starvation, revolution, and the end of all things. But that by the way.

The Fascisti are the after-war successors of the war-time Fascio of National Defense, which arose to combat anti-war and anti-Ally propaganda in Italy, and to keep the spirit of the people high. But a beginning of the Fascist movement, or at least of the Fascist idea, in Rome itself, can be traced to an incident which occurred some months before the war broke out. The present movement arose to fight extreme Socialism, threatening Communism; the movement of the spring of 1914 had the same object; in itself it was a tiny thing, but it was significant, prophetic.

At that time Italy was upset by a railway strike. There was real trouble for ten days. In the Ravenna district, little 'republics' proclaimed themselves; one of them took prisoner a gen-

eral who had gone out incautiously to see what was happening. In Rome all the big squares which might be used as meeting-places were occupied by troops; all approaches to the central Piazza Colonna and streets near the Post Office were barred. Shops were shut; there were things resembling barricades; cavalry charged with drawn swords into crowds. There were casualties — one fatal.

One afternoon a dozen young men issued from the National Liberal Club in Via Tritone with a flag, and started to walk through the city, telling the people it was time to put an end to it, to open their shops, to put the flag of Italy out from their windows. In ten minutes the twelve were a hundred, in half an hour, a thousand; when they had finished their tour round the city, they were anything from ten to twenty thousand, with a band and a hundred flags, and the soldiers standing wearily on duty cheering as they passed. The Chamber of Labor, which was sitting permanently, directing the strike, came out to have a look at things and having looked sent out word that the strike was over. It was over, all over, killed by the initiative of a dozen young men, backed by the good sense of the people. That was how Fascism began in Rome.

Fascism — the dozen young men of the afternoon walk down the Via Tritone — has now, some say over half a million, some say two million, officially enrolled members. It has a complete military organization and disciplinary regulations by which it can put an 'army' into the field at a given spot at a given moment. Rome has had an opportunity recently to realize the truth of this.

It is a syndical organization, too. It is impossible, again, to estimate how many members of Socialist and other workingmen's syndicates, and associations of all sorts, have now passed under

the Fascisti flag. Months ago they were reckoned at 70,000; but since then opposition to Fascist penetration has grown less and less; transference of allegiance has followed frequently, almost as a matter of course. The Fascisti have, for instance, now definitely broken the iniquitous Socialist domination of the Italian ports.

Lastly, the Fascisti are a political organization; and it is in the political field that the difficulty of the situation has been outwardly apparent. They have but three dozen members in a Chamber of 538, and they claimed that under existing conditions that was absurd. They said, in fact, that it was they, — not the Liberals, Socialists, Democrats, Communists, Populars, or anyone else, — it was they, the Fascisti, who represented the country. They pointed out that if their contention was not accepted they were in a position to bring out an army to prove its justice. They pointed to numerous occasions, from important socio-political events to such things as the immediate relief of the sufferers from the Spezia explosion, when government action was needed, but was not seen, and the Fascisti did the work. Some of them went so far as to sum up present-day conditions: 'There is no State; we are the State, at any rate when there is anything for the State to do.' They said that a situation in which they, who really represented the country, had no official share or influence in its government, was abnormal, and while they were not until lately unanimous, and no one of their leaders, in fact, could define the remedy that ought to be adopted, something, they all said quite definitely, must be done: immediate elections; reform of the proportional representation provisions of the existing law, which makes the formation of a stable government impossible; adoption meanwhile of a preponderant

Fascist element in the government — something.

In the little Roman episode of the spring of 1914, the dozen young men appealed, not to a class or party, but to the people, to the good sense of the whole population. Recognition of that mass of public opinion is essential to an understanding of conditions here; recognition of it by would-be reformers in a hurry would have saved the country much loss and suffering of late, for here, as elsewhere, it is irresistible. 'Revolution in Italy' — that excellent newspaper heading — was flying all over the world at the end of 1919 and in 1920, the days of the seemingly overpowering ascent of the Socialist parabola, which culminated in the occupation of the factories and then wavered, stopped, fell, and has been falling ever since.

There were some here who knew that a moment must come when the good sense of the Italian people would be aroused, as in Rome on that afternoon in the spring of 1914, and its invisible but invincible strength would break the mad movement. When the Chamber of Deputies, with its 156 Socialists, was assembling, in November 1919, there were two atmospheres: that of excited, sometimes frightened whispering inside the Chamber, that of enthusiastic cheering in the streets outside, as the King drove down from the Quirinal. The first was interesting, but fictitious; the second instructive, actual.

Such as had listened to the Italian, the Roman, in the street, not in the Chamber, were not afraid of revolution when the 'frenzied drunkenness' of would-be Communism reached its culminating point months later. Undeniably that was a bad moment in the history of the country. Worse than the episodes of brutal crime was the realization that for the moment

authority was powerless. To mobilize the forces of the State against the revolutionaries — the existence of a certain number of people revolutionarily inclined does not mean that there is a revolution — would have meant civil war. The alternative was to wait for the movement to die down. That was what Giolitti did, using meanwhile all the political arts of which he is a past master. The beginning of the end was the decision of the General Labor Federation against the extremist policy of the Communist leader-agitators. The Federation represents, and is in touch with, the workingman; he is in touch with the general mass of the Italian people; and it was, in the long run, the condemnation of the people that killed the Communist madness.

From that moment the Socialist parabola began to fall; now it is at a very low level. The party first rid itself of the frankly Communist element, then split into two fairly evenly divided parts — collaborationists and abstentionists: those who, while not forgetting their ideal, will use, will even coöperate with, the powers that be, in order to gain actual advantages for the proletariat; and those who will not touch what they call *borghesia* — capitalism — at any price. Pure theorists these; practicalists, the others. And it is the practicalist, the opportunist as his opponents call him, who is on the upgrade now.

Socialism in Italy has ruined itself momentarily by its excess. As an idea, a theory, a political doctrine expounded by a political party within the orbit of the Constitution, it had its established place, with its handful of deputies in Parliament. When, in a mad moment, Italian Socialism developed into a Communism foreign to the spirit and good sense of the nation, the latter rose and killed the intruder, and Communism

dragged down the parent Socialism in its fall. It may recover more quickly than would seem probable after such a remarkable disintegration; in any case it would be the greatest mistake in the world to regard it as dead. The Socialist idea will always live in Italy, and every living idea finds its political expression here.

II

The actual instrument of its downfall was the emblem of authority of the Lictors of the old Roman Republic, the bundle of rods, the *Fasces*, — *Fascio* in the modern vernacular, — the group of a dozen young men of the spring of 1914, developing into the group of National Defense of war-time, and the party, with its triple organization and activity, by which Italy suddenly was confronted.

Its origin is well known, and was excellent. It was the expression of the reaction of the nation when Socialism overstepped due bounds. Locally, for two years, Communists and Fascisti fought, and the latter won. As their superiority became apparent, individual members of workingmen's organizations transferred their allegiance to the winning side; and this infiltration of irresponsible, sometimes unprincipled, elements did the movement much harm. There was little to choose between Fascist excesses and those which in the beginning they had set out to suppress. In the beginning, the authority of the State had been glad of their assistance; had, indeed, used them. As time went on, however, it saw itself impotent to check the local episodes of civil war between the two sides. When the preponderance of the Fascisti became absolute, and not only individuals but entire organizations transferred their allegiance, it came to be true to say that Fascism and the State were standing face to face.

The situation could not but be temporary. In the long run, it is the good sense of the whole people that will prevail; for that is stronger than any party movement, even if it be, as Signor Mussolini describes the Fascist movement, political, syndical, military, and religious at the same time. To gain popular support, Fascism must shed its excesses, revert to its excellent origins; then only will the last state of Italy be better than the first.

It seemed possible that, just as some blood spurted when — to use a homely simile — the Socialist boil burst, so in this instance there might be momentary trouble before Italy got back to normal. The Italian State might have produced a really big man to clear the situation by leading the nation, Fascism included, back to sanity — in the *mens sana in corpore sano* meaning of the word. Like so many other countries, Italy has many good men, but no one great man; thus the job of adjusting the situation fell on Fascism itself. And Fascism had its man — Signor Mussolini. With the remarkable demonstration at Naples, the situation began to develop. Signor Mussolini's speech gave ground for hope that a constitutional solution would be found.

He declared definitely for the Monarchy, thus clearing the air of doubts to which his suggestion a year ago, of the 'tendentially Republican' nature of Fascism, had given rise. He said that the aim of the Fascisti was 'to put into the "Liberal State," which has done its work, — a great work which we shall never forget, — all the forces of the new generation of Italians emerging from the country's war and victory.' These and other reassuring sentiments more than balanced the awkward-sounding references to 'force, which decides in the long run,' and the somewhat abrupt propounding of the alternative that 'Fascism will become

the State, either legally through Parliament or through insurrection.'

Before a gathering such as that at Naples, — 30,000 Fascisti assuredly conscious of their organized strength, — such phrases were regarded as inevitable. Signor Mussolini, however, who has the reputation of being a serious thinker, must have known that any policy of 'insurrection,' even if sufficiently powerful to attain its object for the moment, would be faced by, and if it was to make good would have to satisfy, the public opinion of the nation as a whole. Also, he must have realized that while it is easy to criticize a government it is by no means so easy to direct the complicated machinery of a modern state. Communism here in 1920 thought that by occupying factories and killing anyone who stood in the way it could run industry. It soon found out its mistake. On the other hand, there is no Italian, except a few Communists (some of whom, by the way, have joined the Fascist movement solely, of course, to get what they can out of any disturbance that may arise), who, when he sees the power and energy of young Italy setting itself to assist, invigorate, rejuvenate the State, will not applaud and help.

Eighteen months ago there was a notable procession through the streets of Rome, of thousands of young Italians. They called themselves Fascisti; really they were just young Italy. And the people cheered them wholeheartedly.

Later, there were gatherings of others, who also called themselves Fascisti; but they were sinister beings, in black shirts with death's-head devices, long hair flying in the wind ('to make myself more terrible,' as one explained), marching, singing, shouting, as if Italy were theirs and they were Italy. These the Italian did not cheer: he distrusted them as whole-

heartedly as he liked the others. Yet many of them were the same. If that was Italian Fascism, those rough elements and nothing else, then, it seemed, Fascism must inevitably fall, in the long run. On the other hand, if Fascism could slough the unnatural parade, and return to what it was, — the vigorous youth of Italy at the service of the country, — then its reward would be the people's cheers, the consciousness in years to come of duty done. For it had it in its power to save the country by doing what the State, as at present managed, was powerless to do: it could check the country's economic downward drift.

So we get back to the Treasury Minister's suggestion of the possibility of a return to war-bread: it is on the economic side, above all, that the remedy has to be applied if it is to be efficacious.

III

Events moved quickly after Naples. Fascism chose its course. It refused political alliances: it would govern the country unhampered. There must be a Mussolini Ministry. Official Italy wavered weakly, with a pretense of strength; the country's course was chosen for it by its King; he refused to sign the proclamation for the state of siege, invited Signor Mussolini to form a ministry and take over the government of the country. So Fascism, its leader at the King's call, its army marching in without bloodshed, took Rome, Italy. And now, looking back on the tumultuous days, Rome recognizes that the King was right.

Rome sees so much of politics that it is often ignorant of facts. It had not realized the strength and solidity of the Fascist movement until it saw that unending, grim, silent, armed, organized, disciplined procession — march is the better word — through the straight

length of the narrow Corso to the tomb of the Unknown Soldier, thence to the Quirinal, where for long hours the King stood at salute to the cheering homage of his volunteer, utterly illegal, army, fifty thousand strong, with rifles, revolvers, and machine guns; thence to the station, to entrain, as trains could be got ready, for home in every part of Italy. It was not until Rome saw the fifty thousand that it got an idea of the million or more adherents that it did not see.

Secondly, that afternoon Fascism seemed to have shed the unnatural parade which had been making Romans nervous. You might have met in the streets that morning an individual with hair flying, black shirt adorned with a death's-head device, two revolvers and a stabbing knife stuck into a crammed ammunition-belt; but you did not see him, or at least notice him, in the afternoon. And Rome has been so impressed by the phenomenon of the afternoon that it has almost forgotten its nervousness at the sight of the individual of the morning; it has, in fact, agreed quite cheerfully to follow its King, and give Signor Mussolini a free hand. Now that the insurrection — or the revolution; Fascisti have used both words — is over, one may say that the Prime Minister has the feeling of the Italian people generally with him, in his determination to reorganize the life of the country.

His detailed programme was announced in Parliament last November; an outline of it was given at the first full Council of Ministers, and it showed his thoughts running on the same lines with those of the Treasury Minister who suggested the possibility of a return to war-bread. That particular economic item was dropped almost as soon as suggested. The cost of bureaucratic supervision, added to the necessary replacement for live stock of the

by-products which the people would have been consuming, would have balanced any gain accruing from diminished importation of grain. But Signor Mussolini was seen to be in agreement with the Minister who had made the suggestion in the view that it is the economic side of Italy's life that matters. The Government, he said, will govern.

Every prime minister of late has said that first, immediately on taking office; has promised that the authority of the State shall prevail; but not one of them has been able to keep his promise. Signor Mussolini, having overthrown extreme Socialism, being himself the leader of Fascism, and determined to extricate the Government from the web of bureaucracy, has made an opening for himself to succeed where his predecessors have failed. He will simplify government by abolishing such ministries and departments as are not doing paying work: that is a much-needed purification of administration, but it is economy first of all. He will hand over by degrees to private enterprise state undertakings, such as railways, posts, telegraphs, and telephones, which are being run at a loss (that on the railways amounts to a billion and a quarter lire per annum) — economy again. He will abolish the vexatious state regulations hampering emigration — economy again: the home country will have fewer unemployed mouths to fill, more remittances from its people earning foreign gold. He will restore confidence to capital, and give industry a chance, by doing away with the proposal of past administrations to have all bonds registered, instead of payable to bearer — economy again. And the lictors' rods and axe will hew into the unwholesome jungle of bureaucracy grown up since young Italy in the making took over ready-made systems of government, administration, judiciary, for which it

was not ripe; bureaucracy fostered by prime ministers for their personal political aims, and slowly choking the country. Purification again, but always economy.

There is a deficit of about six billion lire on the 1921-22 budget. It should have been less. It was estimated at about four billions, but the late government was not strong enough to resist pressure from every quarter of Parliament — particularly from those who had been preaching economy most vociferously — for subsidies for favored classes. The new Treasury Minister hopes to wipe off this deficit in two years. The deficit is about twenty-five per cent on a total expenditure of twenty-five billions. If we look back to the first days of United Italy, after the 1866 fighting, which gave the Venetian Province to the new kingdom, already in possession of the rest of the peninsula except the 'Patrimony of Saint Peter,' Rome and surroundings, we find the country faced with a fifty per cent deficit: receipts, 480,000,000 lire, expenditure 962,000,000. United Italy balanced its budget by 1875; and although another period of extravagant expenditure followed, resulting in a deficit of 120,000,000 as late as 1894, Sonnino, completing Quintino Sella's work, soon brought things straight again, and the 1913-14 budget balanced at about two and a half billions.

If United Italy, exhausted as it was, could wipe off fifty per cent, Completed Italy can wipe off twenty-five. Taxation, indeed, has about reached the economic limit; but there is a proportionately far greater possibility of diminishing expenditure. And here lies the great economic opening for the new movement, — young Italy, — headed, not by a hide-bound, clique-bound politician, but by a determined man. It is beginning to be realized also that Signor Giolitti's vindictive taxation of

industry, while it brought in money at the moment, was not economically politic. It dried up the founts. Witness the unusual phenomenon in Italy of fifty thousand unemployed.

IV

On the economic side, the figures appear less promising. In pre-war times there was an adverse trade-balance, as between imports and exports, of about a million lire, which was made up by the arrival in the country of foreign gold, that brought by visitors and that sent in emigrants' remittances. These cannot to-day fill the gap, which amounts to as much as fifty per cent: roughly, imports twenty millions, exports ten. Here Signor Mussolini cannot work a miracle; all he can do is give a lead. The country has got to go back four years, and begin again. Moreover, it has to make up for these past four years, during which it has been spending, not working, political passion has been running to excess, and there has been little or no real government.

Politically, during and ever since the Paris Conference, Italy has been a disgruntled country; the feeling has been general that she has not been fairly treated by her Allies and Associate. Subjectively, this state of mind has been largely responsible for excesses such as the Fiume enterprise — which, however, was backed by the inner feeling of the whole country, even if, objectively, the good sense of the vast majority saw its illegality and condemned it — and for the inertness of government and country, which made possible, first, the Socialist frenzy, which culminated in the occupation of the factories, and, secondly, the reaction expressed in Fascism, which, however, now has the opportunity, shedding its own excesses, to bring things back to normal. Old landmarks,

old standards, old ideas, the old economy have been swept away, and, although the same thing has been occurring in other countries as well, Italy has been peculiarly unable to accommodate herself to the new.

Italy has suffered especially in the world-upset following the war because she had not had time since her formation, little more than fifty years before, to complete the process of 'finding herself,' politically, financially, economically, when war broke out. Now she has the opportunity. The job is harder than it was before, but the necessity is seen. In that wide aspect, Fascism in its present development is at once a revolution and a blessing. Italy might have gone on drifting.

There is a tremendous lot to do here: more than in many other countries because of the leeway to be made up. There is a considerable amount of capital awaiting employment, but either held up on account of political uncertainty or put into unproductive enterprises. And all the old energy, especially labor power, which was Italy's fortune in the past, is still available. For it must never be forgotten that the rise and growth of Italian industry in the period preceding the war was made possible solely through the existence here of cheap and abundant labor. Through that alone Italy was enabled to import the coal and raw material required.

A result of the war, and of the absolute dependence of governments on labor during the war, has been the artificial raising of standards. Every thinking man agrees that in many departments there was room for a rise; justice demanded it; but the economic law cannot in the long run be evaded. The uneconomic rise hit Italy far harder than other countries. Italy has to import, and at a high exchange, material and some machinery to build ships,

— if she does not get them built abroad, paying at the same disadvantageous rate, — as well as coal to run them; and an artificiality by which at one time an Italian was getting more wages, rate of exchange considered, than an English sailor, cannot hold. And no longer now does an Italian peasant girl come on the land in silk stockings and high-heeled shoes, removing them for her five or six hours' leisurely work, for which she received as much pay as a magistrate.

These are just instances. Such attempted internationalization of labor standards must give way, if people are to work and live, before the economic law; and there are signs here that the latter is beginning to prevail. Many uneconomic industries, founded for the war, must go; many, indeed, have gone already; nor, in the future, will subvention from a weak government be available. Sound industries, on the other hand, — textiles, for instance, and the best among the metals and engineering, — were already showing signs of recovery before the Fascist coup, and now will gain further confidence. And the same amount of work that is now put into agriculture, Italy's mainstay, guided and administered with up-to-date knowledge, methods, material, and appliances, can add fifty per cent to production, and a hundred per cent to financial results, if the many side avenues now neglected are explored and utilized.

V

Fascism has brought about a fusion of classes: patricians and plebs were side by side in that amazing march. It has the noble, the great landowner, the farmer, the industrial, the trader, and the workingman in industry and on the land, as well as the huge professional so-called middle class, who were

being squeezed to death under the old administration and who are its patriotic backbone. And the subjective common spirit has engendered an objective desire to get to work for the country's and for each individual's good. Socialism is down, too; Communism is down and out; in a huge proportion of the workingmen, thus brought into touch with the employer, the spirit is now national, not party.

If Signor Mussolini has already got the good sense of the Italian people largely with him, it is because he seems to have discerned with a far-seeing eye what is wanted in the realm of actuality, and to be determined to go straight on to accomplish it. His system may seem dictatorial; but when we remember the inertness and weakness of late governments, when we note the signs already appearing of opposition on the part of political bureaucracy and intrigue, then his dictatorial symptoms are not surprising. He says that he is going to govern, and he has the means to do so.

It is an Augean task, and he himself may not be able to clean up the stable thoroughly; for in Italy no man stays in power very long. Giolitti's twelve years of parliamentary dictatorship were achieved solely by political intrigue — which is what we are now abolishing. Mussolini's merit, when his time comes, will be to have shown the way. How far he himself will have penetrated into and destroyed it will not matter if Young Italy will go on steadily. For if Fascism runs to excess, it will lose the support of the nation, without which it can do no good.

Signor Mussolini, then, is first of all going to govern. He must be able to do that to do anything at all. Then he is going to run the country on business lines. A foreign policy of dignified up-

holding of Italy's due place in the comity of nations — with the claim that, in mutual coöperation for mutual interests, Allies and Associate should not turn the poorer partner down — will look to it that the reorganization shall afford her a chance and if need be assistance to recover along the lines which her special characteristics, lack of material but abundance of human wealth, suggest. At home, replacement of political bureaucratic by business management. No more unproductive grandiose monuments — Palaces of Justice all show and inconvenience, Chambers of Deputies which cost twenty times the original estimate, public works of all sorts which, having elected a deputy, then become as millstones.

Expenditure must be productive. Signor Mussolini does not ask for foreign loans, but he will welcome foreign aid for Italy's development, giving at the same time adequate guaranties of stability of conditions and of tenure. That is a rock on which more than one proposal on the part of foreign enterprise has come to grief of late: business government can easily avoid the danger on which bureaucracy gets wrecked. Now that conditions look like being stable and straightforward, there are openings in connection with — to take one or two instances alone — railways, harbors, and above all the utilization of the abundant water-power, by which capital, provision and utilization of appliances, up-to-date methods, administrative experience from abroad, combined with Italian capital and manpower, unhindered by the old bureaucracy, may work miracles for the new Italy which Young Italy was envisaging when it 'marched on Rome' and through Rome, saluting its Unknown Soldier and its living King, in the fateful first days of November 1922.

A NEW GENERATION IN BRITAIN

BY CYRIL FALLS

I

HAS opinion in America realized that a new generation has grown to manhood and womanhood since the war? It is certain that we in England have not. It is four years since the Armistice, but we are still concerned, not merely with war's effects, — they, alas! will be only too apparent in another twenty years, — but with immediate post-war problems. All around us are reminders that tend to make it seem of yesterday. The newspapers are still announcing the sale of war stocks. 'Ex-officers wanting places' is still the heading of a melancholy column of their advertisements. The atmosphere remains, staler and less healthy, as of a room in which cigars have been smoked overnight, which induces a feeling of nausea when entered in the morning, but which is, after all, that of the night before. The sashes of the windows are stiff, and we have not the strength or energy to open them and let in fresh air. So we have to continue breathing the old.

We talk now, as we talked in 1919, of the war generation — of those who returned from the battle and reentered civil life — as the young, with the new battle of peace in front of them. The conception is, of course, by no means altogether false. Many who saw service are still in the early twenties, while most, whatever their age, have a tough battle to face. But the volunteers of 1914 are, at youngest, nearly thirty, many almost middle-aged. Many and many of those of whom we say that

their battle of peace is to be fought have already gone down in the struggle. Some are dead, others have no fight left in them. We think, to take a single example, of men who are now soldiers as having fought in the war. Those who saw infantry battalions recently on parade, about to proceed to the East, noted that seventy or eighty per cent of the men were without war medals, and that the majority of the subaltern officers were in the same case.

If we turn to sport, to those sports which interest the greatest number of people and at the same time demand the greatest strength, agility, and endurance, — football played under its two rules, — we see, one by one, those whose names were famous before the war disappearing. Again, when we speak of 'the discontent of the young,' or of 'the conflict between youth and age,' it is always the returned soldiers whom we have in mind. But, in fact, there is a new discontent and the likelihood of a new conflict, far bitterer than any there may have been between their elders and ex-soldiers, who, in face of intolerable sufferings, remain the best-tempered, the honestest, the staunchest, and the least-complaining class in the nation.

For there is a new generation, of persons now 'of age,' socially and politically, who took no part whatever in the war, with a vastly greater number who had a hand only in the concluding phases and so cannot realize the

significance of its strain. There are already men commanding others in industry, writing articles in the press to influence or instruct others, who had not left school when the war ended. There are women married, and the mothers of children, who were themselves children of twelve or fourteen when it began. But those of the post-war generation who are thus, so to speak, established in life, are still comparatively few in numbers. The point which I desire to emphasize, which has certainly not yet struck the popular imagination, is that there is a great band of young men and women, who were merely observers of the war, who are now adults and eagerly claiming the inheritance of their generation. And I desire to suggest that those who talk of the war generation as bitter, cynical, materialistic, and boorish are under the influence of the not surprising fallacy which I have been examining — that the war ended yesterday instead of four years ago, and that its soldiers are still 'the young'; and that they are confusing the voices of these men with those of their successors.

There is always a contrast between successive generations, and there are always the praisers of past time who lament the old and have naught but despair with which to greet the new. But, without the smallest study of the new race of young men and women in England, there is good ground for supposing that in its case the contrast would be far more violent than usual, and that it would be marked by characteristics still more regrettable in the eyes of its elders than those of previous generations. The last great series of wars which engaged most of the nations of Europe had remarkable effects upon the succeeding generation, above all in the country whose people had felt it most — France. Those effects can be traced in the work of the great writers

who sprang up in a band so glorious after the First Empire. We see them in the poems of Hugo, a democrat, and in the novels of Balzac, a philosophical reactionary. Best of all, perhaps, are they expressed in the opening pages of *La Confession d'un Enfant du Siècle*, by Alfred de Musset, when he describes the sentiments of those feverish sons, who had seen their fathers perhaps three times in their lives, feverish themselves, broken with fatigue, but keyed to a pitch of tremendous nervous energy by the magnetic influence of the greatest personality the modern world has known. There, at least, is a difference now. The fathers of the last war brought back no burning memory of a Napoleon to inflame their sons. The upheaval, the social disturbance, of the late war takes the place that Napoleon took in the wars that bear his name.

To understand the results, we must try to form a picture of what the war was to boys and girls in their teens in England. For those of us who spent most of the period abroad, and saw life at home during short visits on leave only, this is not easy. We have to add to the evidence of these momentary glimpses that which we have read and the testimony of our womenkind, who were constant eyewitnesses.

One of the first aspects that strikes us is the difference — a difference far greater even than that of ordinary times — between the children of the 'classes' and those of the 'masses.' To distinguish these, the best dividing line is between those whose education is continued till they are eighteen, and, in a proportion of cases in normal times, till they are from three to five years older; and those whose education comes to an end at the age of fourteen. The latter represent about four fifths of the juvenile population.

It needs little imagination to see that, in a time such as that of the war, this

dividing line becomes a real barrier. The smaller section was shut off from many of the war's influences; the larger was out in midstream, to be touched, pushed, twisted, by every eddying current.

The boys and girls at boarding-schools in the years of war were the better off from the point of view of their moral welfare, but certainly the worse from that of their pleasure in life. From most of the noxious moral diseases abroad they were protected; but they were also denied participation in the excitements, not all of them dangerous or ignoble. School between 1914 and 1918 must have represented a curious existence, for boys above all. One gathers that most of them look back upon their schooldays with less pleasure than their elders profess for that reminiscence. In that period, for instance, the cadet-corps ideal, which year by year had grown in strength, received a blow which put back its clock fifteen years. The *grind* of that eternal training, purposeless, never to have a value, as it seemed to those who endured it, playing at fighting while others fought, not only bored them, but left to their successors the tradition of that boredom, so that the cadet corps is now, in many schools, no longer 'the decent thing for a decent chap to be in' that it was before the war.

There was another feature in their life that induced boredom. All the masters at public schools who were physically fit and of military age were at the war. None of them, had they desired to stay behind, had they found tribunals to grant them exemption, could have kept in hand for a single hour a class of boys in the temper then abroad in England. Now almost all the best influence that comes to boys at school comes from young masters, enthusiastic, unwearied, near to them-

selves in mind. Their absence was one of the severest handicaps to the public-school boys of those years.

II

As the boys reached military age and left school, they passed, for the most part, through officers' training corps into the army. A great proportion of them, who had been taught very inadequately how to live, proved that they knew at least how to die. The girls, who had been subjected to fewer handicaps, were eager also to embark on work connected with the war. That was not difficult. For those who lived in the neighborhood of London it was particularly easy. Government offices seem to have been created or expanded for the express purpose of employing hundreds of thousands, to save them from *désœuvrement*. That much of the work was urgent, or that it was admirably done, it would be foolish and unfair to deny. It was quite clear, on the other hand, that a vast amount of it could have been dispensed with, and that the proportion of staff and expenses to business carried out would have ruined any commercial firm in three months.

The author of that much-read novel, *This Freedom*, has touched the subject with his usual flair for the dramatic. The fate of the children who go to the bad has of course been grossly exaggerated by Mr. Hutchinson for the purposes of his story; but his picture of a girl of the upper-middle classes in a Government office, and her sentiments with regard to it, is excellent: —

She loves it. Of course she does n't love the actual work. Who would? What she loves is the constant titillation of it. The titillation of getting down there of a morning and of the greetings and the meetings and the rapt resumptions of the past day's fun; the titillation of watching the clock for

lunch and of those lunches, here to-day, to-morrow there, and of the rush to get back not too late. The titillation of watching the clock for tea, and of tea, and then, most sharpest titillation of them all, watching the clock for — time! for — off! for out! away!

The positive evils of those vast state caravanserais of young women may have been exaggerated by novelists and journalists. None, at least, can pretend that they represented a good training for any department of life.

The state of the children of the 'masses' was far different. They entered the labor-market at fourteen, and lo! a wonder. It was at their feet. They were little kings. In the year 1918, a messenger-boy of fifteen could earn considerably more than his father, an artisan, had been able to gain four years earlier. The tyranny of these youths over their employers was one of the stock jokes of comic papers; but it had some foundation in fact, or it would not have been a good joke. One has heard of cases where boys changed their occupations ten times in a year, sometimes for a mild reprimand, sometimes for an extra half-crown a week, often for the sake of variety.

Meanwhile they saw the ugliest side of the war at home. It was always the ugliest side that was most apparent. To take a single example, who took much note of the soldier on leave who arrived at one London station and departed forthwith from another to his home? Yet that was the case with ninety-nine in a hundred. Our youth, in all probability, hardly ever saw him. But, as he returned from his work, he did see, outside Waterloo Station, the other who had fallen into the hands of drabs on his arrival, was now in a state of drunkenness, and would presently be robbed of the money he had brought home with him. He did not see in their homes the people who were living the

lives befitting such a time, but he did see those who were flaunting their vulgarity in public places. He had no conception of the hardships that many families uncomplainingly endured, but he did catch glimpses of how the easily got wealth of those days came to others, and how it was expended. In a word, he, and not he only, but every casual observer, saw the worst.

As a consequence, many young people formed indifferent ideals and took indifferent models. Sacrifice was a word. They did not believe in it. The contrast between the fortunes of those who stayed at home and those who had gone to fight was too glaring. The dupes were in Flanders trenches, or Flanders graves; the smart fellows were in their automobiles, or journeying up and down from Brighton in the Pullman, so that their night's rest should not be disturbed by air-raids. At the worst, those of the class that works with its hands were drawing from four to seven pounds a week against the seven shillings of the infantryman. The soldier, if he had not acquired a 'soft job' — for the army had its *embusqués*, also — began to appear rather like what is called on the east of the Atlantic a 'mug' and on the west a 'boob.' Not for an instant do I pretend that such an attitude was universal. National enthusiasm and generosity remained, or national virtues would have been at very low ebb indeed.

III

Has the atmosphere grown sweeter since? People would answer that question in different senses, but I imagine the weight of opinion would be for the negative. Three causes, political, economic, and moral, which have not the same roots but react one upon the other, have contributed to befoul it. The two first affect the young no more

than the rest of the community, but they affect them closely.

There can be little need to insist to American readers upon the discouragement that the spectacle of the Old World to-day breeds in the breast of the onlooker. To them it is so discouraging that many have made up their minds to keep away from it at all hazards. Whether they can do so is not here the question. We certainly cannot. For good or ill we are in it, of it: of this melodrama of successive crises, in this Hades of disappointed hopes. How can we be sane when all is mad? How can we hope when all is hopeless? Such, in effect, is the cry so often heard. That despair is groundless, but there is none to proclaim the fact. A minor ill is that no one interests himself in home politics. In fact, there are no home politics. Their suppression is a serious loss to idealism and thought generally. The clash of party, in the main a sign of health, has ceased. This, it may be argued, is unimportant. It is at least a factor in the growth of pessimism and cynicism.

The economic factor is, it need scarce be said, of infinitely greater menace. And, of course, its weight is largely on the shoulders of the poor. One does not expect young people to be at their best when they are hungry and without work. A high proportion of the boys who earned those wonderful wages during the war are to-day subsisting upon a state dole. If they started ill in the former period, they are unlikely to make improvement in the present.

With the children of the upper and middle classes the case is subtler. They are not in want, and it may be said that by comparison they have small cause to grumble. But a small irritant often produces as much grumbling as a great one. Many young men and women are at this moment thrown off their balance by the simple fact that the sover-

eign is now worth no more than ten shillings. Their homes are changed. They look back on the manner in which those homes were ordered, before the war, when they were children, and it seems to them that they have come out of Eden. There were no people in the world who led pleasanter lives than those English families which had an income of from a thousand pounds upward, before the war. There was certainly no existence in which young men and women, who were content without extravagant pleasures if they might have a certain tradition of comeliness, of happy social intercourse, could be more contented. Such a life was not a luxurious machine, but it was one built on graceful, easy lines, to run smoothly.

The drop in the value of money, the leap in taxation, have swept away thousands of such homes. It is not always even that they have changed masters. They have simply disappeared. We have an acute housing shortage in London, but you may go round certain residential squares and terraces, where the houses are big, old-fashioned, but very agreeable, and you will find two out of three of them empty. The people who lived in them before the war simply cannot afford to live in them now. Their children are growing up in homes very different from these, which they remember. They have lost more than large rooms, good service, well-cooked dinners, in honor of which one put on a dinner-jacket and a white shirt. There was something intangible, which was made up of all these, yet in itself surpassed and was apart from the sum of them. It was a sort of gold that gilded the mediocrity. That golden mediocrity was a feature of the life of a large class in England.

Not very serious, such a loss, when others have lost so much more? Well, it counts. But there are more concrete deprivations. The promises made by

fathers to children in such homes have become impossible of fulfillment. Perhaps it was one of the old universities, which is now barred; perhaps a year of travel; perhaps the cherished prospect of a particular career. Not seldom, instead of starting where their fathers left off, they have to begin far behind the point at which their fathers struck out into life. In default of the old, they find themselves thrown into cheaper pleasures, which are often far more florid and outwardly attractive, if less innocent. It is, for example, less expensive in London to-day to dine in restaurants and be a member of a night club than to give dinners and dances to one's friends in one's own house.

The third of the causes I have enumerated is the moral one. And this I regard as little short of a crime on the part of a section of the elders against the young. The war once at an end, the great effort over, there has been the most amazing blast of literary pessimism in this country. We are, whatever observers may think, an easy-going and diffident people. If enough loud-mouthed folk tell us that we have more cause for shame than for pride, we cease to deny it. It is out of mode to say that the aggression of Germany brought about the war, that we entered into it with high motives. Oh no, it was international finance that made the war. It is out of mode to say that our military leaders, if not great strategists, inherited those traditions of character, tenacity, and method which shone in a William of Orange, an Abercrombie, a Kitchener. Oh no, they were thick-headed and slow, they forgot nothing and learned nothing. It is out of mode to declare that our sacrifices were glorious. Oh no, we were driven to the slaughter by politicians and profiteers.

If a novelist to-day touches upon the war, it is ten chances to one that his 'hero' was dragged into it protestingly,

or that he was illtreated in the army, or that he saw naught but stupidity there. The case of the normal man, who looked upon it as a disagreeable necessity, who went into it whole-heartedly, and returned, if he had the luck to return, with spirit unbroken, content that he had done his part to the best of his ability, is hardly ever put. Yet he is in the vast majority, and represents the real spirit of the country.

The men who are in the forefront of this pessimistic onslaught bear a deep responsibility toward the youth of the age, whose enthusiasm they dash, whose faiths they undermine, whose candor they turn to cynicism.

And so to-day we see a great mass of young people in a curious plight. They are worse educated than their fathers, but they are more sophisticated. They have little joy in life, but they are addicted to pleasure. They are contemptuous of the older ideals, but they have been unable to form new ones of their own. They assume very often an air of arrogance, which is no more than the bravado of unhappiness. Above all, they are in uncertainty, without definite goal. The past seems to them madness, the future a blank. The present is bad enough; but it is here, and there may be nothing better to take its place. So far as they speculate at all, they probably see society plunging deeper and deeper down the slope. Some have been won to the belief that to hasten its course, or to split it as the Communists desire, would be better than striving to check it or patch it up.

The tendency among a larger section, which has no thought for such matters, is to seek from the present all that it can be made to yield. The well-to-do, at least, can draw from it something thrilling, though for the poor there is scarcely even that hollow satisfaction. Of them it may indeed now be said that they have one mine of pleasure only.

If anyone in the world is forming their ideas and ministering to their excitement it is you in America. Their one escape from realities is to the fantastic world of 'the pictures.' The influence of these is extraordinary. Only when one hears young cockneys, who have never been more than a few miles from the street in which they were born, repeating Bowery slang which they have learned from the 'captions,' does one realize how great it is.

But, whether in the cinema or elsewhere, what is sought is excitement. Excitement demands high colors, high spices in life. There must be heroes of some sort, who live a life of vivid action, to replace a figure such as that of Marshal Foch in 1918. So the cult of professional players of games has increased enormously, and is now far above what it was before the war. They share the throne with the kings and queens of the cinema world. Excitement is stimulated by gambling; and so betting on races, which has spread very much in the nation at large, has a peculiar hold on youths. I do not know whether the police are less alert in the matter than they were, or if it is that the intelligence system of the opposition is too smart for them, but I do know that, if one walks down certain London streets in the afternoon, one sees a bookmaker calmly sitting on the steps of a house, a satchel slung over his shoulder and a betting book in his hand. And it is not boys only who are bitten by the craze. A friend of mine, walking recently down Bond Street, the very home of splendor and decorum, on the afternoon that a big handicap was being run, saw a little cloud of work-girls, some of them with hair in pigtails, rush out of one of the *maisons de modes* as soon as the first newsboy had yelled his 'Three o'clock winner!' down the street, and precipitate themselves upon the second arrival.

IV

To minds in such a state work becomes monotonous. I believe that this restless excitement, as much as real laziness, accounts for the disinclination to work that has been so much deplored and has so much assisted the upward jump of prices. I believe that the same feverishness has been responsible for the slackening of sexual morality among the young which has so startled older people. It is at the root also of a certain petty dishonesty, noted with dismay, which is confined to the youth of no single class, nor, indeed, to youth alone.

We are told that a wave of immorality, in its widest sense, has passed over the youth of the country generally. Undoubtedly there was a sort of orgy just after the war. But so history tells us there has been after every great upheaval of that nature. The war ended; but the passions did not. Doctors tell us that when a man's foot is amputated the nerves at his ankle stretch out, seeking for those parts of themselves from which they have been severed. It is that action which causes so much subsequent pain. It is that blind chase of our passions which has caused our pain and unrest. It may be objected that in a healthy state energies would be transferred to the new problems presenting themselves. So, very largely, they were. The reorganization of effort, of industry, in this country was swift and remarkable. It was due to circumstances beyond our control, the hopeless state of the world's markets and exchanges, that so much of that energy was rendered unavailing. But it was inevitable that some of the excitement should run to waste. It was inevitable that there should be a swift reaction to pleasure, a sudden loosening of ties. People, and young people especially, rushed to form new excitements to replace those that were past.

The soldiers wanted to enjoy themselves after their miseries. The younger, whose state I have described, could not realize that their good days — for to the majority of them they were good days, make no doubt of that — had come to an end.

To-day there seem to be signs of a subsidence. One sees it in every direction. For example, the gaudy revues that filled our theatres appear to be no longer a paying proposition. The late trains run by the London Underground Railways, in the expectation that a large population desired to take its pleasures by night, have carried passengers by tens rather than by the hundreds anticipated, and are being, in some cases, taken off. That people do not work as they worked before the war is, unhappily, still the case. Here, even, we are told there is an improvement. The lessons of the past two years have been bitter. There are numbers of young people, who were slack two years ago, who are prepared now to work hard if they can find work.

If they can find it! That, all said and done, is the great stumblingblock to a return to the normal. While the present economic conditions endure we cannot hope for it. If they can be improved all else will be possible.

But — of this I am convinced — next to the economic recovery, the attainment whereof is only partially in our own hands, we need to be revived by spiritual and moral guidance. And this, to be effective, must not consist of a mere panegyric of the abstract rights of man or of the abstract beauties of human nature. On idealism of this sort British youth has never thrived. We want a national idealism as well, because we are a nation, because our greatness and our use to the world has

been bred in the womb of our national consciousness. We want, indeed, to learn how to be good citizens of the world; but we want also to learn how to be good citizens of the British Empire, and to take pride that we are such. We want an Edmund Burke rather than a Jean Jacques Rousseau. Burke desired that we should be good citizens of the world. His attitude to the demands of those colonies which are now the United States of America, his view of our Eastern responsibilities, are proof of that. But he taught us also that we are links in a chain, which was begun to be forged fifteen hundred years ago, which has passed down, century by century, through the strong hands of good and careful workmen. We cannot, if we would, escape from their toil. We cannot, if we should desire it, sever those hard-forged links. We should be fools to do so if we could. Upon what stanchion are we to fasten our new chain that will be as sound and strong as the endless length of the old?

I have said that we are afraid of being laughed at by our intellectuals if we express sentiments that are not part of their fashionable creed. I do not know that I am wholly exempt from that fear. Yet I venture to quote a poet whose name always excites their merriment, and to quote him in this connection because he was the spiritual descendant of Burke. Tennyson wrote to 'One who ran down the English' these lines, which remain the fittest answer to our pessimists of to-day, the fittest exhortation to them to help instead of hindering: —

You make our faults too gross, and thence maintain
Our darker future. May your fears be vain!
At times the small black fly upon the pane
May seem the black ox of the distant plain.

CIVILIZATION AND OIL

BY LEO PASVOLSKY

It was a lucky thing for human civilization, as we know it to-day, that on August 28, 1859, oil was struck near Titusville in northwestern Pennsylvania. That first well yielded only from fifteen to forty barrels of oil a day, which is a literal drop in a bucket compared with the annual output — sixty years later and in the United States alone — of over four hundred million barrels. But it was from that modest enterprise that the oil industry of the world took its beginning. Had it not been for that, the whole stupendous development of human progress during the second half of the nineteenth century might never have come about. This development has been in terms of machinery. And machinery is impossible without lubricants — and of these the sole source that we know so far is oil, the technical name for which is petroleum.

All our means of transportation and communication, our trains, steamers, motor-cars, aeroplanes; all the machinery that has made possible large-scale production and the consequent untold saving of human effort and increase of the world's wealth; all the labor-saving devices in the home — all the things that have added so much to life's comfort and pleasure during the past few decades would not have come if it had not been for oil.

I

The uses of oil to-day are vital and universal; but our available supply of this precious substance is limited.

The late Secretary of the Interior, Franklin K. Lane, said in one of his annual reports: —

Petroleum is a priceless resource, for it can never be replaced. Trees can be grown again upon the soil from which they have been taken. But how can petroleum be produced? It has taken ages for nature to distill it in her subterranean laboratory. We do not even know her process. We may find a substitute for it, but have not yet. It is practically the one lubricant of the world to-day. Not a railroad wheel turns without its way being smoothed by it. We can make light and heat by hydroelectric power, but the great turbines move on bearings that are smothered in petroleum. From it we get the quick-exploding gas which is to the motor and the airship what air is to the human body. To industry, agriculture, and the pleasures of life, petroleum is now essential.

Or, as Mr. Joseph E. Pogue, one of the best American authorities on oil, puts it, in his excellent work on *The Economics of Petroleum*: 'The oil industry has assumed an obligation for supplying the vital needs of modern civilization; its best efforts will be required to live up to that responsibility.'

The first and the most important responsibility of the oil industry is to see to it that there is enough oil to meet the needs which our civilization has for its various products. Petroleum resources have now become the most important measure of a nation's strength. There was a time when territory was the principal object of competition among nations. Wars were fought for it. To-day the greatest, the most acute

competition among nations centres around oil. To-morrow — that is, in the course of the next decade or two — this struggle for oil will become still more acute. And the position of the United States in this pressing and vital competition is one of peculiar and increasing importance.

Ever since the first discovery of oil on American soil, the United States has occupied the central and dominant position in the oil industry: it is the greatest consumer of oil in the world. To-day the United States uses within its borders fully one half of the world's total output of oil. It is also the world's greatest producer of oil. During the six decades that oil has been in use, the United States has contributed sixty-one per cent of all the oil produced in the whole world.

But with this vast production, with an output that mounts above the colossal figure of over four hundred million barrels a year, the United States is fast reaching the end of its available oil resources. Estimates made by Mr. David White and other experts of the United States Geological Survey place the world's total available supply of oil left for future use at about sixty billion barrels. Of this amount, scarcely one seventh is found within the boundaries of the United States.

So rapid has been the increase of the use of oil in the United States, and so colossal the development of oil-production, that in the past few years the situation in this regard has begun to assume truly alarming proportions. During the decade from 1910 to 1920, a phenomenon of tremendous importance in connection with oil took place in the United States. The country's demand for oil and its products increased so fast that, in spite of a tremendous increase of production of oil, we have been compelled to witness a transition from oversupply to overdemand. At the

beginning of the decade, the oil wells of the United States were adding to the country's reserve stocks of oil at the rate of fifteen million barrels a year; at the end of the decade, the demand for oil was drawing upon the reserve stocks at the rate of nearly twenty million barrels a year.

When Dr. George Otis Smith, Director of the United States Geological Survey, stated these facts in an address before a recent general meeting of the American Iron and Steel Institute, Mr. Charles M. Schwab, who was in the chair, said to him, —

‘You have told me things I ought to know, and in words that I can understand.’

The need of understanding these fundamental facts about oil has now become vital for every citizen of the United States. For decades past the country supplied itself with what oil it needed, and contributed largely to the satisfaction of the whole world's need of oil. To-day it does not produce enough to supply its own needs.

Mr. E. Mackay Edgar, an English writer, recently described the situation as follows: —

Just when Americans have become accustomed to use twenty times as much oil per head as is used in Great Britain; just when invention has indefinitely expanded the need for oil in industry; just when it has grown to be as common and as true a saying that ‘Oil is king,’ as it was twenty years ago that steel was king; just when the point was reached where oil controls money, instead of money controlling oil, the United States finds her chief source of domestic supply beginning to dry up, and a time approaching when, instead of ruling the oil market of the world, she will have to compete with other countries for her share in the crude product. . . . America is running through her stores of domestic oil, and is obliged to look abroad for future reserves.

If the United States is to maintain its present position as the greatest in-

dustrial nation in the world, and to continue the progress that is necessary to keep pace with the increase of population and the multiplication of its needs, it becomes imperative for the United States to assure for itself as large a share as possible in the oil resources of the world. These resources are distributed almost evenly between the Western and the Eastern hemispheres, with their principal centres in the United States, Mexico, Russia, and the Near East. In the Western Hemisphere, so far as is known, almost eighty-five per cent of the total oil-supply is found north of the Equator, that is, principally in the United States and Mexico.

Left with only its own oil resources, the United States would begin to experience a serious shortage of oil within the present decade. With virtual control of the other important oil-fields in the Western Hemisphere, such a contingency may not arise for, perhaps, fifty years. Shale oil may be developed in the meantime, as a substitute for the liquid product; but this would require a tremendous initial expense, and a much greater extraction cost in terms of human labor. While the United States has probably the greatest deposits of oil shale in the world, an adequate development of the process of extracting oil from shale would require the building-up of a mining industry in the country that would be at least as great as the present coal industry.

II

There is no doubt, therefore, that the immediate problem in connection with oil is an increased efficiency in the extraction from the crude oil of its more valuable and necessary products. In other words, it becomes imperative to evaluate carefully the various economic uses of oil, in order that the more es-

sential demands may be given due priority. Oil is used to produce light, to generate power, and to save power by reducing friction in the running of machinery. Which of these three uses of oil should be placed first?

In his address quoted above, Dr. Smith, who is one of the world's greatest authorities on geology in terms of national resources, said:—

In our attention to the generation of power to meet the needs of industry and transportation, we give too little thought to the unique function of oil—that of saving power. Machinery without lubrication is unthinkable; adequate lubrication saves energy and makes it available for use, as well as adds to the life of the machine.

Machinery requires power to run it. This power can be obtained by harnessing the energy contained in falling water and transforming it into electric current. Or it can be obtained by the utilization of various kinds of fuel, such as wood, coal, and the like. By far the most economical of all the various forms of fuel is oil. Being a liquid, it costs much less to mine and to transport than any of the other forms, if we compute cost in terms of human effort. Moreover, it is the most concentrated source of power. In the form of its two largest products, gasoline and kerosene, oil can be transformed directly into power-energy by means of the so-called internal-combustion engines. All these considerations make oil a highly desirable source of power.

But machinery requires, besides power to run it, something that will overcome the waste of power inherent in the inevitable friction that accompanies the operation of any piece of machinery. In every piece of mechanism there are parts that rub against each other. It is a familiar fact that when metal rubs against metal both surfaces become injured, and the speed of operation is impeded. Both of these

undesirable features can be avoided by means of lubrication.

Lubricants are nothing but substances that are forced between the rubbing surfaces of parts of machinery, to prevent these surfaces from scraping against each other. These substances must be 'oily,' which means that they must have a capacity for forming a film between the rubbing surfaces of metal and for preserving this film unbroken, even when the surfaces are pressed tightly together and the machine operates at a high speed. In other words, in lubricated machinery the metal parts rub against the oily films between them, and not against each other. When a piece of machinery is not lubricated at all, as much as a third of the power put into its running may be wasted, and its parts quickly destroyed by scraping. In a well-lubricated machine, waste through friction can be reduced to an almost negligible quantity, while the parts would suffer scarcely any injury on account of rubbing.

Before the discovery and the development of oil as a source of lubricants, various kinds of animal and vegetable fats, as well as such solid substances as graphite, were used for purposes of lubrication. They are still used to-day, though the rôle that they play in industry is almost negligible, in comparison with the mineral-oil lubricants, obtained from petroleum. Graphite and other 'solid' lubricants are used now in but very few instances. Animal and vegetable fats, usually mixed with soap and water to form 'semisolid' lubricants, or greases, are used only for slow-moving machinery or for special parts of machines. But all high-speed machinery requires liquid lubricants, obtainable only from petroleum.

It is in this manner that the whole development of our machine civilization during the past half-century has been made possible, by the utilization

of oil for the purpose of obtaining liquid lubricants. The whole future development of civilization depends upon our ability to maintain an adequate supply of these lubricants.

The sources of power are numerous and varied. But oil is the sole source of almost all lubricants. Animal and vegetable fats not only are unfitted for use in high-speed machinery, but also have this peculiar disadvantage: they have a tendency to combine with the oxygen of the air, which acidizes them and often causes them to corrode the metal with which they come in contact. Moreover, they have a tendency to gum, as well as to get extremely hot, when they become dangerous by causing spontaneous combustion of cotton waste and similar substances, which are always found in the neighborhood of machinery. The petroleum lubricants are free from these serious defects.

Nor is it conceivable that vegetable fats can be obtained in anything like the vast quantities required by present-day industry. Merely from the point of view of the acreage that would have to be devoted to oil-bearing plants, such a condition would constitute an ominous inroad upon the world's food-supply, the future adequacy of which already causes some apprehension.

The problem of lubricants, then, is the problem of oil-supply and of efficiency in the process of oil-refining.

III

Petroleum, as it is found in nature, is not a uniform substance. On the contrary, it varies greatly in some of its basic characteristics. It is a liquid that has both solid and gaseous substances dissolved in it. If it is left to the free action of the air, it will gradually break up into these various component parts. First, the gases will escape; these are what is known as 'natural gas,' used

rather extensively for lighting purposes in some parts of the country, and found in conjunction with petroleum. Then, such lighter components as gasoline will evaporate, until, finally, only a solid residue remains. This residue is one of two types, either paraffin wax or asphalt, and it is the character of the residue that determines the kind of oil with which we are dealing.

There are between one hundred and fifty thousand and two hundred thousand oil wells operating in the United States; estimates vary to as large an extent as that. These wells are scattered over the various oil-fields, which, for purposes of convenience, may be divided into the eastern and western groups. Curiously enough, the petroleum found in the eastern group of oil-fields is predominantly paraffin, while that found in the western group is just as predominantly asphalt.

The fields of the eastern group, including the very important Kansas-Oklahoma fields, are distinguished by the fact that they are bound by a comprehensive system of underground pipes, through which the oil flows from the wells to the refineries. The western group, consisting principally of the California fields, supplies many of the local needs for oil, and ships its surplus to refineries by rail, in tank cars.

Because of the ease with which oil can be transported by means of pipes, some of the largest refineries in the United States are located far from any of the important oil-fields. For example, one of the most important refineries is at Bayonne, New Jersey, hundreds of miles away from any large oil-field; yet it is fed constantly, through underground pipes, with the liquid from which it makes the huge quantities of gasoline, kerosene, various kinds of lubricating oils, and numerous other products, which are shipped to various parts of the United States and of the world.

A refinery does to crude oil what evaporation would do, except that the various component parts of the original fluid are caught as they are given off, and are stored for use. But, besides that, human ingenuity has devised means for rearranging some of the chemical compounds of the original petroleum in such a way as to increase or diminish the output of this or that product of oil. In the process of refining, the four principal products recovered from oil are gasoline, kerosene, fuel oil, and lubricating oils. Each of these products has its own use in civilized life, and each may be recovered intact from the original crude oil.

The uses of gasoline are quite patent. It is the fuel that makes possible internal-combustion engines. Because of its existence, we have had an opportunity to witness the breathlessly swift development of the automotive industry. The automobile and the aeroplane have introduced far-reaching changes into the economic and social life of the world. The motor-truck has become an invaluable adjunct of our system of distributing goods through the various parts of the country. The contribution of the automotive vehicle to the needs, the comforts, and the pleasures of mankind has been, undoubtedly, the greatest and the most spectacular feature of recent progress.

Kerosene was the first, and for nearly four decades the most important, product of petroleum. At the time when kerosene began to be commercially extracted from crude oil as a source of light, a liquid obtained from some varieties of coal was already in use, under the name of coal oil. Popular fancy got kerosene and coal oil confused, and the latter name has stuck to kerosene.

All through the second half of the nineteenth century kerosene was the great illuminant of the world. Through the efforts of the great Standard Oil

Company, built up by the genius for organization of John D. Rockefeller and his associates, kerosene became the chief source of light, not only in the United States, but in such far-off countries as China. But toward the end of the century the use of kerosene as a source of light began to decline. The gas-mantle and the electric bulb pushed out the lamp, as artificial gas and electricity displaced kerosene, which now remains the illuminant of only the frontiers of the world.

On the other hand, kerosene is beginning to be used rather extensively as a source of power, for the propelling of tractors used in agriculture. It has been adapted to certain types of internal-combustion engines, and is rapidly gaining an economic position for itself in this field.

Fuel oil is used as a direct substitute for coal. It generates electricity, runs various kinds of steam-engines, and is rapidly coming to displace coal as marine fuel. Its advantages over coal are very great. Oil is much more easily transported than coal. It occupies less cargo space, which is a most important consideration on board a ship. And it is much cheaper, in terms of the labor required to mine it and bring it to the places where it is needed. Fuel oil has become an indispensable commodity, so far as the navies of the world are concerned. In 1921, the American navy required over eight million barrels of fuel oil. The mercantile marine is no less in need of fuel oil as an indispensable adjunct of its development. The fuel-oil requirements of the Shipping Board for the year 1921 were estimated at sixty million barrels.

The uses of the various lubricating oils derived from petroleum have already been described. The demand for lubricants is increasing all the time, and no limits can be set to these requirements, except the scale on which

machine civilization itself develops. Labor-saving machinery is more and more coming into use in the home and on the farm. Each piece of machinery thus introduced on anything like a large scale means machine-production at the factories, which is impossible without lubricants; and it also means the use of lubricants for the running of the labor-saving devices themselves. The rapid development of water-power has for its immediate result a new development along the lines of labor-saving machinery — a new demand for that indispensable attribute of machine-operation, the lubricating oils.

These four principal products of petroleum use up about eighty per cent of the total amount — close to half a billion barrels — consumed in the United States every year. Of the other twenty per cent, about five per cent goes to waste, while the remaining fifteen per cent is used for the extraction of various by-products. Already nearly two hundred by-products are obtained from petroleum. Vaseline, benzine, paraffin, asphalt, are the best known of these by-products. But the utilization of petroleum by-products is still in its infancy. There are vast possibilities of almost incalculable usefulness hidden in the still unbroken chemical compounds found in crude oil. It is considered by experts that the coal-tar industry can eventually be duplicated by the petroleum-by-product industry in serving the developing uses of modern civilization. And the importance of the coal-tar industry may readily be seen from the fact that its yield of aniline dyes alone is sufficient to ensure it a secure place among the indispensable resources of civilization.

IV

When nature produced petroleum, millions of years ago, she placed in the

mixture the various chemical compounds which we now extract from the crude oil that gushes to the surface every time we tap one of its hidden reservoirs. And the older or more primitive methods of refining consisted merely in extracting from crude oil as large quantities of the various compounds as the oil had to yield. This process is known as 'skimming,' and is very wasteful. The most modern process, known as 'cracking,' consists, as one of its phases, in forcing some of the molecules in crude oil to undergo a chemical change, in such a way, for example, that a barrel of crude oil may be made to yield more gasoline than the original mixture contained — at the expense, let us say, of the amount of lubricating oils yielded at the same time.

This application of human ingenuity to the process of recovering from the crude oil the various products that we need for the uses of civilization raises a very important question, which acquires special significance in view of the fact that the supplies of oil still left for future use are visibly limited and increasingly less accessible. The relative importance of the various products of oil is a tangible fact, which requires most close and attentive scrutiny from the best experts of the country.

The most spectacular feature of the whole oil development has been the growth of the automotive industry. In 1911 there were 700,000 motor-vehicles registered in the United States, and in that year the production of oil was 315 barrels per motor-vehicle. Ten years later, in 1921, the number of motor-vehicles in the country had increased to 9,500,000, so that the average production of crude oil per motor-vehicle was only 47 barrels. Each one of these motor-vehicles is run by gasoline; and it is in answer to this growing demand for gasoline that the best effort of the oil-refining industry has been directed

toward finding a way of getting as much gasoline as possible out of crude oil.

But at the same time the demand for, and the production of, lubricating oils has also increased tremendously. In 1914 the United States produced 517,000,000 gallons of lubricating oils of various kinds. By 1919, the amount increased to 819,000,000 gallons, and to-day it is well over a billion.

In the course of the past few years there has been a definite trend in the refining industry in the direction of shifting the principal emphasis from gasoline to lubricating oils. The 'skimming' process leaves most of the lubricant content of the crude oil in the residue fuel oil, where it is burned up, instead of being recovered. In 1921, according to the figures compiled by the United States Bureau of Mines, the 'skimming' plants constituted 35 per cent of the total refining capacity of the country, while those plants which pay considerable attention to the recovery of lubricating oils constituted 46 per cent. In commenting on this trend, Mr. Pogue says: —

As the demand for lubricating oil increases, one refinery after another changes from destructive distillation practice, in which the focus is upon gasoline, to steam-distillation practice, in which the prime objective is lubricating oil.

Paraffin-base oil contains 25 per cent of lubricants. Asphalt-base oil has as much as 40 per cent. Yet, on the average only 5.4 per cent is recovered to-day. That means that we waste at least four fifths of the lubricating oils contained in the vast amounts of the crude product that go through the refineries. Here we still have a very considerable margin in favor of the lubricants, enormous quantities of which are now burned up.

But even with better utilization of oil, and a much more careful evaluation

of the relative uses of its various products, the fact still remains that the world's supply of oil is visibly limited. And this fact is really the alpha and omega of the whole situation.

V

There is a struggle for oil going on in the world to-day, and the geography of the oil situation is a highly significant factor in determining this struggle. The remaining available stocks are almost evenly distributed between the two hemispheres, but the demand for oil, taken in terms of industrial and general needs, is also similarly divided between these two portions of the globe. Of all the primary materials, the utilization of which constitutes the basis of present-day civilization, oil is the one that requires most immediate and serious attention. The struggle for oil is the struggle for industrial stability and power. It is an acute national problem with each of the industrialized countries of the world. And since there is not one of these countries that possesses to-day within its own political boundaries sufficient reserve stocks of oil, it is an international problem of first-rate importance.

The United States is intimately concerned with every aspect of this problem. Her principal rival in the securing of oil resources is Great Britain. This fact need no more be ground for animosity between the two countries than their commercial rivalry; but it is a tangible fact, nevertheless.

Taken by and large, the attention of the United States is directed principally toward the securing of the resources that are located in the Western Hemisphere, south of the Rio Grande; while Great Britain's attention is centred on the Near East. But Europe — Great Britain, as well as other countries — is also reaching out to the West-

ern Hemisphere, while American oil-interests are active in the Eastern. In these encounters real rivalry develops.

By whatever name one chooses to call it, — whether imperialism, or economic necessity in terms of basic industrial needs, or insurance against possible shortage of one of the indispensable bases of modern economic activity, — this struggle for oil is an incontrovertible and inevitable fact. Looking at it in perspective, one is led to believe that geography, tradition, and discernible inclination generally conspire to bring about a state of affairs in which Great Britain will, before long, find herself master of the principal oil-resources in the Eastern Hemisphere, while the United States will similarly be in control of the oil-bearing areas of the Western Hemisphere. And it still remains to be seen whether these two industrial giants will divide the world thus, into two oil-empires, amicably, or whether they will face considerable and deplorable friction, just as their national oil-interests are now in keen competition in Persia, as well as in Mexico.

This is the visible trend to-day. But for those who believe that, in spite of the present-day confusion attending our adjustment to the conditions created by the war, the world has irretrievably entered upon the path that leads to intercontinental economic collaboration, and eventual integration, the solution of the oil problem — so far as the control of the resources is concerned — appears in a different light. The oil problem is merely the most pressing part of a more general one, the solution of which lies along the lines of some sort of international control over the world's stocks of primary materials, and over their allocation among the nations. The world has definitely passed the stage of regarding its natural resources as practically

inexhaustible. It seems inevitable — if civilization is to endure — that there should be some sort of international control in the matter of the distribution of such primary materials as coal, iron, timber, and, first of all, oil.

This question came up at the Paris Peace Conference, and was quickly dismissed. But it is bound to emerge again. For there seems no doubt that humanity's choice in the next decade or two will be between some such scheme of international action and a series of conflicts for the possession of primary materials.

If the first alternative triumphs soon, well and good. But in the meantime, the world still being what it is, it is impossible to escape the conclusion that the bid of American capital for oil resources outside the United States ought to be considered, from the point of view of the country's national interests, as legitimate as the bid for commercial markets. There is considerable doubt, in the minds of many careful observers of international economic developments, as to the wisdom of America's reaching out for the oil resources of the Old World; for that is apt to involve the country in political difficulties of an unwelcome nature. But this objection does not hold with nearly the same margin of political inexpediency with regard to the Western Hemisphere. So far as oil is concerned, at any rate, an economic interpretation of the Monroe Doctrine seems a sound enough proposition, from the point of view of American statesmanship — until the whole Doctrine shall have lost its *raison d'être* in the larger scheme of an intelligently organized and workable apparatus for international economic action.

This is one phase of the question. But there is another, equally important, and closely linked with it. Civilization is definitely confronted with the

problem of conserving the essential resources which constitute its basis. It cannot afford to waste them. And no country has ever been so wasteful of its wealth as has the United States.

But conservation — again, if civilization is not to recede — has to be applied constructively, in terms of utilization. Oil is cheap to get and convenient to use. There is, therefore, a distinct temptation to use it unheedingly. A doctrine of oil-conservation, with a view to its more rational utilization, is as important as that of forest-conservation with a view to reforestation.

Just as the use of oil as an illuminant, except in special cases, has practically disappeared, so its use as fuel should be reduced to a minimum. Marine engines need oil as fuel, for nothing else will answer the purpose, except at a great sacrifice of cargo space and speed. But there is no reason to use oil for stationary machinery on land, so long as the tremendous water-power resources of the country remain undeveloped. What reason is there, for example, in burning up millions of barrels of oil in coalless California, when the harnessing of the Colorado River can easily supply all the energy which that state needs to turn the wheels of its economic life?

The greatest waste in the utilization of oil to-day lies in the burning-up of enormous quantities of the more valuable compounds, through irrational refining and through too great a use of oil for fuel purposes. The trend is to concentrate on lubricants and on gasoline, though the time is coming when greater emphasis will be laid on the first than on the second. So long as modern machinery is impossible without lubricants, and so long as oil is the sole source of high-speed lubricants, it is a crime against civilization to permit a single recoverable gallon of lubricants to be sacrificed for the sake of more or less easily replaceable fuel.

THE SHEARS OF DESTINY

A MEMORY OF ERSKINE CHILDERS

BY ALFRED OLLIVANT

I SAILED with him on the Asgarde in the Baltic the year before the war. A skipper more considerate of his crew of amateurs, who when they came on board hardly knew a sheet from a sail, it would be impossible to conceive. Whenever there was arduous or dangerous work to be done he did it; partly because he was leader, partly because he was the only competent member of the crew, and most because he loved danger and hardship for their own sakes. Indeed he was by temperament one of that great company of gentlemen-adventurers which our country — for he was English on his father's side — has given perhaps in fuller measure than any other to the roll of history.

The winds were contrary. We beat all down the Baltic, and south of Christianso ran into a gale. Some tackle broke away at the masthead and had to be lashed down. Childers, already gray, lame, and the eldest of us by some years, went aloft to do it. A little figure in a fisherman's jersey, with hunched shoulders and straining arms, the wind tearing through his thick hair, his face desperately set, he tugged, heaved, fought with hands and feet and teeth, to master the baffling elements and achieve his end. That is how I saw him then: that is how I shall always see him now — a tussling wisp of humanity high overhead, and swirling with the slow swirl of the mast against a tumult of tempestuous sky.

At that time he had recently resigned his clerkship in the House of Commons, and a third of his income with it, to devote his life to obtaining liberty for Ireland. He had just written *The Framework of Home Rule*, believed in the Dominion status, and was standing as a Liberal candidate for Parliament. Next year he abandoned his candidature, in the main I think because of his disappointment at the surrender of Mr. Asquith's Government to the Carson conspiracy.

Just forty-eight hours before Austria declared war on Serbia, Childers ran the little Asgarde, his wife as always at the helm, one perfect Sunday morning of late July, 1914, into Howth harbor. She carried a cargo of arms with which the Irish of the South, having lost faith in the power and will of the British Government to protect them, were determined to defend themselves against the Red Army of Ulster.

Six months later, in the dark of the year, Childers was leading the famous bombing attack from the sea on Cuxhaven, which was one of the most romantic episodes of the early stages of the war.

By 1916 he had come to the reluctant conclusion — wrongly as I believe — that Great Britain was not sincere in her protestations that she was fighting for the liberty of the little nations. He retired, in so far as he was able to do so with honor, from active coöperation in

a cause in which he no longer believed, and devoted himself thereafter to working for the independence of the little nation for which he had lived and was to die.

In June 1919, he wrote to me with reference to the Carson Rebellion of 1912-1914: —

Of course it was completely successful and has dominated all British policy since and led to Sinn Fein and the Irish Rebellion, while incidentally you may see in it the worst features of the Peace Treaty and the scrapping of the Fourteen Points and a genuine League of Nations. It completely identified Great Britain with Prussianism.

In the same month he wrote: 'Ulster is the key to the world.'

That year he moved finally from the little flat in Embankment Gardens, Chelsea, where in the days before the war you met not only men such as Sir Horace Plunkett, who were like himself devoting their lives to Ireland, but most of the advanced Liberal world of London. Thereafter he established his home in Dublin.

Once in 1920 I wrote and asked him whether he could give me definite evidence of the part played by Sir Henry Wilson, then Director of Military Operations, in fomenting the mutiny in the British army which was one of the provocative causes of the war. He replied that he could not. 'We have always believed . . .' he wrote. 'But this is not evidence,' he was careful to remind me. And all through the time of torment that ensued, the characteristic that struck me most in him was his scrupulous fairness to opponents. Would that we on our side could show as fair a record!

How he lived through the so-called Reprisals Campaign I never understood. That campaign to-day has no apologists, original though it was in English history, as being a method of silencing political opponents by means

hitherto somewhat alien to our tradition. And he was now admittedly the most formidable opponent of our rule.

When the Campaign had failed and the Government had suffered in consequence a sudden and beautiful conversion to more Christian methods, I wrote to him at once to point out that the British volte-face had completely changed the situation; that our Government had gone as far and given as much as could fairly be expected; that it would now for the first time have the country and the Empire solid behind it; and I implored him to come in and help.

It was too late. He replied at once in a long letter which I turned up afresh yesterday when I heard that the end had come. He was charming as always, reasonable as always, and — utterly irreconcilable. 'No one dies for Home Rule in any country,' he wrote. 'The thing McSwineys and commoner men in millions die for — freedom — is not a thing that can be disguised under phrases or whittled away by limitation. Everybody knows what it is and *this* (that is, the British terms) is not it. . . .'

That was, politically speaking, the parting of our ways. I never heard from him again, and knew from that hour that whoever else might come out alive from the Ordeal by Civil War to which he and those who thought like him were subjecting Ireland it would not be Childers.

When the news came that he had been captured, it was clear to most that only one end was possible. No Government that proposed to govern could have wavered: for, if mistakes in judgment which mean ruin to a country are ignored, what may not the consequences to the innocent involve? We here in England know only too well.

I loved Childers; but had I been President of the Free State I should have signed his death warrant as surely

if not as gladly as on the eve of the war I should have signed away the lives of those greater rebels and lesser men who preceded him down the path of disruption and anarchy.

In the last few years, since he became a legendary figure, I have sometimes been amazed, and more often amused, at the misunderstanding of the man — whether based on malice or sheer ignorance it was difficult to say — evinced by our public and our press.

Erskine Childers was in fact an inspired fanatic: a Christian ghazi, drunk not with bang but with the idea of Independence, and charging magnificently down the bleak hillside to certain death on the bayonets of the massed opinion of his own country and of ours. When a prominent member of our recent Government, to his eternal shame, described Childers after his capture, as he lay in jail awaiting trial for his life, as a 'murderous renegade'; when our English papers wrote of him during the height of the trouble as 'a sinister figure' and stressed, as they loved to do, his intellectual qualities, they gave a childish false impression of the simplest and most sincere of men. His intellect was the least of him, and its limitations his ultimate undoing. He was first, foremost, and all the time, a mystic, though probably an unconscious one, who would, I think, in the days when I knew him best have defined himself as an agnostic. Nobody could be with him and not feel his spiritual apartness. He lived in a cloud of dreams and ideals, remote from the world. His feet were not on earth, but his head was certainly in Heaven. He was one of those practical mystics of whom Lord Rosebery wrote many years ago that they were the most formidable of men. Had his mind been as good as his heart was big he would have been one of the great world-forces of our times. But the eye of his intel-

lect was obscured and growing, so it seemed to me, always obscurer. You can see it in that noble and pathetic apology he wrote when lying under sentence of death. The good democrat had become merged in the dogmatic pedagogue. At the last it was no longer the will of the Irish people that he sought, but what he believed was good for the Irish people. In this his final phase his judgment proved as faulty as his purpose remained pure and his courage high. Some will-o'-the-wisp seemed to possess his brain and lead him ever forward over bogey-haunted quagmires to his inevitable doom.

To English men and women, who believe that they owe it to Erskine Childers that their dearest were foully done to death; to Irish patriots who conceived of him as the alien author of the ruin of their country, it may be hard to understand what is in fact the case: he was the knightliest of men — one of those

Soldier-saints who, row on row,
Burn upwards to a point of bliss.

There was never any man of whom Sir Ector's lament over another knight who also greatly lived, greatly failed, greatly died, could have been more appropriately penned.

Single of purpose, valiant beyond belief, chivalrous to a fault, he was one of the pure in heart. Therefore of a certainty he now sees God.

The Ireland of the moment may not mourn him: the Ireland of to-morrow will hold his memory forever green.

To-day I read that he shook hands with the firing party that was to send him on his way. How like the man! — and with what a noble gesture he leaves the world!

God rest the tired and battle-worn spirit of one of the most gallant gentlemen that ever Ireland has given to our earth.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

THE COW JUMPED OVER THE MOON

A PRACTICAL person the other day read over something that I 'd written for pure amusement. It was about the present having no duration, and nothing, therefore, having ever been able to happen.

'There is a flaw in your logic,' he said, with an interest that surprised me. 'You make the mistake of supposing that all of an event must happen at once.'

'How much of it does happen at once?' I asked.

'Only an infinitely small portion,' he replied. 'Take a cat jumping out of the window —'

'The cow jumped over the moon, if you like.'

'No, let's keep to the possible. A cat jumps through the window. Divide her — theoretically, of course — into an infinite number of infinitely thin sections —'

'Like a sliced sausage?'

'Exactly. And each infinitely thin slice will pass over a given point on the window sill in that infinitely narrow portion of duration which is the present. So there is nothing logically impossible about an event's happening at all.'

'Pardon me,' said I, 'but I refuse to grant that the present is an infinitely narrow portion of duration. It is a line drawn between the past and the future. If you assume that it has even an infinitely small breadth, you assume a line having thickness — which is absurd.'

'Who says that the present is a line?' he retorted, beginning to show the

merest trifle of impatience. 'That's your mistake. The present is a strip, infinitely narrow, between —'

'Don't go on,' I interrupted. 'If you make the present a strip, or stripe, instead of a line, I shall insist on dividing it, the way grammarians do the tenses. Then we'll have a future present and a past present. Where they join will be the present present, — a mere line, again, — and the other two will be either past or future in relation to that. You will have gained nothing but a lot of words.'

'Is there anything in this whole argument but words?'

'You own up beaten,' said I.

'I don't. But I'll grant your point — or line, rather. What I should have said in the first place is that our jumping cat is divided into slices having no thickness at all.'

'Like the surface of a solid, which, having no thickness, has no existence, and yet —'

'You know what I mean,' he cut me off. 'And now you must admit that one of the slices can pass over a point on the window sill even during your line of a present.'

'I do,' said I.

'There! I told you so. There is nothing like reasoning a little over these seeming paradoxes. They disappear.'

'Wait,' I insisted. 'I admit that a slice having no thickness could pass over the sill in the present tense. But how long would it take the cat — the whole cat — to get through at that rate?'

'Depends upon the speed,' was the response. 'There is no difficulty in that. As our slices are infinitely thin, an

infinite number of them would go out of the window in any time you might name.'

'No,' I gloated. 'Now you're going back to your infinitely thin slices, which you've already had to abandon as impractical. We're in the stage of slices having no thickness whatever. Therefore, a slice represents no part of the cat. No matter how many infinities of slices went over the sill in no matter how infinitely small a fraction of an instant, the cat herself would n't move — she'd be hanging motionless in the air.'

'But,' he went on, — plainly floundering now and sparring for time, — 'let us suppose that the forward half of the cat has already passed over — that is, into the future —'

'Into the past,' I corrected patiently. 'The tail-end is the future of this cat, having yet to make the jump which — according to your hypothesis — has already been achieved by the head, or past end.'

'All right. Yes, I suppose I do mean that. And let us assume that the dividing line between the two ends is — was — will be — hang it! How do *you* account for it? We know a cat *can* jump through a window, and that she does n't do it in either the past or the future, but the now.'

'Don't be too certain,' I suggested. 'Personally I'm not quite convinced that it is n't the window that jumps through the cat — though Spinoza pretended to regard it a slip of the tongue when one of his pupils told him that he had seen a yard fly into the rooster.'

'You'd better let Spinoza alone,' said my friend, with the air of one who has just been defeated, and then remembers that there was n't anything at stake. 'The man for you is Einstein.'

I admitted that I adored Einstein.

'Understand him?'

'Not I. But he has deepened my blessed conviction that I don't under-

stand anything — not even why a billiard ball continues to roll after you have hit it with a cue.'

'I myself can enlighten you there,' said my friend, cheering up again — he's really a capital fellow. 'It rolls because of the momentum you have given it.'

'What is momentum?'

'Did n't you ever go to school? Why, I remember the definition — substantially, that is — even yet. Momentum is the tendency of a body, once set in motion, to continue in motion at that same speed forever and in a straight line. It would, too, only for the pressure of the air, the friction of the billiard cloth, and things like that.'

'I see. Momentum is a word representing a lot of other words. It's the words which make the ball roll.'

'Not at all. Momentum is a tendency, a force, a statement of how things are.'

'Then I don't see,' I complained, 'that you've done anything but state in other terms the phenomenon which I wanted to have explained — *explained*, not restated. Where is this tendency located? Is there any difference between the atoms of a rolling ball and the atoms of a ball at rest?'

'The rolling ball is warmer than the quiet one,' he ventured cautiously. 'And the slight flattening of the ivory at the point of contact with the cloth is a bit accentuated, owing to the force with which the moving particles strike —'

'Look here! Do you claim it's the heat, or the flat spot, that makes the ball move?'

'N-no; not the heat, of course. And it could n't be the flat spot, for any force which the particles might exert in the rear by expanding through resiliency is cancelled by the force required to compress those in front.'

'Why not admit, then, that it is

impossible for a billiard ball to roll — that it merely does it? And that momentum is simply a short way of describing its unaccountable conduct?’

My friend smiled indulgently into the open fire, and puffed twice on his cigar.

‘I see where you’re bringing up now,’ he declared after a moment. ‘Might have known. You’re going to begin to spout that old theory that there is no reality in material existence: that a cat does n’t jump through the window, because there is no cat — that it is all an illusion, imagination, a movement of brain-particles within yourself. You’re going to try to prove that I’m not sitting here, that nobody is anywhere — that you, yourself, are a disembodied spirit and the only reality in the universe.’

‘I wish it were as simple as that,’ I smiled back. ‘Of course I’m the only being of whose existence I am certain.’

‘Better not let the Only Woman hear you say so.’

‘She has heard me say so often. And she agrees — only she insists that *she* is the one whose being is beyond question.’

‘Gad! And it serves you right.’

‘But don’t you see?’ I went on. ‘All these difficulties about the cat and the billiard ball, not to mention a hundred others, follow me even into the realm of illusion. It is just as impossible to understand an imaginary change as a real one; just as difficult to account for the momentum of a brain-particle as the momentum of a comet; just as far beyond the human mind to figure out how a dream-cat can act in a non-existent present — a present which can’t even be postulated as existing without giving it breadth, which is contrary to any sensible definition; just as much of a job, in short, to deal with a dream-cat as with a tomcat.’

‘Are you happy?’ asked my friend as he rose to go.

‘Perfectly.’

‘Well, that’s the mystery that gets me. Good night. If I stay here any longer talking this way, I’ll feel afraid of the earth giving way under my feet. I would n’t have *your* “tendency” for a million dollars.’

I was sorry to see him go, but pleased to think that he had been able to find no flaw in my reasoning. The trouble is — I can’t find any flaw in it myself.

DABBLING

It may be considered dangerous, but it is always pleasant, to possess a little knowledge. The serious student has always despised the dabbler. The dabbler, however, has more fun. The water is warmer where it laps the pebbles in the sun, and it cannot drown you. Children and dogs, invalids, and strong men washed ashore by storms, congregate about you and throw water. The serious student may stride along without a look to his deeper bath, but with his splendid risk he may sink while you are skipping stones.

Two characteristics mark the dabbler. First, he really dabbles. Second, he talks. A bluffer talks, too, but essentially he has something to ‘put over’ — something he wishes you to buy, or admire, or believe. A dabbler merely wishes to talk to you. He is naïve, eager, green, not boastful, but merely declaratory — a perfect type of the ‘possessed’ person.

With one such person about, life is never dull. Having dabbled in everything that has come beneath his eye, he can listen with enthusiasm to the invalid on opsonins, to the educator on tests, to the motorist on plugs, to the physicist on skewed curves and elastic lag. He does not essay to tell any of these experts anything, but, to quote Ethel Sidgwick, he simply bites the right way.

There are persons incapable of dabbling. They invariably do well whatever they consider worth doing at all. That unwholesome proverb has ruined many a good dabbler; for there are many things existent which are well worth doing rather badly.

My pal and I resolved to dabble in at least three of the fine arts each year. Greek is fascinating up to that point where the characters still look to you like little apple trees and stepladders. At this point we drop it, and assume pastels, for we are neither students nor serious. A typewriting dabbler is known by his fruits. Likewise a cook. A dabbler in French may go far, if he is easy of tongue, and wary — and chooses his audience.

But one of the most daring and up-setting of instruments with which to trifle is the pipe organ. To one who has already spent placid years at the piano, it offers a little thrill for every day in the week. Here are unlimited possibilities much too tempting for the jester to pass by. Moreover, it appears the least frivolous of instruments, and grandly guards the dignity of the organist.

With this solid instrument before you, and the august composers for it behind you, it is possible to get every thrill of the amateur without any of its reproach. At least three weeks are necessary to get the real feeling in the feet which belongs only to a great organist, but the lingo may be adopted instantly. Few people know even that the pedal keyboard is plotted like the manual; that black keys in twos and threes serve as mileposts as well as accidentals. You must never look at your feet. You can talk about this too, at great length, and the fact seldom fails to win attention. There is always something picturesque about a blind pianist. An organist is always blind in his feet. Still fewer people know that he finds

his place by knocking the side of his foot against the three black keys to find *do*.

Then comes a time when simple pedaling gives place in the lesson-book to a neutral brace of pale half-notes, written in three staves. Never was an exercise so simple, so slow, or so short, as that first exercise in the *Organist's Compleat Manual*, which involves two hands, two feet, and a good gray brain. One hand goes up and the other goes down; the left foot begins to go up with the right hand, but diverts playfully and begins to go down just at the point when it shifts its responsibility to the right foot. And meanwhile, where is the brain? It is a robust one, indeed, if it knows where it is.

When my friend first encountered this exercise, he held up both hands and regarded them for a moment, and then said quietly, 'Which one of you is my feet?' An orchestra conductor is as nothing beside an organist. He may have to read sixteen different parts at once, but he does not have to play them. Nobody can tell whether he is reading or not. He may be simply waving a stick and shaking his hair. Anyone can tell whether an organist is playing or not, and to play he must read.

A few exercises of this confusing sort, and you can let your teacher go. If you keep him on, he will teach you counterpoint, and give you fugues. And with J. S. Bach before you, it is a nice question whether you still are dabbling. One of the easy fugues, peradventure, will not break the spell; for a smattering of this form can be made a great deal of. Its nomenclature is as useful as it is winning. Subject and Countersubject, Episodes and Stretti, are things to conjure with in any company. If you have never been one to keep time, set a metronome up on the organ, for Bach is one with

whom it is good form to keep step. Then it may be said of you, that you and Joseph Bonnet play fugues always with a metronome. This is stimulating. It is also the coat-of-arms of an original authentic trifle; not the use of the metronome, but the instinctive grouping of yourself with Bonnet — a balloon rampant on a green field.

What you really want, at this point, is a composition in the key of C, with long-continued pedal points for your feet, and a soft tremulant melody for your hands — with slow tempo and refined swells, flavored with vanilla. Play with a Vox Humana stop, in a cold church, without notes, and you have dabbling in its highest form — an Art.

Lastly, dabblers are the only ones who have an accurate sense of relative values. They should not be likened, as they often are, to the foolish virgins, nor yet to any of the men with the talents. In fact, the last thing that a genuine dabbler does — a dabbler upon whom the hand of the Lord has been laid — is to feel guilty before men. He light-heartedly neglects molecules of dust for molecules of Truth. He has George Washington himself on his side, and Savonarola, and Paul the Apostle. He knows that 'every ship is a romantic object, except that we sail in.' So he sails a bit in every one that passes his shore, and then lets it go romantically. His horizon, therefore, is full of shifting, friendly sails, each made familiar by the slightest glancing touch, but blanched by distance — still white with Romance.

DARKENED PANES

*A 'Kwäker' Looks into German
Bookshops*

TO-DAY there is a big colored etching of a Danish castle, sombre, thrown against a clear half-light of waning

day, with a delicate line of foam, hinting the focus of the scene between sea and an omnipresent heaven. Beneath it lies a superb edition of *Hamlet*. A folio in white linen has Jovian thunderbolts in gold, radiating like an oriental sun, and covers a learned work on the Greek drama. There is much Shaw; some Molière in brown and cream; and down at the front, more frankly, daily advertising, the score of to-night's opera, — *Ariadne on Naxos*, — and the texts of several of the evening's plays, since they are first productions: Ham-sun, Romain Rolland, and Molnar.

Yesterday there was a little cubist marble, which came to the retina in the same lines that are traced on the inner eye when the ball is rubbed. Stripped and austere. An ancient sculpture would have been fulsome and obvious in comparison. Here, in the surfaces, was something of higher mathematics, of optics, of metaphysics.

The books had been piled on one another, had been tucked into tight rows: tomes on the carvings of Hindu temples, excavations in Asia Minor, Flemish primitives, jewels and charms (ebon, with purple ends, an emerald bookmark and cabalistic end-papers); a green portfolio, with phallic symbols, illustrating costume in the light of the Freudian theory; lettering that an individual had evolved to express architecture marking a work on that interior decoration concerned so intensely with line, the splendor of materials, and untrammelled expression; medium-sized books on æsthetics — as good as a jug of bayberries or a piece of Copenhagen ware for a 'touch'; booklets bearing no faintest physical resemblance to each other — on fountains, the lesser princely collections of Italy, Spanish cloisters; romantic old illustrators, and quaint woodcuts of mermaids and nightingales, Christmas trees and harps.

Inside, one of the neatly groomed young clerks steps forward and asks in English what he may show.

— From an ancient belfry three o'clock strikes and — five.

To the fore are economic and political works, shelf on shelf: pamphlets on taxation, tariffs, treaties, new legislation — an ache and weariness; novels, bewildering in number, bitten with black, erotic power and fantasy, picturing the syncopated dance of death of Europe, of blockaded souls; ethics, disease; travel — as if in present isolation every traveler and explorer had been impelled and begged to describe the Mediterranean, Africa, the East, South America, Siberia. A conspicuous case holds the best from British presses. Upton Sinclair represents the American. A collection of French standards in leather, and yellowbacks, fills no paltry section; besides, the Russians and Scandinavians in translation.

Back in the alcoves is poetry: slim volumes in pastel tints with garlands, centaurs, and marvelous scripts; children's books; guides and walking maps of mountain and moor; technical treatises, bulky and solid as the steel, iron, and coal they treat; scientific charts; jolly schoolroom lithographs that take imagination by the hand.

And this shop is in some six, seven, or ten streets of any Central European city. The opera libretto may not be,

but the 'Ninth,' Mozart's 'Requiem,' Brückner's 'Helgoland,' or Pfitzner's new cantata, to be given by the Street Railway Workers' Chorus and the Ladies' Song Union!

There are music-stores and numerous antiquaries', into which the private libraries are dribbling. One can open flyleaf after flyleaf bearing an intimate inscription: —

'To Lisbeth from Hans.'

'Annerl, on her 12th Birthday, from Father,' who has added some lovely Goethe.

'With love to Little Mother from her Scaliwags.'

These things are bought — by covertly shabby folk, who find them more sustaining than gritty bread and turnip jam and cabbage soup; by thousands of Jews — the trained business heads of Europe, avid from their Eastern pales; by a solid block of the public, to whom they are necessities and to whom the movies are not, and who do not motor out to links, but sling on a mended knapsack, slip in a few volumes, and go tramping off, humming, —

'O greenwood —'

There are many who regard this synthesis of perfection, this variety, this unthrottleable energy of creation, as a gauntlet flung down. There is peace in knowing it a hand outstretched — for understanding.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

AFTER giving years of intelligent and imaginative study to the human problems of factory management, **Arthur Pound**, the author of the provocative and widely read papers on *The Iron Man*, has turned from the field of industry to the hayfield, and sends us from his farm near Albany the first fruits of his agricultural experience, a keen and intimate analysis of the farmer's work, wage, and leisure. How many retired editors of magazines devote their well-earned leisure to singing the praises of their respective magazine owners and publishers? It is a nice statistical question in human equations. **Edward W. Bok** writes us concerning his next book, of which salient chapters are appearing in the *Atlantic*: —

The unthinking will accept it as a life of Mr. Curtis, but what I have tried to do is to write a book which will show that business is not a grind, but a wonderful game, full of romantic thrills and adventures, and I make Mr. Curtis the central figure of it.

* * *

In 'A League of Nations or a League of Governments,' **Dr. L. P. Jacks**, editor of the *Hibbert Journal* and Principal of Manchester College, Oxford, continues and expands the thesis which he presented to *Atlantic* readers in his essay of March 1920, 'The International Mind.' Explaining his plan, he writes: —

The general theme of the book into which this article will be introduced is that the form of our civilization has gradually begun to change from that of a political civilization, founded on warring nationalisms, to a cultural form, in which cultural points of union will be found between nations and so lead, ultimately, to a league of them. The sooner this change is recognized the more rapid will be the progress.

* * *

Devotees of Mrs. Noah will rejoice that **Robert M. Gay's** little treatise on her personality has been translated into Spanish and so is available to Spaniards of two continents, an extended audience. **Mr. Gay**,

who is Professor of English at Simmons College, Boston, is in his happiest vein in his latest essay, 'The Timid Sex.'

* * *

From Palo Alto, California, **Robert Louis Burgess** sends his first contribution to the *Atlantic*. We welcome another new contributor in **H. E. Allen**, a mediæval scholar, an American living in England. **Joseph Farrington**, instructing his executors, says: —

The Diaries were written for my amusement, and much of them to assist my recollection in matters in which I was engaged, or to enable me to reconsider opinions given, and thereby to strengthen my own judgment. Much also I was induced to put down in writing as being curious Anecdote and useful to the Biographer. It will be seen by the great proportion of trifling detail contained in them that they were written for myself only, and it was long my intention to destroy them before my decease, should it please God to give me time to see my fast-approaching end; but on further consideration, being happily so situated with respect to my family as to have near relatives in whom I could place all confidence, I have made this disposition respecting my Diaries.

They were entrusted to a brother who, 'Having agreeably to my desire expunged every passage or relation of circumstances such as in His judgment and belief I would not have seen . . . He may, if the contents shall not appear on the whole too trifling to be worth a second inspection and perusal, keep them in his possession for that purpose.' The selections which we print are made by the editor of the Diary, **James Greig** of the *London Morning Post*.

* * *

Nora Dwyer, from whose Irish journal we take a few vivid pages, is private secretary to the President of Harvard University. **Lawrence Shaw Mayo's** admirable comments illumine the passages which we print from the Diary of **John Davis Long** for the war-ridden year 1898, when Congress recognized the independence of Cuba and

authorized President McKinley to compel the withdrawal of Spain from the island. **Mr. and Mrs. Haldeman-Julius** of Girard, Kansas, carry on between them the diverse pursuits of banking, journalism, and stock-breeding. **Mr. Haldeman-Julius** is performing an invaluable service to the community by editing a ten-cent pocket series of the Classics. He has been aptly called the Henry Ford of literature. **Harold Vinal** is a Connecticut poet who keeps a bookshop in Boston. Before **Mrs. Meynell** died she read the rough draft of the 'Study,' by **Anne Kimball Tuell**, and corrected the facts for the author, who spent a part of the summer of 1922 with the Meynells in England.

* * *

Hector C. Bywater is regarded by progressive authorities in England as the best of the naval critics. We believe that his article in this issue neither exaggerates nor overemphasizes a situation of capital national importance. **L. J. S. Wood** is the Roman correspondent of the well-known British Catholic weekly, *The Tablet*. His paper on the Fascisti gives us information at first hand. **Cyril Falls** is an English critic and man of letters. He makes his first contribution to the *Atlantic* in 'A New Generation in Britain.' **Leo Pasvolsky**, writer and economist, was born in Russia, but has lived in the United States for a number of years. At present he is connected with the Institute of Economics in Washington, D. C. The touching but discriminating tribute to **Erskine Childers** is by his friend **Alfred Ollivant**, the well-known author of *Bob, Son of Battle*. We quote below passages from letters written by **Mr. Childers** to his wife on the eve of his execution.

I have been told that I am to be shot tomorrow at seven, and I am fully prepared. I think it best so, viewing it from the biggest standpoint. To have followed those other brave lads is a great thing for a great cause. I have a belief in a beneficent shaping of our destiny, and I believe God means this for the best—for us, for Ireland, and humanity. It is such a simple thing, too, a soldier's death. What millions risk and incur, what so many in our cause face and suffer daily! Will this nation so understand and pay reverence to what actuates our comrades in the cause? I feel it will. If only I can die

knowing that my death would somehow—I know not how—save the lives of others and arrest this policy of executions. . . .

Serenity. Serenity; yes I have that at last if never before. *Æquanimitas*. What an infinity that expresses—faith, hope, holiness, resignation, and goodwill to all. I see big forces rending and at the same time moulding our people in affliction. I die full of intense love for Ireland. . . .

I die loving England and passionately praying that she may change completely and finally toward Ireland. . . .

* * *

From the University of Nanking, Professor **Paul De Witt Twinem** sends the letter of a Buddhist monk—a little window opening on that most interesting of subjects, the contemplative mind. The monk, now living alone among the mountains of China, was once an official of Fukien Province. He is a man of means, the owner of a whole mountainside and many farms below; a man of culture and of a poetic temperament.

MR. TWINEM:—

Most respectfully I want to say a few words. Last year when your Highness came to this mountain, Siu Feng, and I saw your gracious (flowering) face, it was as if the seasonal rain had come to awaken a dead tree. The kindness came out of your heart, like a candle that has just been cut. And the sad day suddenly came when you had to depart. I am sorry that I did not entertain you to the best of my ability. It is a great shame on my part not to have fostered a closer and warmer friendship.

Now the stars have altered their place, and things have changed. Very often under the moonlight in the night, and sitting outside of my quiet chamber—I imagine that you and I are sitting on our knees and talking together.

I remember the words of some poet—'When the moon sets over the beam of the house, I begin to think of your gracious face.' I think this is true in my case.

I think you are now in college. You are teaching your Doctrine, and you are progressing. And I am sure there is a change from day to day and month to month. You are brightening this country with all your goodness, and you are indeed a thumb (a tip-top) among those of your religion. I am here by the grace of Buddha to steal away a little life. Alas! I seem to waste all the beautiful moonlight of the mountain in the first part of the night. Every day I am full, but I fear I have no ability. I want to put on my cloak and my belt and come to Nanking. What for? So as to satisfy my thirst for seeing you. But because of the lines

of work connected with the temple, I cannot uproot myself. So all I can do is to pen this little letter to let you know how I feel in the depth of my heart. Yet perhaps in the beginning of summer I may come there to learn your instruction; also to be near your seat and table, and talk of the days of old.

I have an old friend. He is a son of the Kiang family. His name is 'the Light of the Star,' and his 'How' — 'the Mountain of the Morning.' His age is about eighteen. His physique is strong. His eye is bright. And he lives close to this temple. He has the idea and ambition to utilize his youth in acquiring knowledge and to carry it out in practice when he becomes a man. Alas! he has not enough foundation! He has no one who cares and not sufficient training to go out to another place to study. This boy knows you and I are friends, and has come to me repeatedly that I might write you. I think whatever I could do for him I should do, since I would like to be helped myself.

I therefore write this letter in a most respectful way to beg you with brotherly affection to open your wide door of instruction and permit him to come to Nanking to study in your noble college. This is as if giving fish among the tempests of the sea a chance to jump over the gate.

If some day this boy could go out to preach what you preached, then he could be known throughout this Empire, and that would be because you assisted him. Your benevolence would thus remake this boy. And I am sure — how could he forget it!

I as a monk always open my door to everyone, and try to lead men in the right. Being thus, I request this of you and I hope you will not neglect it. Hence I would like to have a reply and a catalogue, so that this man may waste no more moonlight.

I have much more to say, but I think I will close at this time. Respectfully I close this letter with best wishes that your way of life may be in peace.

MONK LAUGHING-MOON.

February 18, 1922

SIU FENG TEMPLE

* * *

We print below an amusing addition to the 'Byron Complex.'

KÖNIGSBERG, EAST PRUSSIA, GERMANY.

DEAR ATLANTIC: —

Was it Mazzini said that Byron 'made English literature European'? The man who proved the great inspiration for the Romantic School of Poetry on the Continent still wears his laurels triumphantly.

Nobody bothers in the least about his amours.

An excellent example of this indifference was provided me in my own husband. Of course he is merely a Professor of Law, not of Literature; but in the *Sturm und Drang* period of his youth he used to cultivate an intimate acquaintance with the bards of his own and other nations — he even attempted putting some of the Russians into German verse, and in the early days of our friendship I distinctly remember my sensations — not altogether pleasant ones — at a foreigner's knowing his *Hamlet* from cover to cover, and Byron (of whom he was very fond) by heart. So he might be catalogued among the laymen with more than a little literary interest. But while, on subsequent reflection, I am prepared to admit that he may have forgotten anything he once knew about George Gordon over the Peace Treaty of Versailles, imagine my surprise, on referring to Mrs. Gerould's article, when he looked up, and inquired mildly: 'Was there a scandal?'

KATHERINE THAYER KRAUS.

* * *

From another close observer of gulls we learn that there are gulls in South America which, unlike their northern cousins, dive to a considerable depth for fish: —

These birds are very similar to their cousins of the north; they are, though, less well groomed, and do not look as sleek and nice as their northern neighbors. The only noticeable difference is in the shape of the wing which has a decided break and not the even beautiful curve of the wing that the northern sea-gull has.

From my home in Valparaiso I have watched these birds dive, and sometimes from a height of a hundred feet. It is a peculiar thing that they do this in flocks rather than singly.

A most remarkable sight it is to watch — to see a hundred or more birds turn, as if by one accord, close their wings and dive in after the fish. A beautiful sight it is, too, to see a flock of sea-gulls serenely circling above the waters dive, to catch for a moment the flash of the white feathers of their upturned wings in the sunlight, to see them strike the water, and again to see them bob up one by one. Of note is it that almost never did I see one return unrewarded.

But most amusing of all was an incident I witnessed at Arica, when on my way north. Not more than fifty yards from our ship the water was in great commotion — a great struggle for existence was taking place. The sea was veritably alive with fish — the smaller ones leaping out of the water to escape their larger brothers — but to be swallowed by the hungry birds that literally filled the air. The pelicans sat serenely on the water and filled their huge pouches with evident relish; the ducks and sea-gulls, not finding it

necessary to dive, merely flopped into the water and took their pick. But even that was too much of an exertion for one young gull who preferred to make his choice from Mr. Pelican's selection. Not satisfied with one, this insatiable bird returned for more, and foolishly to the same pelican. This time, either the sea-gull hesitated too long over its choice, or the old pelican anticipated the action; however it may be, the pelican closed his ponderous bill on the gull and began to mete out justice to his victim. He shook and ducked that sea-gull at least ten times. Then, deeming the bird sufficiently castigated, he let him go. It was a sorry-looking gull that flew over to the rocks to preen himself, and one, I dare say, that quit his wayward habits.

J. JONATHAN TRUMBULL.

* * *

The author of 'Humor with a Gender,' Elizabeth Stanley Trotter, has discovered that there is nothing more irritating to the reader than 'a difference of taste in jokes.' She has been accused of writing feministic rubbish (the gender behind the accusation is plain). She has been asked if she did n't intend to call it 'Humor with a Gander,' and a third critic thanks heaven that he possesses 'Humor without any Gender.' Women, on the other hand, seem to like the article; one has written that her husband, on reading it, increased her allowance — a tangible result, at least.

* * *

Commenting on plant-mentality, Professor E. Washburn Hopkins of Yale writes to Professor Clifford H. Farr: —

I venture to think you may in turn be interested in a discussion recorded in the great Sanskrit epic (the *Mahabharata*) some two thousand years ago. The stupid enquirer leads off with the statement that trees and plants seem to him dull solid immobile inanimate objects and asks the sage what he thinks about it. To this the sage replies as follows: 'You are quite wrong. I will prove to you that trees have all the five senses. They grow weak and shrivel up when excessive heat comes upon them. Inanimate objects are not thus affected. Hence trees have the sense of touch. Trees also have ears (hearing) as is shown by the fact that they are affected by the sound of thunder. They have eyes for they can see their way to grow and even a creeper sees the path it wishes to take and winds itself as it wills. In consequence of smells too and incense, trees may be made to grow and recover strength when

diseased; therefore they have the sense of smell. They have taste for they draw up water exactly as a man drinks through a hollow lotus-stalk. Moreover, it is obvious that trees feel pleasure and pain and catch diseases and are cured again by antidotes. There is life in them; they are not inanimate. Like men they have a living soul [for vital part] and they are not without intelligence.'

The final phrase *acaitanyam na vidyate* is, literally, 'non-intelligence is not found [in trees]' (*na vidyate* is almost non videtur.) Caitanyam is the intelligent soul and this conclusion sums up the argument against their being mere 'immobile objects,' i.e., without intelligence. The argument is confined to the senses but the possession of smell, touch, sight, hearing, and taste argues to the speaker the possession of mind, which to the Hindu is a sixth combinatory sense and is wholly physical. His main point is to prove that trees are alive, from which he rather jumps to the conclusion that they have minds and intelligence. This is the doctrine of the Brahmans, though I have found it elaborated nowhere else, in distinction from the Buddhist view which was like that of the Greeks, viz., the tree is in and for itself not animate but has a dryad spirit which is a separate entity and it is this spirit which moves a tree and makes it sicken, etc. The passage will be found in *Mahabharata* xii. 184, 10 ff.

We are led to wish that Adam and Eve had made a more careful study of the psychology of the trees of the Garden.

* * *

The author of 'The Cow Jumped over the Moon,' who hides behind the anonymity of this month's Contributors' Club, writes us from a distant corner of the world.

DEAR MR. EDITOR, —

You say you find a variety in my literary output. My dear sir, it is much worse than you imagine. I am the author of four published books — detective novels. A dreadful confession to make to the editor of the *Atlantic*? No doubt. And yet — do you know, I can discover no difference between the mental processes demanded by the different sorts of composition? And there is one immense satisfaction in writing *les romans policiers*. The author is free. And how seldom in America the author is free. The list of prohibited things is so long that the most innocent mind in the world is handicapped. That, I think, is why we are not equal to the English. We lack courage. The two most courageous publications in the United States, it seems to me, are the *Atlantic Monthly* and the *Saturday Evening Post*. By Jove, it takes courage even to say that.